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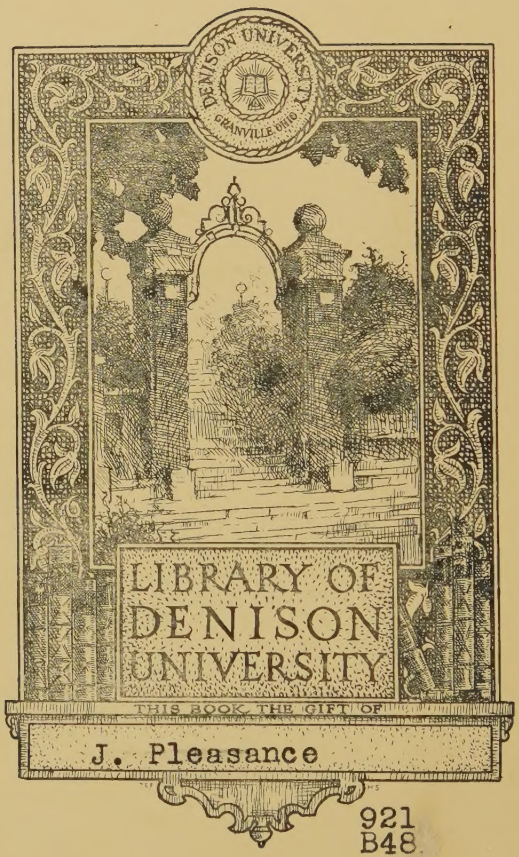
Poultney Bigelow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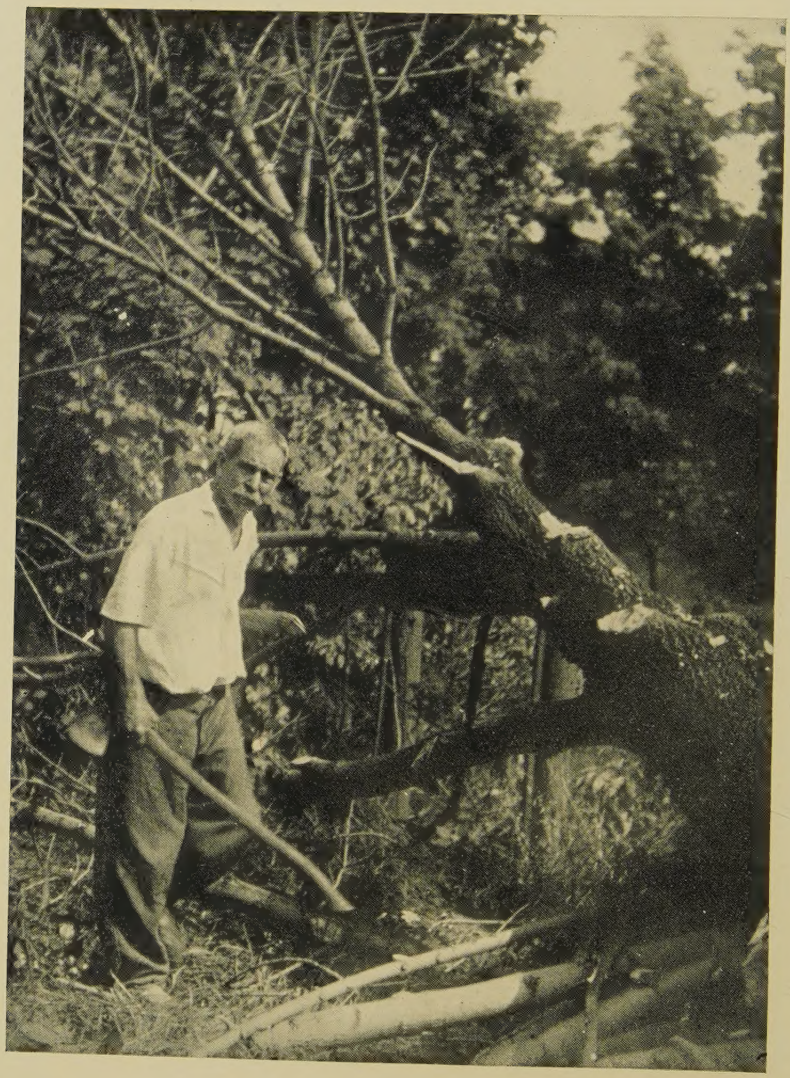

Poultney Bigelow at home.
Aetatis 70, 1925.

SEVENTY SUMMERS

BY

POULTNEY BIGELOW

Author of "Japan and her Colonies," "White Man's Africa," etc.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II

WITH FRONTISPIECE

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CHAPTER XXXVII

Arrival on the Nyemen (Memel)—Reach Prussian Soil—Remington's Great Memory—Japanese Art and Memory—The Kaiser's Horse Farm—Cavalry Mounts in Germany and the U.S.

At Vilna we stopped long enough to muse before a huge pillar whose inscription read, when translated, as follows:

> "Here Napoleon entered Russia with 600,000 men:
> Here Napoleon left Russia with 60,000 men."

Never was a greater tragedy marked in language more laconic. Never was the presumption of man more dramatically checked than in that winter of 1812. Napoleon's escort of Cossacks showed less politeness than did ours, and June on the Memel is pleasanter than January on the Beresina!

Remington became cheerful as he approached the frontiers of a civilized country. The first Prussian gendarme gave him a thrill of delight. We had reached the end of a strategic railway and had then hired a peasant's wagon to convey us over sandy roads through the forest of pine and birch to where a local steamer plied on this historic stream. Strategic railways differ from ours in that they are intended to cause inconvenience to the neighbour across the frontier. They have a multiplicity of sidings, and every facility for detraining horses, artillery and war material; but so far as the tourist is concerned or the commercial traveller, they land him in a wilderness many miles from any connecting link in the world's network of transportation. The Russian frontier against Rumania, Austria and Prussia was

during those years watched and fortified as though a sudden rush was anticipated; and the suspicious attitude of the Czar was abundantly reciprocated by that of his Hohenzollern cousin.

It seemed a harmless thing to sketch trees, houses and cattle from the deck of a moving steamer, and Remington was making little pencil memoranda as we moved along. He sat on a bench at the stern whilst I had gone for'ard to overhaul our canoes. A loud Remingtonian shout interrupted me: "Oh—Big—I don't know what he wants of me." It was a very polite officer who had suggested to our cowboy artist the advisability of not making notes. I attempted to convince him that all of these notes were innocent reminders of a pleasant journey. But the polite Russian allowed his tones to become suddenly very dry, and he looked me meaningly in the eyes as he said in excellent French: "The advice which I have had the honour of offering to your friend is that of one who seeks only to do him a service. It is for him to act as he thinks best. I have done my duty and—wish you good morning!"

Remington met the polite Russian more than half way, for so soon as I had translated his gentle words, a splash was heard astern and away floated his priceless collection of memoranda, soon to sink amid the wreckage of Napoleon's once invincible host.

The drowning of the sketch-book would have been irreparable to another than Remington, and now was my opportunity for testing his remarkable powers of memory and vision. I would call his attention to such things as might form illustrative material: "Fred—catch that farm wagon; remember that peasant group; note that frontier dragoon; I shall want that well-sweep and cow-yard," and so on by the dozen.

We spent several days in and about the first Prussian frontier post, for I had a friend in the late Major von Frankenberg, who provided us with quarters. Reming-

ton immediately commenced illustrating the material that I was preparing, and the facility with which he reproduced the features of our pilgrimage was little short of miraculous. This I emphasize because many a hasty or jealous rival has taxed him with employing the camera to excess. The truth is that Remington could see more than his peers, and could retain longer the impression made on his mind. He drew horses whose movements were ugly, and obstinately defended his action by protesting that he must paint things as he saw them. Others who could not see so minutely treated him as one who sees a ghost.

Japanese artists of the old school would have made much of Remington, for memory is indispensable amongst such. The Landseer of Kyoto takes his gifted art students for a walk, and calls their attention to the rushes on the borders of Lake Biwa or the effect of a breeze on the surface of that beautiful sheet; and then he has them observe a flock of cranes feeding at leisure or winging their way aloft. Day after day these artists train their memory no less than their eyes and their fingers. They do not deaden their enthusiasm by microscopic study of a weary nude, but they absorb a movement, a colour-flash, a cloud-burst, a leaping fawn —and that is why we of to-day gaze in marvel mingled with despair at Japanese prints done many centuries ago.

Major von Frankenberg was a nobleman in pedigree and a gentleman also. He had charge of the Imperial stud farm, which included training all the horses for the use of the Kaiser, his various palaces and mounted officers of the household. Remington had known so far only the badly trained and frequently ill-tempered mounts assigned to the U.S. Army. He was invited to assure himself that amongst these hundreds of *Trakehner* breed he could move with impunity, without fear of kick or bite. They were in herds of one hundred, with a mounted keeper on watch for each "century." These

century groups were sorted according to age from one to four years, and were gentle and playful as kittens. The major told me that if ever he found any colt shy at his approach he punished the *centurion*! But Remington could not be persuaded to forget his frontier experience in the rodeo and the army posts; and even after I had gone in amongst them he stood incredulous.

Those who read this may have difficulty in believing that so thrifty a Government as that of Germany paid much more per head for cavalry and artillery horses than the usually wasteful Congress of Uncle Sam. The German horse was treated from the cradle as a thing of great importance and worthy therefore of careful study and treatment. In our army, and even at West Point, the main idea in equitation is to stick on the back of an animal who is our unwilling captive. We have mediæval spurs to drive him forward and a cruel Spanish curb to throw him back upon his haunches. Our saddles are so scooped out that a greenhorn can sit snug thereon, and our stirrups are wood and rawhide boxes into which the toes of the rider are pushed in security. This explains the spiritless aspect of our cowboy mustangs. It also explains why a few of them seek to dislodge their mounts by *bucking* up and down with desperation, a process calculated to destroy the utility of an unmentionable masculine appendage should it strike violently upon the pommel.

Remington had ridden much on army mounts in our bounding prairies, but when Major von Frankenberg put him on a thoroughly gentle but well-bred and long striding *Trakehner* charger the cowboy artist was as helpless as a Gloucester fisherman suddenly promoted to the bridge of a great ocean liner. He floundered up and down and about on the strange English saddle; the long majestic trot was to him an instrument of torture, and he begged to be released and return on foot. So the major and I made a tour of inspection over his

well-watered pastures, and he mused much over cavalry matters in the land of Buffalo Bill.

When horses for the U.S. Army shall cost $1,000 apiece instead of $100 or thereabouts, then shall we commence to learn the alphabet of horsemanship. Remington learned much on this trip and he was never again heard to sneer at European soldier work in either officers or men.

From boyhood to the day of his death Remington treated me as his trusted " bunkie." Drunk or sober he was white through and through ; gentle as a girl in his nursing ; frank and blasphemous in his talk ; never dull ; bubbling with witty observations—a glorious memory to me !

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Charm of New York in 1880—Changes since then—Jay Gould—The Astor Family and their Ball—The first Vanderbilt Reception—Power of Money in New York—I commence Law Practice—Henry George and Free Trade—*Progress and Poverty*—Lenbach and the Boer Envoys to Germany—James Gordon Bennett and Henry George—Henry Ward Beecher—American Treatment of *Single Tax*—Majority Rule in America—Bad Government of New York—Henry George a Martyr to Conviction

The years between securing a Yale B.A. in 1879 and settling in London five years later as correspondent of the *New York Herald* were to me crowded with interest. New York was new to me, and rich then in dinners and dances, and agreeable girls; and a plenty of youngsters graduated in the same year from Princeton, Columbia, Harvard and Yale. It was a mere coincidence that the families of that year's academical output were socially sympathetic ; and the result was an infinity of rollicking week-end parties and festive banqueting far from conducive to exactitude in Blackstone or Kent.

In those happy days the Sunday Church Parade was to New York what in London was the analogous function in Hyde Park. Between Washington Square and the marble palace of A. T. Stewart at 34th Street, the young man of fashion strolled Fifth Avenue each Sunday noon, seeking to convey the impression of having just emerged from church. A top-hat was of course *de rigueur*, for the principal churches were along this route. Fifth Avenue had then many shade trees and was wholly residential, the houses being as in London of three or sometimes four stories. Beautiful were then the horses and carriages

rattling up for an airing in Central Park; and people found pleasure in merely walking and talking along that pleasant avenue. To-day the trees are long since dead. Instead of homes we have now forty-story commercial buildings, and the Jews take ample vengeance by pushing into the gutters anyone venturing to walk leisurely in the noonday hour.

New York then was not radically other than as it had been to Washington Irving and Fenimore-Cooper. There were a few millionaires, and they were tolerated, provided they were otherwise a social asset. Jay Gould was a name redolent of Wall Street methods even there deemed unprofessional. He had a steam yacht, but could not fly the burgee of a good club and so started one of his own. The Astors were already conspicuous by their money. The livery of their footmen was a close copy of that familiar at Windsor Castle, and their linen was marked with emblems of royalty. At the opera they wore tiaras, and when they dined the plates were in keeping with imperial pretensions, at least so far as money could buy the outward signs of sovereignty. Indeed, the daughter of Queen Victoria in her Potsdam palace could have made no such display of money as did the Astor of New York. His grandfather was trained as a butcher in the village of Waldorf, not far from Heidelberg, Baden. Although I am myself a vegetarian in theology, it is not on that account that I resented the extravagance of this carnivore family. There are, no doubt, honest and God-fearing butchers, and we do well to honour our ancestors whether they be princes or peasants. But it seemed to me as though the New York Astors wished the world to forget their past, or at least wished us to think of them as descended from the Royal Dukes of Astorga, who had castles in Spain a little westward of Burgos.

When the grandson Astor became an Englishman, he bought a magazine and published therein his claim to

descent from this illustrious house ; and London laughed when the legitimate head of the Astorga family issued an indignant protest in the London *Times*.

On the occasion of my first ball under the Astor auspices, the Cotillon favours were jewels from the great house of Tiffany, and these were passed about by flunkeys as though they had been bon-bons or glasses of lemonade.

My education had not prepared me for such display. I had not then read Petronius or dreamed that the land of Washington could produce a Trimalchio, but I felt uncomfortable in offering costly jewels to a debutante of whom I asked nothing more than a turn in the dance. Next day the newspapers had fulsome details of this dance. The flowers that concealed the banisters were alone estimated at $10,000 ; the golden plates were estimated in cash, and the golden crests as well. Verily decadent Rome could not have done much more in the way of waste. Yet it was well that I saw it, or I could not have believed such things possible within a century of our being a British colony.

The Vanderbilt family made a social eruption at about the same time. Of this I learned by picking up from the top of my father's wastepaper basket a beautifully engraved invitation to a reception at their palace just completed. I said nothing, but went from curiosity, nor was I disappointed. Everybody there seemed surprised at seeing everybody else there, and the usual greeting was : " Hello, what brings you here ? " It was a man-only reception, and the invitations had been broadcasted amongst those that might have been selected in connection with a monster charity or patriotic demonstration. It was a quasi *ballon d'essai*. The guests went as to an auction, and, indeed, we acted as though at one ; for the public prints had from time to time published paragraphs regarding marvels of luxury. Even the bathroom of Mrs. Vanderbilt was referred to as

having the walls daringly decorated: nude nymphs, after the engaging manner of Boucher or Fragonard. I did not see these, for the bathroom was always packed; and if there was one part of the palace even more dense it was near the tables, where champagne flowed freely. The crowd was immense, a crowd whose component parts were social strangers one to the other, though many of them were familiar public figures at the Bar, in politics or on the race-track. There was a host—so I learned afterwards—but I did not see him at any time. No one there appeared to feel under any obligation save to come and see, and then go forth and advertise the wonders they had seen. And so the House of Vanderbilt became known beyond the circle of railway operators; but it cost a mass of money and much hard work.

Money can do much in America—but so it can everywhere else, including France and England. The careers of our very rich who have made much noise in the social world should serve as a warning rather than a stimulus to others. They have worked exceeding hard, and between pushing and climbing have made but moderate headway. It is Europe that welcomes our newly rich with most effusion, and it would be difficult for me to picture an American heiress, however ugly and however ill-bred, who could fail to buy herself a title if she seriously desired it, not merely a papal one, but a pucker antique, amongst those whose forbears hunted for the Holy Grail, or pillaged the towns of Asia Minor.

In due course I was admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court after an examination that cost me but slight mental effort. I opened an office in what was then the loftiest and costliest building of New York—the so-called "Equitable." There were eight stories, and I paid a rental of $1,000 per annum for one room, the cheapest room of course. This room was partitioned so as to give me the semblance of an ante-chamber. Here sat an office-boy or "junior clerk" who copied law

papers and ran errands for a salary of $3 per week. My friends were many and kind, for they sent me much law business of a certain kind—the kind that gives a young lawyer considerable practice but scant profit. I was almost uniformly successful in winning my case before judge and jury, but when it came to making the condemned party pay for damages and costs, the deputy-sheriff was pretty sure to return his writ marked *nulla bona*, which means that the dishonest party was bound to win out whichever way the Court might rule.

At the end of one year I had fifty cases pending, and had earned just enough to pay the rent of my office. I was naturally desirous of being independent financially, and the Bar did not look to me then as it might have looked had I been in an office with my father or others to whom I might have looked for juridical inspiration. The judges on the New York Bench were largely Irish Catholic or Jew, and few of them owed their positions to other than political influences. As a rule, in any important law trial, if any brains made their presence felt, the pressure did not emanate from the Bench. In England the judge instructs and reprimands the ignorant or presumptuous barrister. In New York it is the lawyer that lays down the law. My law office looked busy, but the business was largely non-legal: committee work in political organizations for the purification of Congress and Tammany Hall; the election of Theodore Roosevelt as member of the New York State Assembly; the combating of Protectionism; the securing of an honest copyright; the discussion of Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*.

Henry George was opposed to the political rule of the Roman Church; as he was to the material tyranny of a Protective Tariff and Landlord tyranny in California. He came to New York in 1880 as the author of *Progress and Poverty*, and became at once a political, economical and theological storm centre. For each one of his theses

was to the ruling classes of New York fraught with danger to society in general and their pockets in particular. The Catholic hierarchy excommunicated one of their priests who publicly avowed sympathy with *single tax* heresies (McGlynn was his name). Doubtless the Christ would have been a single-taxer, for Henry George wished to improve the lot of those who yearned for a bit of land and could not acquire any when it was monopolized by a few. *Progress and Poverty* tells how through land monopoly the rich grow richer and the poor grow poorer ; it also tells how our western railways have secured much power through their land holdings in fertile districts. The remedy is very simple—to tax the " unearned increment "—which means the value of a land slice which has been increased merely through the natural increase of population. When I owned no land, the Henry George gospel sounded amazingly simple ; but since my father gave me this farm on the Hudson which knows no increment save in the annual taxes, and has no value other than sentimental, the enthusiasm that buoyed me in 1880 has moderated.

Of course the Roman Church denounced one who proposed taxing their vast holdings in land. The financial world of bank and mill owners dreaded one who looked upon Free Trade as a self-evident proposition ; and to the masses who either owned or hoped to own a bit of land, they scouted any plan that savoured of official meddling with private property of any kind. *Progress and Poverty* had probably a larger circulation than any book ever published in the English language, excepting, of course, the Bible. And like the Bible it owed none of its fame to a publisher. Indeed, Henry George told me that his book had been rejected by all of them, primarily because its purpose was unorthodox, and finally because it was not likely to find any sale.

George was a great man, a good man, an idealist, a re-incarnation of the Godlike that usually ends on the

Cross. We met in 1880, and our friendship ended only with his death in 1897, at the early age of 58. He died poor and he died under an overwhelming volley of defamatory howls, hisses and groans during the closing days of an electoral campaign which was to have made him the Mayor of New York. In the days of Luther he would have been burnt by the Inquisition, but in my time the Pope merely threatened hell-fire to such as voted for him. George was too credulous and kindly to detect the machinery by which he was defeated. His wife was a Catholic, and he himself carefully avoided any expressions that might sound prejudiced in the mind of Jew or Papist. His political strength lay necessarily amongst the wage-earners, and of course every Irishman delighted in doctrines that appeared to be an attack upon the English landlord. But the Catholic Irishman must vote as Rome directs, and Henry George found that his noisy Land League supporters howled themselves red in the face until the Sunday before election day, and then from every pulpit came a soft whisper more potent on the Tuesday after than Moses on Mount Sinai.

Henry George was used as a political mascot in order to inflame the zeal of Irish irreconcilables who worshipped any leader promising the triumph of Land League tactics, not to say Fenianism. The Land League agitation brought much American money into the papal coffers by way of Cork and Kilkenny. Incidentally it added seriously to the costs borne by England, and of course whatever vexed a Protestant Government and its excommunicated King was cause for joy in Rome. Henry George was transparently simple, and was naturally drawn to England through parentage, religion, and belief in the teachings of Richard Cobden. He believed sincerely that England would be the better for adopting his land theory, and yearned for any opportunity of preaching his doctrine. In California he had been defeated when proposed for office, and the same

fate met him in New York in 1886, and, last of all, in the electoral campaign that killed him. How could he suppose that the vast crowds that acclaimed him as their political saviour on one day would on the next fall away from him ?

Joan of Arc was worshipped as a miracle-working saint in Orleans, yet burned in Rouen. French crowds pressed about her in order to kiss the hem of her garment, and her bodyguard consisted largely of priests who saw in her the leader of a new crusade against the infidel Turk or the Protestant followers of Huss. Yet in one day all that adoring host fell from her. The Papal Inquisition burned Joan of Arc as the Hebrew hierarchy crucified Jesus, in each case for political reasons. I had a curious illustration of similar simplicity during the Boer War, when all Germany was ablaze with anti-English fury, and when the ambassadors of Oom Paul were acclaimed throughout the Fatherland as beloved allies and martyrs to British despotism. Such was the popular ardour that travellers who spoke or looked English were frequently made uncomfortable, and had the Kaiser then declared war, it would indeed have been a popular one.

Munich also was visited by the simple delegates of South Africa, and on that evening I was beside the painter Lenbach in the *Allotria* Club. It was a hilarious evening after a day of much oratory and parading, and on all sides were comments on the Boer visitors. Methinks that Fischer, the then conductor of the Royal Opera, was near me, and also Stuck and Carl Marr of the Royal Fine Arts Academy. Lenbach joked about the day's proceedings as a joyous carnival ; he was then probably President of the Royal Academy, or if not, was, in any case, compelled to be present as the Dean of his craft, and a figure of national importance. But what was carnival to joy-loving Munich was deadly earnest for the bearded apostles of a lost cause. I twitted

Lenbach on his dishonesty in encouraging the Boers by his presence, and he agreed with me; also he shrugged his shoulders, and said that he had no choice but to hurrah with his people.

But soon Germany wearied of an embassy that cared little for music but much for money. Lenbach said philosophically that they would soon find out for themselves that German cheering was purely Platonic, and then they would embark for the Zambesi. Moreover, as no Germans understand Cape Dutch, and no Boers talk any foreign tongue save English, the social side of that mission was far from successful save when raising beer mugs and calling down curses on the British Army. The last straw, however, came from Potsdam, when William II refused to give them his hand, or even to send them home with a message of good omen. Could this be the same Kaiser who only four years before had congratulated Oom Paul for having routed the Jameson Raiders? Could this be the man who had encouraged in their unsophisticated bosoms the delusion of armed assistance from Germany?

And so the mobs all melted away at the frown of Imperial Majesty much as the Catholic voters abandoned Henry George, when an Italian pontifex passed the word.

Even James Gordon Bennett refused a request I made to accompany Henry George on his notable tour of England and Scotland, when he spoke in support of his theories and incidentally in aid of the Irish Land League. Mr. Bennett answered as follows:—

120 Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris,
November 17*th*, 1884.

My dear Mr. Bigelow,—

In my humble opinion Henry George is a "humbug" and a "busy body." As for the "Skye Crofters" affair, it's moonshine and nonsense. Besides, it's an

island where these people live and cannot spread out of it; and besides, it's none of our business.

If the *Herald* does anything it will be either to ignore Mr. George and all his nonsense, or if he should happen by chance to become dangerous, pitch into him most roundly. Faithfully yours,

J. G. Bennett.

Bennett in general was liberal in spirit, and acted normally as though his only god were an incarnation of news columns. He had been reared a Catholic and had a devout Catholic sister; but his daily life gave no outward token of his having ever submitted to any higher laws than those governing a metropolitan Daily.

Now Henry George was news in the commonest sense of that vulgarest of terms. He was invading the stronghold of landlordism, a whole generation ahead of Lloyd George, and thundering at British audiences much as Henry Ward Beecher did some twenty years earlier on a theme equally unpopular. Each of these men received a full share of denunciation, if not corporal abuse, but in the end Englishmen honoured their courage, their earnestness, and above all their honesty of spirit.

Yet Bennett listened to the interests of his Church rather than those of his country, and Henry George died an early death, as do all who use too freely that incomprehensible mixture labelled *the Truth!*

During the years that I knew Henry George—the short seventeen years of his active ministry—his great book was translated into every tongue, including Japanese, and cheap editions flooded the English world. The German Government was the first that applied his doctrines practically, at the very moment of their author's death, and in the world's oldest community—the province that gave birth to Confucius. Australian land legislation has felt the influence of *Progress and Poverty*, and to-day its principles are welcomed universally,

although vast prejudice is encountered when it comes to their practical application. In Henry George's own country, where the world might look for the first experiment in land reform, we find land speculation firmly rooted and hotly justified as the basis of national prosperity. This view is reinforced by an almost universal distrust of anything done by Government. We tolerate stupidity, waste, petty tyranny and mediæval barbarism in our customs officials, our post-office, our immigration matters, our censorship of morals, our suppression of wine, and in our navigation laws. We tolerate because we cannot do away with Congress and majority rule. We vainly protest against the corruption and inefficiency of our ubiquitous inspectors and blackmailing officials, but there they are like fleas on the dog, and any relief can be but momentary.

Henry George lived in the slums of New York, for he was putty in the hands of his publishers. He paid for making the plates of *Progress and Poverty*, and he never knew financial ease. It was to him the source of bitter comment when of a Sunday morning I would fetch him for a stroll and a talk. He had to pick his way along sidewalks crowded with ash-cans and refuse ; neglected streets with abominable pavements ; children with no place to play save the gutters. Yet we were in the richest city of the Continent under government " by " if not " for " the people. Of course, George argued that when his plan should have been accepted, every man would live on his own land-patch ; speculation would cease ; the public treasury would be full ; Government would provide parks, libraries, baths, music, education, and all sorts of other good things, without any taxation save a moderate proportion of the " unearned increment."

It was a joy to be with George and to feel the glow of his invincible confidence in human goodness. Had I been younger he might have persuaded me that all

thieves and murderers would turn into philanthropists did we but meet their advances in a kindly spirit. He was a saintly man ; he walked with angels, and his heart expanded when the voice of God came to him and bade him struggle in the cause of humanity. He gave away his copyrights in order that the gospel of *Progress and Poverty* might reach the masses, and he gave his life as a sacrifice for the very men who gave him his death-blow.

CHAPTER XXXIX

Ballard Smith as my First Chief on the *New York Herald*—Patrick Flynn, Managing Editor—Three o'clock of a Morning—Editorial Re-union at Hudnuts—On Tobacco, Alcohol, Coffee and Tea—Editorial Methods of Mr. Bennett—Charles Nordhoff—Joseph Pulitzer seeks to wreck the *Herald*—S. S. McClure again—Alfred Harmsworth—Picture of Mr. Bennett—My Life on the *Herald*—Fanny Elssler: how she caused my Promotion

When the *New York Herald* offered me $40 a week as initial salary if I would act as assistant city editor, my joy was great. Not only did it mean to me financial independence, but also an important step in the grades leading to the literary Parnassus. I turned over my fifty law cases to Archibald Murray as a free gift, and from then on had the satisfaction of banking each week something of my own earning.

When I say that I have buried most of my friends in drunkards' graves, it should not be made matter for undue generalization. The reference is mainly to men of more than usual interest, as artists, writers and the like. Ballard Smith, of Kentucky, was my immediate chief, and he was often thirsty—moreover, when he referred to a *drink* it had no reference to water. Ballard was a lovable character and a thorough newspaper man. He was courteous, even courtly in manner, after the fashion of well-bred Southerners. With women he was deferential and chivalrous, and in his cups he showed the qualities that marked him when sober. His mind was cultivated by acquaintance with good books, and his acquaintance was large amongst the notables of his time. Normally he was indolent, after the manner of genius,

but when emergency arose he snorted like the Biblical war-horse, and the whole *Herald* building resounded with his clamour. He first would overwhelm the managing editor with resonant phrases and much blasphemy, until that omnipotent official surrendered and gave Ballard the space he demanded. Every journalist knows that the battle for space is the endless war that racks every metropolitan daily; and he is chief who can capture most inches of this precious commodity.

Our managing editor was Patrick Flynn, a red-headed, Roman Catholic Irishman, who knew the importance of a big fire, a prize-fight,or a police raid amongst gambling resorts and brothels. His other qualifications for editorial sovereignty were unknown to his colleagues. Some said he had graduated as a furnace man; some that he had been a messenger boy, and had caught the eye of Mr. Bennett at the moment when the post of managing editor was empty. Leaving such points obscure, let me note here that the *New York Herald* then, and to the close of the Great War, coined money for Mr. Bennett faster than even that princely owner could conveniently spend. Must we not therefore conclude that it is well to have as managing editor a coarse and ignorant coal shoveller? Or should we not rather give Mr. Bennett credit for selecting as lieutenant one whose ignorance precluded the possibility of any hostile conspiracy and whose low cunning made him useful as a spy?

Ballard had great moral ascendancy over Flynn because he used words that he (Flynn) had never heard before, and because he (Ballard) adroitly insinuated that Mr. Bennett would be pleased by the result.

In those days reporters were detailed for different features of the great event, and each was instructed so that when all the reports came in, the " story " should read as though from one pen. It was my duty to edit the " copy " of reporters—correct grammar, spelling and

punctuation, and otherwise try to make it look like literature—however hurried. Ballard was capable of infinite work on a task of this nature when maybe a whole page or even more had been wrung from Flynn for his exclusive happiness. The reporters' room was vast and noisy, as how could it be otherwise when forty vociferous and energetic young men scurried in and out, whilst messenger boys and printer's devils added to the apparent confusion? The city editor and his assistant were of the same room, our dignity being indicated by a simple railing, against which those leaned who had business pending. At eight of an evening I was at my desk and by midnight the mental strain was greatest; but soon after that, the forms were locked, the cylinders revolved, and by three o'clock the next morning special newspaper trains carried a heavy freight of New York dailies that reached Boston, Washington and Albany almost as soon as they were opened over the coffee-cups of Manhattan.

At three o'clock a.m. was truce amongst the rival dailies of Newspaper Row—no one could steal from the other but all could relish a moment of relaxation at Hudnuts. Forty years ago Hudnuts leased the ground floor of the *Herald* building, which then stood at the corner of Broadway and Anne Street. Hudnuts was a famous pharmacy that kept on its premises a diplomated physician. The chief occupation of this popular medico was to prescribe (during forbidden hours) for belated editors whose diseases were invariably complicated with extensive thirst. Each of us in turn used the well-worn formula: "Good morning, Doc. Would you kindly prescribe me something, for I have a sort of a 'gone' feeling inside!" And the learned Æsculapian would gravely make his mark upon a pad, snatch off the leaf, drop it into a special box where it could be examined at leisure by any agent of the many societies for meddling in other people's affairs.

What the particular prescriptions were, on paper, I never learned; but they all involved cracked ice, and they all emitted the flavour of bitters, and they all had to be dexterously shaken and then percolated into dainty tumblers and then pushed gently along the well-polished "bar" to each editorial patient in turn.

And then the rulers of America's Fourth Estate discussed matters of their own craft under the mellowing influence of medically made cocktails. The *Tribune*, *Sun*, *Times*, *World* and *Herald* here met as fellow-craftsmen much as 100 years ago the conspiring chiefs in the Holy Alliance exchanged unofficial gossip over the goblets of Karlsbad water. The great public is pleased to think that their favourite journals are in a life-and-death struggle for the promotion of certain patriotic principles. We likewise wonder at the temerity with which our favourite senator denounces the methods and motives of an honourable member from a wholly different political environment. We are even surprised when eminent jurists glare at each other in the Court room, and even shake their finger menacingly in the very face of the counsel for the opposing side. Indeed, a stranger in such matters anticipates that very soon our two legal protagonists will be employing the arguments of the Marquis of Queensberry rather than those of Blackstone. But the miracle that moves us most, in spite of its daily recurrence, is the sight of these very same senators, these infuriated jurists, and above all these heads of ostensibly hostile dailies, meeting convivially so soon as their professional engagements permit, and pledging one another in the most fragrant cocktails that even a medical bartender could provide.

Ballard Smith frequently walked with me from the Hudnut symposium to my home in Gramercy Park. A pleasant walk it was then, for the streets were quiet and conversation possible. The few intervening miles would have taken but little time, had we not stopped *en route*

wherever Ballard suspected the presence of another medical drink-mixer. It was my good friend Ballard who made a teetotaller of me. I could not work at my best and also do justice to mixed drinks, nor could I do anything in this field by halves. So I flatly refused all such refreshment. Moreover, from that day and to the penning of this line I am not aware that I have made an enemy or even weakened a friendship by declining a glass however pressingly tendered. Tobacco also has never interested me, and I cannot but smile at my very young friends who assure me gravely that a cigar is necessary if one would not appear unsociable. Alcohol, tobacco, tea and coffee are to me important members of my medical chest. They are stimulants and therefore to be used cautiously. A strong cup of tea or coffee and a cigar are all that I need to keep me wide awake and mentally alert from sunset of one day to sunrise of the next. I have invoked those occult powers, but only on very rare occasions, when a publisher needed of me a long article at short notice. Of course I had to pay heavy interest for the capital I borrowed when sorely pressed, and insomnia was the price. At forty a man is either a fool or his own physician, and this truth has been thoroughly absorbed in the course of many years in many strange places with varying climates and foods. Moreover, the best physician can make mistakes by giving the same dose to two patients who show the same symptoms yet react differently under identical treatment.

The *Herald* in those early 'eighties appeared to run itself, and to get along very well with no head but that of a gentleman sportsman who lived in Paris and sometimes cabled over incoherent editorials, varied with instructions to " shake up " the office !

Some of the editorials thus cabled were so obviously inspired by Bacchus or Venus that they were unostentatiously pigeon-holed through the mediation of such powers behind the Bennett throne as the venerable

Charles Nordhoff in Washington, or the confidential financial adviser whom I never met, but who made investments for our mercurial chief. No newspaper of New York ever mentioned the name of Mr. Bennett as a society item. He would quietly walk into the office, whether in London, Paris, or our marble palace over Hudnuts, and only a few knew that he had dropped into the Union Club which was then at Fifth Avenue and 20th Street, or at the Newport Casino, or at some yacht race or polo match. And he disappeared as mysteriously as he came. His name never appeared on any steamship list, and his yacht left no tracks. He lived apparently for sport alone—dangerous and costly sport by preference. He defied every rule of sound business, hygiene and journalism ; his life is a bewildering series of perplexing paradoxes, and he triumphed where a normal competitor would have met with disaster.

Joseph Pulitzer entered the newspaper field of New York during my *Herald* period, and at once commenced an attack upon Mr. Bennett, who cordially despised Jew methods in general and the Pulitzer brothers in particular. The *Herald* had three features that gave it a prestige independent of political or theological affiliation. It spared no money in having the very best shipping and meteorological news from every part of the world. It had the fullest foreign cable news, and it also had the fullest news of the fashionable world in both continents. Consequently it was a necessity to the wealthy who missed in the ordinary papers the sort of news that Bennett appreciated through residence in an international centre. Moreover, the advertising columns of the *Herald* reflected the purses of its readers, for they became the medium dear to all dealers in things costly and superfluous—fancy dogs, yachts, horses, country places, and above all high-grade servants.

The price of the *Herald* was high—the advertising rates also. No pictures or glaring emblems were per-

mitted. The whole paper was in uniform types, and the day seemed remote when a great metropolitan journal could become a mere collection of staring trade circulars, interspersed with just enough items of political and criminal information as to colourably justify their claim to being organs of news.

Mr. Bennett never haggled in matters of money; he gave in princely fashion—sometimes too much—sometimes too little; but never as the result of bazaar methods. No *Herald* man was allowed to ask favours; he paid for all he needed. A draft on the *New York Herald* was, I found, honoured anywhere that I presented it.

We soon learned that our Jewish rival was conducting a journalistic attack upon Mr. Bennett's property that was characterized by Oriental cunning rather than generous fighting in the open. Advertisers in the *Herald* were systematically canvassed by agents of the *World* in hopes of inducing them to voice their commercial needs at lower cost in a paper promising larger circulation. It is the oldest method on earth and often wrecks the mind that adopts it. Poor S. S. McClure dreamed of growing rich by wrecking the older magazines of New York and selling at 10 cents a copy what old-established houses put out at 25 or even 35 cents.

In the same spirit did Alfred Harmsworth (who later became Lord Northcliffe) conceive huge schemes for becoming rich through selling at one penny what formerly sold for three. Pulitzer, Northcliffe and McClure all became physical and mental wrecks at an age when most of us would be riding to hounds and swinging an axe in the forest. None of those three attempted to make a better article: they each attempted to undersell a competitor. All three failed to leave the world better than they found it; all three made money, but none of them was able to enjoy it.

Bennett paid no attention to his competitors but gave

time and money freely for the one purpose of making his paper the NEWS paper *par excellence* of America. He did once notice an editorial in the *New York World* which attacked his private character and also hinted at manuscript in Mr. Pulitzer's pigeon-holes calculated to prove a scandalous revelation. The answer came promptly in a *Herald* leader denying that Mr. Pulitzer could possibly print anything likely to affect his (Mr. Bennett's) character, seeing that he (Mr. Bennett) had no character: never had had any, nor ever wished one! All New York laughed at Pulitzer's threat, which was that of a Near Eastern mind warped by German training. Moreover, this remarkable Hebrew was not of any social circle worth mentioning, or he would have heard a dozen good stories of Bennett's escapades, amours, eccentricities, duels—many of them traceable to convivial excess, many to a passion for novel adventure, many to absurd bets, yet all of them together forming a personality rather sympathetic than otherwise.

Joseph Pulitzer was a stranger to fair play, generosity, courtesy or sport. He was offensively Jewy in look, speech and behaviour, and fell an early victim to his lust for gold. Bennett lived seventy-seven active years. Money came easily to him, and he spent it freely in Paris where he had early made a bachelor home on the Champs Elysées (No. 120). He was tall, spare, blue-eyed and ruddy-skinned; the typical or stage ideal of the English nobleman of race-track inclination. Every *cocher de fiacre* knew Monsieur Gordon Bennett, for he never gave less than a gold piece, however short the run. He was not only conspicuously tall, but on the few occasions when I met him professionally, he wore a grey "topper," a grey suit with frock-coat and white spats. He was the pattern of correct valeting, and in the best company always looked like a foreigner of distinction.

My promotion on his paper was rapid—as it was unsolicited and wholly unmerited. I learned in later

years that he credited my father with an idea that had proved a source of wealth, namely, the *Herald's* evening edition called then the *Telegram.* This paper had less fame than even the Paris edition of the *Herald,* but relatively to its cost of production it was his best investment. Mr. Bennett mentioned this when I first met him in Paris; and to the end of his life he manifested for me a personal regard rare in a man of his experiences in life. Doubtless one reason was that I never asked a favour of him, and that I resigned after having been through every department of his newspaper. If Mr. Bennett had held out the possibility of an editor becoming a partner, or even a shareholder, in the paper to which he dedicated his life, there would have been strong inducement for me to remain; but on the *Herald,* all but the proprietor were merely employees to be dismissed at will. To him there was little distinction between editors, printers, office boys or deck hands on his yacht.

My first promotion was a violent one, as were all movements on the *Herald.* It was the 27th of November, 1884—the date can be historically verified, for on that day died one of the most fascinating women that had ever danced on the public boards or warmed a royal couch. This was the immortal Fanny Elssler, who ruled the Cabinets of Europe in conjunction with Metternich, and who is practically linked with Napoleon II in Rostand's *l'Aiglon.* For aught I know, this delicious *danseuse* may have led the private life of a virgin Jeanne d'Arc. I am not given to studying history at the keyhole. But Fanny Elssler was Viennese, and richly subventioned from the Government purse in order that she might assist in rendering the Austrian capital agreeable to guests of her Kaiser. Many things of great importance were discussed at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, but between the sheets in Fanny's luxurious apartments confidences were exchanged which ultimately facilitated the diplomatic labours of Monsieur de

Metternich. Good wine and good-looking women have ever been the allies of a successful diplomat. It is wine that disposes man to speech and woman that makes him reckless. Need we wonder then that Fanny Elssler was a mighty power, and that her death fell upon Europe as a shock second only to that of a Talleyrand or a Bismarck.

The hand of Mr. Bennett was manifest in the very long cable that astonished my desk at near midnight. The managing editor knew the names of every professional pugilist, burglar, Tammany boss or baseball hero, but the name of Fanny Elssler meant nothing to him. The cable was entirely in German and Mr. Patrick Flynn suggested that it might refer to the wreck of a schooner yacht and should therefore be treated by the Marine department. We had a so-called "foreign" editor, said to be a kinsman of the Jesuit Monseigneur Seton. He knew no language save his own and the cable about Fanny Elssler puzzled him as it had Mr. Flynn. With one accord the flimsy sheets were piled on my desk with peremptory order to translate them. I flung them back at the "foreign" editor, who rushed in much alarm to the managing editor. Mr. Flynn was at his wits' end. It seemed that not a man on that great paper knew German save myself, and that in the past they had relied on a German barber in the same street—but just on that most important of nights they were helpless.

I told them that this was my busiest evening and they might go to the devil for their translation, that I had nothing to do with foreign cables, that Mr. Bennett was paying a big salary for that sort of editor, etc., etc. But poor Flynn was piteous to look at, and he knew enough of *Herald* methods to know that there was in Mr. Bennett's theology but one unpardonable sin—being beaten in matter of news by a contemporary. So he pleaded, and I yielded. The *Herald* had the only complete account of Fanny Elssler's death—with such

wealth of anatomical and pathological detail that doubtless Mr. Bennett secured the services of her physician, if not of her father-confessor, in the preparation of the remarkable cable. If she was frail in sexual ethics she must have had her vices under careful control, for she died in the odour of sanctity at the age of 74, with more friends to mourn her than many a beatified saint. Her sister Therese danced with her on the stage and reaped fame and fortune by horizontal movements equally pleasing to the heart of man. Her life was long and glorious. She died at the age of seventy, having for many years been the morganatic bedfellow of a Prussian prince.

It is not for me to preach on the morality of mistresses or the vices of moral preachers. But it may be well to warn young people against carelessness in the use of such words as moral, modest, vicious, pagan, atheist, heathen, etc., etc. Humans are prone to suspect evil in those of whom they know little, and few successful professional women escape. My rule in such matters is to deal historically and accept nothing that is not in harmony with a person's character, unless it be founded on the soundest evidence, and even then I would be cautious. Joan of Arc was burnt at the stake by the Church after a trial which lasted half a year, and engaged the prayerful energies of exalted priests learned in canon law and influenced only by love of God and His merciful Son. After a few years an equally learned body of canon law experts decided that Jeanne d'Arc was not merely innocent of heresy, but worthy to be ranked with heavenly angels. All of which is cold comfort for Joan, who is now in Hell according to one infallible decree and in Heaven according to an equally holy sentence. Religion is a comical thing when taken seriously; Voltaire thrived on it for eighty years, but we weaker ones become fanatical, and therefore use ourselves up early in life. Fanny Elssler and her sister earned fame

and fortune honourably in a profession dear to Apollo and the Muses. They captivated by their art and their personal charm every important capital of Europe—London, Paris, Berlin, Petersburg, Milan. In America we filled her lap with gold. Yet the world will have it that all great and beautiful women must have had loves like those of Olympus—and maybe such is the case—we hope so.

CHAPTER XL

Worthington Ford dismissed from the *Herald*—The Editorial Council—Charles Nordhoff and Free Trade—Carnegie on the Tariff—Oakey Hall in London: his Mysterious Life—I leave the *Herald* and become a Free Lance—American and British Journalists compared—Hearst Papers and the Spanish War—Mr. Bennett sends me to Madrid

Mr. Bennett received by each mail a special copy of his paper with each article marked in coloured pencil—one colour indicating the writer and another he who had edited it for publication. In this way doubtless he discovered that his "foreign" editor had not "edited" the Elssler cable, and thus for the first time learned of my share in its elucidation. In a few days I was ordered to take charge of the foreign department, and Mr. Seton disappeared. I found tables piled with French and German material which had not even been opened—although all had been paid for by Mr. Bennett. Incidentally I did many book notices and also many theatrical *premières*. Mr. Bennett had little faith in critics by profession—he preferred to report a book, an opera or a play as we might a fire, a riot or an arriving steamer.

One night, when I had been but a few months in the nebulous post of a foreign editor and critic-at-large, I met my friend Worthington Ford coming away from the office with a dejected face. In his hand was a telegram. In mine was also a telegram. We compared them and learned that Mr. Bennett had "sacked" Mr. Ford and appointed me in his place. Worthington Ford was of the so-called Editorial Council, and much esteemed there as an authority in political economy. When therefore my

second violent promotion arrived in the shape of an order to report as member of the august Editorial Council, much of its value had consisted in the hope of my seeing more of such a sympathetic fellow-craftsman. But this exchange of cables was a rude awakening. I could not feel much security when such a valuable man as Worthington Ford could be dismissed so curtly. Nor could any of us discover any reason for his removal. Fortunately for me, he was too generous to harbour any grudge against him who succeeded, and my surprise and indignation must have removed any suspicion he could possibly have entertained on my account. We went and had some oysters and a bottle of Bass ; Ford was then 27 years old as against my 29 years, but even then we agreed that a little of the *Herald* went a long way and that this blow might be a blessing in disguise. It certainly was a wholesome warning to me ; as for him, he was immediately offered an excellent position at Washington in the State Department, has received honorary degrees from Harvard and other seats of learning, and is now the honoured editor of the Massachusetts Historical Society. It is perhaps the most melancholy proof of America's journalistic degradation that such a man as Worthington Ford could be dismissed from the editorial staff of our most important daily as though he had been a servant caught stealing spoons. The friendship of Worthington Ford is one that I cannot prize too highly. The stain which the *Herald* placed upon his professional reputation in 1884 would have harmed a mediocre man. In this case the only sufferer was Bennett.

Bennett was a bunch of eccentricity that occasionally suggested genius. His " Editorial Council " was created in those years, and of this I was made member. The presiding editor was an evangelical clergyman, who each Sunday made the *Herald* leader a sermon, at the head of which he affixed a text from the Bible. Hepworth

was this clergyman's name, and his rule over us was gentle. We met about one table at about eight or nine each evening, and the reverend chairman suggested the several topics on which editorial comment seemed to him desirable. I was immediately impressed by the Christian spirit of self-sacrifice that reigned amongst my new colleagues. Each was willing that I, the new-comer, should have the honour of enlightening the world on pretty much every theme which the reverend chairman submitted to his "Council." There seemed a remarkable absence of selfish ambition—rather a holy hope that every spiritual reward should come to me—the youngest of the board. And an excellent board it was in many ways. It included Paul Potter, who later dramatized *Trilby*, and made his fame in cognate lines; Charles Nordhoff, author of *Politics for Young Americans* and *Communistic Societies of the United States*—works justly famous in their day, and characterized by thoroughness of research and practical experience of life. John Habberton was also of our table—the brilliant author of *Helen's Babies*—a book that sold by the million, but brought no money to its author beyond what Milton received for *Paradise Lost* or Goldsmith for his *Vicar of Wakefield*. Publishers who have latterly astonished the world of writers by cataloguing carefully the instances when they have sent large cheques to an author, leave the public in judicious darkness when it comes to a book like *Helen's Babies*, which reared a palace for its commercial exploiter, but left the author to struggle along in a wigwam on the slopes of Parnassus. Conversationally the *Herald* Editorial Council was a delightful club-room, but none of that conversation ever dripped over into the forms of the *Herald*. We all knew that when language was invented as a means of concealing thought, special reference was intended for the benefit of the *New York Herald*. Our editorials were uniformly brief and blameless.

Congress was at that period agitated by a consideration of the Customs Tariff, and politicians of both parties were somewhat disturbed by a certain disposition to question the virtue of Protectionism. My Free Trade convictions were clamouring for expression, and I broached the matter to Mr. Nordhoff. I wished to visit the chief centres of "protected" industries, and meet the men who presumably were chief beneficiaries by the tariff. It was arranged that I should supply a series of long "interviews" with important heads of such notable industries as the Baldwin Locomotives in Philadelphia, the Carnegie Steel in Pittsburg, etc., etc. Luckily for me, I had met Mr. Andrew Carnegie at my father's table, and he had announced himself as a Free Trader in principle, and had asserted that he would be well satisfied if the protective tariff were completely abolished and all American manufacturers offered a fair field and no favour. He gave me a line of introduction to his Pittsburg manager, who shared his opinions on this matter.

"Of course," he interjected, "it would be unfair if all other industries were subsidized by the tariff and mine alone forced into the world's competition. When I say that I am for Free Trade, I mean Free Trade for all equally."

My interviewing pilgrimage was wholly successful so far as Mr. Bennett was concerned; for he cabled his approval and promoted me to Europe as Foreign Correspondent. My interviews were successful also from other points of view. I was heavily crammed with statistics on American trade and manufacturing from the very first attempt at Customs revenue a century ago, when 10 per cent. or 15 per cent. seemed heavy, even when raised strictly for revenue. My method was to first have a general talk on tariff reform and its probable effect on the particular industry under consideration. I was armed with good letters of introduction, was never in a

hurry, represented a newspaper which was independent in politics, and, of course, I enjoyed the work immensely.

Before posting my MSS. to Mr. Nordhoff, it was read aloud to him whose opinions had been invited. This reading occasioned an occasional girlish flush about the usually expressionless face of a seasoned man of business; and he would object mildly to my flow of corroborative statistics. Was I wrong when I insisted that the important feature of my article was the opinion of such a man on such a theme, at such a time? Had I placed in his hands the material that I had been gathering over a series of years, he could readily have used it—and with much greater effect. It was he who acted the part of the great barrister—my part was merely that of the humble clerk who made up the brief, hunted up the leading cases and verified the citations. Each week appeared one or two interviews covering several columns of type and crammed with citations from David A. Wells, Adam Smith, Bastiat, Professor Sumner of Yale, McCullough, Fawcett, Mill and other pundits in political economy. Never did I send an interview until the one chiefly concerned had endorsed it; and never in all my journalizing have I ever had a question raised regarding my veracity in that very delicate field of research. The *Herald* had an editorial fitted to each of my articles, thanks to Mr. Nordhoff; and whilst Free Trade was defeated in Congress, I like to think of a brief moment since the Civil War when even a few of that body questioned, however mildly, the wisdom of our unchristian Protectionism.

In London I found the office of the *New York Herald* in Fleet Street; and who should be sitting in the darkest corner of that chronically dingy retreat but Oakey Hall. I recognized him at once from Nast's caricatures of him in *Harper's Weekly*, where he was frequently depicted as one of the notorious gang of local politicians who had for some years ruled New York under the guidance of

Boss Tweed. Mr. Tilden exposed the so-called Tweed Ring, and its leader closed his life in jail. Oakey Hall had been Mayor of the City whilst all this rascality had been flourishing. He welcomed me as he might any passing stranger, never gave me any orders, never in any way showed the slightest concern regarding my work, never gave me his home address nor asked me out for a bite of lunch. Mr. Bennett once made his appearance in London during those days. He stopped at a costly bachelor hotel in the Haymarket, where I called on him by appointment, hoping for a solution of the Oakey Hall mystery, but in vain. He was interested at that moment only in yachting, and bade me collect all books on that subject and forward them to him in Paris. The nearest he came to talking journalism was a sharp tirade against his reporters who cabled over so-called "Society" news with stupid mistakes regarding titles and prefixes amongst the nobility. Bennett was at home amongst people of title; yet it never occurred to him that he could secure for his paper equally well-equipped correspondents at equally fair salaries. It had been whispered that Bennett was under some sort of obligation to Oakey Hall and was repaying it in this way, but I bothered my head very little in the matter, cabled my own weekly budget in my own way, and was very happy presenting letters of introduction and playing the exhilarating game of London society from every angle. In Paris, Mr. Bennett asked me to lunch with him, and showed me piles of his paper marked in coloured pencil: he was eager to impress me with his mastery of the craft, and to scout the common opinion that an editor-in-chief should live near his presses.

I endured the London office for a few months, when, finding that I was expected to interview the notables of Europe, I resigned and found to my great delight that I could earn more by writing to please myself. From then on I did special articles which I syndicated and

published in many papers and languages, and thus I made much money, travelled much, studied much in men and manners, and enjoyed life at the same time. A great discovery I made also—that journalists on the great English papers lived more like gentlemen, and earned relatively better salaries than their colleagues of cognate rank on American papers. Another discovery was that my articles on political, geographical or economic subjects were more easily marketed and better paid in London than New York. This I mention because I believe it indicates a larger thinking public in England than America, and a consequently higher quality of journalism.

For twenty years I was of the Fleet Street fraternity, and in close touch with my craft in many capitals. It was a passport into good society to represent such papers as the *Standard*, *Morning Post*, *News* or *Times* of London. This refers to pre-war and pre-Northcliffe days. The American papers during the same years were served largely by aliens who haunted the hotels for millionaires, and also picked up crumbs from the Embassy staff or Consulates. These men had learned by experience that the problems of international comity stirred no answering echo on the Mississippi or the Hudson. But they had learned that millions of subscribers hungered and thirsted to know if Miss Gotrocks of Pittsburg was to marry Prince Habernichts of Hungerfest; and they knew that they might cable two columns for the front page if they could give an inventory of the lady's lingerie, more particularly the lace adorning the *chemise de nuit* and the degree to which her drawers were abbreviated or bifurcated. In this fragrant field grew great rewards for enterprising journalists—but it was dirty work.

Mr. Bennett was not surprised at my resignation—perhaps he was more surprised at my holding out so long. We remained on good terms to the end of his

eventful life, and maybe I should insert here something that happened in 1897.

In that year war with Spain was being noisily urged by a syndicate of American papers owned by Mr. Hearst. Mr. McKinley, the patron saint of high Protectionism, was President; and of course, as in every war, there are many who look for increased profits whenever the Government does much and reckless mobilizing. Spain had on her hands an insurrection in Cuba—a chronic disturbance common to all of Latin America, notably Mexico. There was never a time when some Congressman did not clamour for the annexation of Cuba, but this clamour was usually treated as political bunkum, akin to that of T. P. O'Connor in the House of Commons. Mr. Bennett asked me if I would run down to Madrid for him, spend what money or time I saw fit, and then drop him a line to let him know my opinion as to a possible war. Friends in London gave me letters to useful people, such as Canovas, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Castelar, late President of the short-lived Spanish Republic.

CHAPTER XLI

Sanitation in Spain—Cleanliness of Madrid—The American Ambassador, Hannis Taylor—We do the Town—The British Ambassador in Madrid: housed in the Palace of Ximenes—Vivisection *v.* Inquisition—Canovas, Minister of Foreign Affairs—Castelar, late Spanish President, and his opinion of Hannis Taylor—The Spanish War made by Hearst and McKinley

In the Madrid of 1897 was not a single sewer nor a single water-closet. The Royal Palace was magnificent, the Prado like another Eden, and the Royal Museum rich in masterpieces of Murillo and Velasquez; but woe to the pedlar in plumbing accessories! As well might he offer electric fans in Greenland or hot-water bags on the Congo. I met a Viennese on the train who represented lavatory interests. He had with him the shining bowl of an up-to-date water-closet fixture, and gave huge delight by permitting his Iberian fellow-passengers to pull the handle and note the closing and opening of the shining circular trap door. We were in a large third-class carriage between Toledo and Madrid, and amongst the passengers were two *guarda civiles*, one lusty priest, three communicative nuns,—the others mostly shepherds, drovers, and small farmers. The Viennese traveller told me that he was going home discouraged. No one cared for bathrooms; no one had even offered to buy this hygienic adjunct. My fellow-travellers made some guesses—the priest thought it might serve some useful purpose in a church lottery, whilst the nuns agreed that it was obviously intended for the drawing-room; perhaps for goldfish! Yet Madrid seemed very clean to me. All refuse was carefully swept up in every

street every morning. The latrines were periodically pumped out. There were pungent odours for short periods, but once the carts had moved away with a precious cargo for adjacent farms we felt secure against the germs that breed sewer gas and typhoid in many of our very modern cities.

My obvious duty on arrival was to call on the American Ambassador. His name was Hannis Taylor, and he was the most conspicuous figure in the Spanish capital, next to the ten-year-old Alfonso, who went out each day in a beautiful carriage accompanied by the Queen Regent. There was no Embassy Building ; the American Government hired a few rooms on the ground floor, and the Spanish Government provided sentry boxes for a guard. This looked like a guard of honour, but was rather by way of discouraging popular demonstrations unfriendly to Washington. It was a very difficult moment for the most experienced statesman, and Mr. McKinley had, I assumed, chosen for such a post, at such a time, an ambassador fitted for the task. So I knocked confidently at the Embassy gate. It was opened by a man in shirt-sleeves and slippers—such a man as we label stevedore or bar-tender or chore man. I thought I had made a mistake—yet the American Eagle was over the door ! So I asked if I could see the American Ambassador—(they were then called ministers). He looked at my card, grinned pleasantly, held out his hand, and shook mine energetically.—Yes, it was the living embodiment of American might and majesty accredited to the Court of Spain.

Hannis Taylor was cordiality itself ; he was effusive ; he wanted to be my Spanish godfather ; he asked me if there was anyone I wished to know ; said that he would arrange everything for me ; that he was in high favour with Her Majesty the Regent ; and as for the British Ambassador (Sir Drummond Wolff), Castelar, Canovas, etc., etc.— He swaggered on with a fluency that recalls

a certain chiropodist at a country fair who sought credit by assuring his hearers that he had: "Extracted corns from every crowned HEAD in Europe!" Hannis Taylor had no secretary, or none available—none that he had seen for two weeks past. There was a Spanish messenger, a little gamin, who ran errands and was just then absent. Hannis showed me his bed in one room, and his desk in another: here he slept and ate, and saved something from the salary given him by Congress. Had he not announced himself as Ambassador I might have regarded his rooms as those of a picture-dealer, so thickly were his walls hung with canvases declared—by him—to be Old Masters. John Hay told me subsequently that this colleague of his was doing a picture brokerage business, but so ignorantly and clumsily that even his auctioneers in London refused to recognize the parentage claimed by Hannis for his paintings.

Had Hannis Taylor loved me for myself alone, I would have suffered in my self-respect; but he was ready to lick the boots of any American journalist likely to notice him. Hannis needed money, and he needed newspaper notoriety in order to return to Alabama as a victim of Spanish fury and a champion of genuine Americanism. He said he was going to Congress, but before we parted I reached the conclusion that he would have refused nothing, from the Presidency down to a pair of cast-off trousers.

Why touch upon this painful diplomatic episode? My reason for stating some sad truths here is that Hannis Taylor figured largely in the American Press as a triumph of American diplomacy. America has hosts of Hannis Taylors in reserve, as she has had many in years past. In general they have done little harm because they could not speak any tongue but their own and were brought home so soon as they proved capable of making speeches in public. It was the fortune of this Alabama Republican "Carpet-bagger"

to be envoy at the most punctilious Court in Europe—just at the moment when we needed a Ben Franklin.

Hannis talked of the British Ambassador as he did of Castelar, Canovas and the Queen Regent—as old and dear friends—with whom he would be charmed to make me acquainted—nothing easier! As a journalist my duty was to obtain light on a serious question affecting the honour of my country, and I made use of Hannis as I would of a hotel porter. He offered to show me about: donned his high hat and frock-coat, and out we strolled for a bite of lunch at my expense—or was it Mr. Bennett's?

Soon we were stopped by a very expansively bosomed woman with highly painted cheeks and gaudy dress who smiled radiantly and cried with joy, "Mais, mon cher Hannis! why did you not come? I waited——" etc., etc., and in the same breath she moved her arms caressingly towards the high collar of the much-annoyed Ambassador.

"Shut up, shut up," he said to her. "Don't you see that I'm busy——" And then I heard no more and the gaudy female disappeared and we continued our stroll.

Of course I declined his offers to launch me socially in the Spanish capital, but I was determined to see how far such a man was capable of disgracing the flag he pretended to represent.

That night he took me to a resort of women who danced and sang to the sound of guitars, tambourines and castanets. The audience was made up entirely of men—largely cabdrivers and muleteers, the social driftwood that gravitates readily to beaches where the mermaids are easy to handle. In the Madrid of that moment I cannot recall seeing any other than Spaniards on the streets. It was at the end of winter and tourists unknown. Hannis Taylor was the only one of the audience whom I could recognize as non-Spanish, and, of course, he was well known by sight in so small and

isolated a capital. We ordered wine—rich and reckless it was—from Alicante. We did not order the girls,—but they came—one for each knee. The audience was masculine, which means that the women present were not elsewhere presentable. But they laughed and chatted and poured the Alicante into us; and when their turn came for the boards, they gave snatches of topical songs or else danced at us as in a bacchanalian orgy. Their legs were dramatically expressive as they stamped the stage in haughty defiance, and their arms waved gracefully as they clinked their tambourine above the head. But these were but accessories to their chief charm, which consisted in rhythmically simulating the spasms of erotic embrace. These are the dances that delight the café chantants of Mauretania, that have ever delighted the cabarets of antiquity, and that lived on in Spain long after the last morisco had been roasted at the *auto-da-fé*. But they are not dances that Queen Victoria would have commended—on the contrary. It was an uproarious night, and I learned much of Spain and Alicante and—I forget her name! However and whoever she be, it gave me food for thought—that on the eve of war between Spain and the United States, when our papers were printing all manner of offensive tales calculated to inflame popular passion, that at such a time, two obvious Yankees could push their undesired bodies into a dense crowd of drinkers who must have hated us had they known of us through the Press. Anyone could have picked a quarrel with us: we were helpless and remained happily so for the rest of that night. This I mention because it illustrates the indifference of the people in regard to America at that moment. To the Spanish peasant—or artisan—a war in America meant no more than the news of a punitive expedition on the Indian frontier would mean to a British navvy. America in Spanish ears might mean Mexico, Cuba, Chili, Uruguay, Panama—any one of a dozen

shadowy countries rarely heard of save in times of explosion, volcanic or political. "Ignorance is the mother of true piety," said Father Tom; and he might have added of international comity as well.

Spain knows nothing of her neighbours and cares less. Uncle Sam reads more newspapers than anyone else on earth, and consequently he talks war from early morn until time for his afternoon cocktails. Mexico, Canada, Japan, John Bull—all his neighbours are sources of alarm. His only friends are in the Near East—Armenia, Judea—countries about which he knows nothing and can therefore say nothing likely to disturb the peace of the world.

How Hannis Taylor found the American Embassy that night I know not. I never saw him again save at a luncheon to which the British Ambassador had asked me. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff was then close upon seventy, a beautiful specimen of the cheery, portly, courteous, kindly and modest public servant of Her Britannic Majesty. Sir Henry was a man of the world, of the great wide world in the fullest sense. His wife was the daughter of an Earl; he was an old boy of Rugby, and for the past fifty years had been connected with foreign affairs, both in and out of Parliament. His Government had employed him diplomatically in Italy, the Ionian Islands, Bulgaria, Turkey, Egypt, Persia, Rumania, and now he was Ambassador in Spain, lodged in a palace that once was the home of Cardinal Ximenes. Hannis Taylor had but one colleague with whom he could hold converse, and that was, of course, the veteran Englishman; and he naïvely concluded that he was loved for himself alone! Sir Henry, on the contrary, cultivated Hannis for his vanity and garrulity. Sir Henry was a diplomat, Hannis Taylor was a leaky politician dressed up as a statesman. The one represented intellectual contact with minds equally polished by diplomatic exercise in many capitals; the other

stood for shirt-sleeve oratory and crafty manipulating of negro votes in Alabama. Cardinal Ximenes doubtless looked in on that party, and chuckled at the thought of an Englishman maintaining the traditions established by him who established Charles V as King of Spain.

Sir Henry conducted me over the old palace, which at one time housed the regent of the whole Spanish Empire—the most powerful prelate after the Pope. It is even to-day suggestive rather of a monastery than an English home, for so thick are the walls, so narrow the windows, and so small the many cells, that only one imbued with respect for archæology could cheerfully inhabit such quarters. The ghost of Ximenes must surely haunt these gloomy corridors, to say nothing of the thousands whom he tortured to death in his religious laboratories. Few men have been directly responsible for so many judicial murders ; few missionaries have so many converts to their credit ; few saints have led a life more uncomfortable ; few statesmen have served their country with more success ; few scholars have done more for learning and higher education ! Ximenes tortured his fellow-man as our misguided medical priesthood tortures God's creatures by vivisection. The torture of heretics made Christianity odious in the sixteenth century, and the mania for vivisection is doing the same for men who cloak their cruelty by invoking the name of Science. Ximenes was a pious man—just as pious as those who roasted Joan of Arc and John Huss. His torture chambers were at the end of a subterranean passage leading from his eating-room. Sir Henry said that now the passage was blocked up, but that four centuries ago the groans from suffering heretics made a pleasing accompaniment for clinking glasses and clattering dishes. Let us note for the refreshment of despondents that Luther split the Christian Church in two shortly after the death of this prince of persecutions—

which gives one more illustration of the favourite aphorism that it's darkest just before the dawn.

Hannis Taylor was withdrawn violently from Spain in that same year—but he had already done his country much harm.

Canovas received me with great courtesy ; and for an hour or more spoke in excellent French on the difficulties just then confronting his Government, not merely in Cuba but also nearer home. There was no word of bitterness in anything he said ; on the contrary, he protested against the mere thought of war. He even hinted that the abandonment of Cuba need not prove an insurmountable objection, so long as negotiations could be conducted in a manner honourable to Spain. Canovas impressed me as a gentleman and a patriot. No man knew better than he did the political machinery of his country, and the violence of party passion. Six times had he been head of the Government Council, and from his youth up a marked man. Famed as a scholar and writer no less than as a speaker and statesman, he may fairly be referred to as the one great Spaniard of his day. He knew that I represented the *New York Herald*, and my letter of introduction assured him that I had not come in order to fan the Hearst flames of discord.

Canovas was then in his seventieth year, but alert, fresh of complexion, and with something military in his carriage. That such a man at such a time should hold me for so long in conversation on such a subject made me feel that he, at least, was far from wanting war. He chose his words deliberately and uttered them with gentleness—somewhat akin to sadness. He knew then what the world learned later. He had no illusions regarding the Spanish navy and the yet more miserable army. Cuba could not be held against the ragged rebels, much less a well-equipped enemy with a base in Florida ; and therefore he was ready to sacrifice everything save honour on the altar of American rapacity. And in such

a crisis did Hannis Taylor astonish the capital of Spain!

Señor Canovas mentioned his name only once—as I was taking leave—and in words that came from the bottom of his heart: "Ah! monsieur, how happy would I be if there were in Madrid a representative of the United States with whom I could talk!"

Thus ended my one and only meeting with Don Antonio Canovas del Castilio. He was assassinated by a political fanatic only a few weeks afterwards—even as was President McKinley shortly after the war which he himself had authorized. Canovas, the Monarchist, sought to prevent that war. It was McKinley who broke the peace and caused the death of more Americans than ever faced the troops of Spain. So much for those demagogues who tell their dupes that monarchs make war whilst the people yearn only for peace.

Castelar also received me—indeed with him I had many informal talks. He carried his sixty-seven years jovially, for he had no cares of office, and enjoyed a well-earned fame, not only in his own country, but throughout the world of letters. He had weathered many political upheavals; had been President of the Spanish Republic; had been condemned to death; had lived in exile; was a member of the Cobden Club; spoke French fluently, and in 1897 was to Spain what Goethe was to Weimar after the Napoleonic wars. Not being in office, Castelar could speak more freely than Canovas. Thus when I mentioned that Hannis Taylor had offered to introduce us, the great orator thundered with blazing eyes:

"That man shall never darken my door. He is a false friend of Liberty—a traitor to his own country! All the world knows that I love the Republic and that my voice and my pen have been ever employed in the cause of a good understanding. And now America sends us that creature, who with one side of his mouth professes peace, and on the other side feeds American

papers with articles provocative of war. Such a man shall never touch this hand ! "

Castelar was the greatest of Spaniards in oratory, in letters, and in many other ways, but on the occasion of my visit he seemed to cherish one only ambition—to be the Cordon Bleu of Madrid, as he was already her Brillat Savarin. I had been warned that as a gourmet he was matchless, and that he had made a special study of local Spanish dishes. He kindly asked me to meet some of his friends at dinner—all of them selected on my account with special reference to the impending war cloud—representatives of commerce, landed interests, the Bar, the Press, the Government—everything save the Church. Still further was I honoured by a request that I select the menu—should it be cuisine of Paris or Madrid ? Of course, I pressed for the peninsular product, and, of course, the host was correspondingly pleased. These pages are worthless if they be merely a chronicle of my own social happenings, and so I omit mention of exquisite wines and an evening of expansive intercourse in order to record only the unanimous conclusion that war between Spain and America was monstrous ; that, in short, there could be no war, unless the Washington Government evoked it. And as you all know, Washington did.

My Madrid visit at an end, I wrote a short letter to Mr. Bennett, in which I summarized what I had learned in Madrid, concluding with my opinion that there could be no war save by order of Mr. McKinley. Mr. Bennett thanked me for my letter and paid my expenses.

CHAPTER XLII

William II in 1888—Jaques St. Cère—Harold Frederic—William Walter Phelps, American Minister, sides with Bismarck—Von Rottenburg weds his Daughter—An Exile in Bonn—Mark Twain in Berlin—George Bancroft and Berlin Court Presentations—More of Court Presentation—William II and Mark Twain

William II ascended the throne of Imperial Germany and Royal Prussia in 1888. In that year his father had reigned for one hundred suffering days ; and his venerable grandfather, William I, had been laid to rest amid the tears of a grateful nation. The elder William was born when the great Napoleon was making his fame as a general, and he was nine years of age when the battle of Jena was fought. That battle scattered the once invincible battalions of the great Frederick, shattered Prussian hegemony in Germany, and reduced the husband of Queen Louise to the rank of a vassal. Napoleon made no armistice in 1806 as was done in 1918. On the contrary, he marched his victorious army to Potsdam and Berlin ; made his head-quarters in the palace of Sans Souci ; dictated the terms of peace, and kept his troops in occupation to make sure that the terms were understood.

The lessons of Jena sank deep into the soul of the future William I. At the age of seventeen he marched into Paris whilst Napoleon was being deported ; and in 1815 he again occupied the French capital whilst the same Napoleon was being carried to St. Helena. In the Revolution of 1848, when Crown Prince, he was driven from his own country by the howling mob, and for the

rest of his life he maintained a strong army both against foreign attack and internal revolution. In 1864 he turned his army against Denmark and made her give him a large piece of her territory. In 1866 he destroyed Austria and made all Germany one under Hohenzollern headship. In 1870 he scattered the forces of Napoleon III as though they had been militia levies, and occupied Paris for the third time. He kept his armies on French soil and at French expense until the last penny of indemnity had been paid—and never was Berlin more gay than in the years immediately succeeding Sedan and Metz. The historian is tempted to cynicism when recording the alacrity with which Prussia defied Napoleon in 1806, and the even greater madness that inspired veteran French generals under Napoleon III.

William II was not popular in 1888—neither at home nor abroad. He had to ascend a throne that had been graced by two successive monarchs notable for tact, experience, and kingly virtues. It would be difficult in any country to name so remarkable a succession of respectable chiefs as the rulers of Prussia during the past three centuries; nor three more useful to their country than William I, Frederick III, and—up to the year 1896—the present exile, William II. It is well for us to select a happy conjunction of planets when thinking of a new birth, but it is infinitely more important that we should efface ourselves at the right moment. Both Frederick the Great and old William I remained great, and kept the peace until the end of their long lives. Had William II eclipsed himself in 1896, the world would have registered him as the worthy peer of his most illustrious ancestors; a prince who had vastly increased German territory and prestige; who had stimulated every department of commercial or intellectual activity; who had made the name of Germany dreaded, if not respected, in every port of the seven seas, and added to all this achievement the unique fame of having led an

exemplary family life in the midst of a bountiful progeny.

This Emperor achieved popularity in spite of a world Press that was overwhelmingly unfriendly—and mendacious. Of course, the Press of England took sides with his mother, the daughter of Queen Victoria; equally, of course, one did not expect compliments from France. But American papers copied copiously from any slanderous columns, and soon the "Young Emperor" became a byword throughout the world for unfilial harshness and autocratic eccentricity.

Since our first acquaintance nearly two decades ago, we had exchanged letters at long intervals; and I was prepared for an abrupt change now that he was no longer Prince Wilhelm. Moreover, he was not merely a Monarchist, but a firm believer in autocratic rule after the manner of his grandfather and the great Frederick. I myself was trained in the school of constitutional safeguards, if not of government by majorities, and, in print, I defended these principles. There was nothing in the gift of the Kaiser that I could accept, nor could I have shown gratitude otherwise than by my pen. In those early years, Mr. Bennett was particularly severe in his reflections on Imperial Germany, due perhaps to his French environment reinforced by social intercourse with Englishmen in the hunting field, either at Pau or in the shires. The *Herald*, in conjunction with the *Figaro* of Paris, subsidized a German Jew in Frankfort, who wrote under the pseudonym of *Jaques St. Cère*, and his duty it was to rake up all the foul rumours current in his world and launch them as coming from the immediate neighbourhood of the Palace.

For eight years in succession (1888–96) the Kaiser made me his guest at every important Palace function; at every military manœuvre on a large scale; even on his yachting cruise to the Golden Horn, when he stopped in Athens for the purpose of marrying his unfortunate sister Sophie to the Duke of Sparta (later King Con-

stantine). Poor Constantine! He only reached his throne in 1913, and lost it for siding with his wife's papa in the Great War. Had he been a better politician than paterfamilias, he would have recognized the force of national aspiration, and above all have aided England, without whom Athens would to-day be nothing more than the capital of a Turkish province.

The least that I could then do to show my gratitude towards a much-maligned monarch was to publish what I knew of him at first hand, and especially to expose the inventions persistently made by the *Figaro-Herald* man in Frankfort. It was my first book; published by Mark Twain's house (Webster & Co.); was extensively noticed in the Press of both England and America; is now out of print and that particular house out of business.

The young author may think that much Press notice means much money—the old author knows better. It is the newspaper that profits—not the man who has laboriously given his life-blood in the making of a real book. The editorial shears cut deep into the quick of its literary victim; they extract a few good stories and piquant phrases; patch up these with a condensation of the main story, and thus please the thrifty and hasty public that gets for one penny all that he needs at that moment. And thus does an author meet hundreds who congratulate him upon a book which they have not bought, but of which they have learned through that brain-sucking machine the daily Press.

My book told only the truth about a person then of burning interest throughout the world; no one outside his own family circle had known him for so many years or more intimately. But my truth was in direct opposition to that which had been manufactured for the purpose of making him odious; and as no newspaper can admit itself in the wrong, it was universally agreed that whilst mine was the panegyric of a friend, one must

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look for sober history in such a work as *The Young Emperor* by Harold Frederic.

A word about Harold Frederic, for he was a mighty power on the *New York Times* in his day—nothing less than head of the European department, with an office in London. He knew no language but that of the Mohawk valley, was wholly innocent of what we call higher education ; had no social experience higher than that which comes from shaking hands with local politicians at the New York state capital, and yet had published some novels with local colour and meagre imagination. Each week Harold Frederic summarized the European situation with ponderous finality. The imagination that had made him the darling exponent of Schenectady aspirations now entered the Cabinets of old-world capitals and revealed the innermost workings of Gladstonian or Bismarckian mentality. *The Times* confided in Harold Frederic ; they put his name to his weekly cable in large type ; they learned of Europe through him ; they learned easily, for he sent them only that which they wanted to know in grandly rolling phraseology. He had the secret of successful journalism —and of selling patent medicine. Harold Frederic's conceit was equalled only by the extent of his ignorance. In the case of a monarch we call it megalomania ; in ordinary cases it's a " swelled head."

Harold Frederic had seen my book ; had pronounced it interesting ; had even gone so far as to say that I had interested him (Frederic) in the new ruler ; and as a final sign of his condescension, he actually thought of a trip to Berlin in order to judge of him personally.

Now William Walter Phelps was American Plenipotentiary at the Court of William II in 1889, and keenly alive to the value of persistent Press notices in American papers. He was a Yale graduate, a man of wealth, had served honourably in Congress during two terms, and had also been U.S. Minister in Vienna. More than that,

he had struggled hard in German grammar, and could make himself understood by servants and such as make no heavy drain on one's vocabulary.

The Emperor dismissed Bismarck—or accepted his resignation—in 1890; and Phelps regarded this act as unwise. Many others agreed with Phelps, but they kept such opinions to themselves. Phelps was accredited to the Government of William II, and was not expected to criticize that sovereign—at least not above a whisper. Sovereigns are sensitive on some points, and William II was not much pleased when it was told him that the American Embassy was rich in portraits of the Iron Chancellor, but scantily furnished as to effigies of himself.

In London or Paris a diplomat may lead a fairly private life outside a few inevitable functions, but Berlin has remained provincially Prussian in spite of a gigantic population and an administration bent on advertising it as a Welt-stadt or Cosmopolis. The word society in my Berlin days meant a sharply defined number of army officers, great landed proprietors and the inevitable *cercle diplomatique*. A Court function assembled under one roof practically all of those whom a diplomat was expected to meet socially, and it made a world numerically small but of infinite resource in retailing gossip.

The Press of Berlin did not supply news of a personal character. The " society column " was unknown—and for that reason every *salon* became a social exchange for anecdotes, particularly such as gave a clue to the Kaiser's doings and sayings.

William Walter Phelps had a charming wife who made no secret of her contempt for Germans and their language. She was but rarely in Berlin, and even then shunned the drudgery of leaving cards and receiving calls from officials who bored her in gutturals. Her daughter was equally charming and bravely acted the

part of hostess for her father. Her courage extended even to marrying one of Bismarck's clerks in the Foreign Office (von Rottenburg). This marriage did not last long—neither did the diplomatic functions of Rottenburg. Mr. Phelps had encouraged the match, dreaming that the Iron Chancellor had founded a ministerial dynasty after the manner of Iyeyasu Takugawa ; but in this, as in many other things, our Plenipotentiary saw no further than the vulgar herd of credulous outsiders who think as newspapers make them think. Von Rottenburg was removed from the Foreign Office very soon after the fall of his chief, and in 1896 his disappointed wife was compelled to make her home in Bonn, where her husband filled the obscure post of University "Kurator." There I called upon her and there the tears came to her eyes as she told me of her martyrdom in this provincial town. Only those who have lived in Prussia or have understood the inspired pages of *Elizabeth in her German Garden* can measure the mental and spiritual smallness of Junker ladies representing *their* best society. They hated America as they hated England, and no German husband could protect from daily insult a foreign wife who was well bred and frank and unused to petty innuendo and sarcasm. In Berlin she had at least some friends of her own social world, but in Bonn were only the wives of professors and minor bureaucrats who had but one provincial newspaper which published as news from America only such matter as was calculated to foment bad feeling between our two countries.

"Kurator" needs a word of explanation, for there is no such official in England or America. After the Napoleonic wars, the German universities made themselves dangerous to Metternich because they talked much about constitutions and local self-government. Frederick William III had indeed spoken vaguely of a prospective constitution in Prussia, but those were words intended to encourage recruits for the *levée en masse* of 1813. He

was much annoyed that his people recalled those words after the war was over! The Holy Alliance affirmed the policy of Throne and Altar and blind obedience. Henceforth the French Revolution was to be ignored; even the word constitution must be avoided, and every university should have a special spy called Kurator, whose business it was to see that no secret societies were formed nor political matters discussed. This was the most odious clause of that famous Karlsbad Conference of 1819, and it led to a systematic suppression of all political activity throughout Germany. In Rottenburg's time the title signified mainly that the Government wished to shelve him on a small salary, after heaping him with loudly sounding titles like His Excellency and Really Truly Privy Councillor, etc., etc.

Our representative in those years (1889–93) had also two beautiful nieces, the Misses Boardman, rich and fond of society, and this made a total of three unmarried attractions for the thousands of young Prussians woefully burdened by pecuniary obligations. It was a merry Legation, that of William Walter Phelps, but its progress was only in a circle. His diplomatic family followed his lead and loudly sang the praises of Bismarck —sang them so loudly that when Mr. Phelps was recalled in 1893, not only was he not accorded a private audience by the Emperor, but he was permitted to leave Berlin without a single official colleague to wave him God-speed at the railway station. In all his four years he was never once received in private audience even by Bismarck, let alone the Kaiser, yet the American Press persistently chronicled him as the chief diplomatic figure of Berlin, and as one having great influence in the Wilhelmstrasse.

Must I explain this? Phelps was a rich man and politically ambitious. The correspondents of American papers in Berlin were mostly German-American Jews on meagre salaries, who were loosely connected with local

papers and wholly outside any but mercantile society. Phelps was rich and generous, and when he lent money to needy knights of the Press he wisely refrained from recording the matter on stamped paper. Every American reporter regarded Mr. Phelps as a Mæcenas.

The Great War did not come until 1914, but the seeds of war are sown when governments choose as their ambassadors men capable of producing misunderstanding.

Phelps gave an official dinner whilst I was there, and those who came wore their uniforms and orders. Of these was the head of the Foreign Office, Freiherr Marschall von Bieberstein. He had but recently been promoted to what was then regarded as the most important post in the Empire ; was especially devoted to the matter of revising treaties of commerce ; was the chief spokesman for aristocratic interests ; a gentleman of the old school ; fluent in English ; devotedly attached to his own fireside and to a very cultivated and charming wife. Like all public men, he detested official dinners ; detested conversational formalism, detested—yet conformed to—the demands made upon him by international usage. Reluctantly, therefore, he dined in turn with each ambassador or envoy. He could not do less than this for Mr. Phelps. His wife, however, absented herself on the plea of a sudden headache. But what was his amazement when Mr. Phelps bade him lead to the banquet, not a royal princess, not even the wife of an ambassador, no—she was a sweet little American high-school girl, who was in Berlin for piano lessons. Phelps knew her father, an American journalist, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and that father's paper printed columns about the social triumphs of his little daughter at the most exclusive Court of Europe. Every American was thrilled on learning that their callow compatriot was captivating the successor of Prince Bismarck at the Foreign Office; and that this feast might not lack its

Boswell, Mr. Phelps had included amongst his official guests a few of his Press panegyrists. And that these might have material for a truly patriotic message calculated to enhance his popularity in Congress, our host had his table decorated with ears of American maize and had corn-meal cooked in many ways and forced with noisy commendation upon his astonished guests.

Politeness is not native to Brandenburg; it is an imported religion, a very recent culture, and therefore it is liable to exaggeration. The drawing-room compliments and bows of Berlin cavaliers are a clumsy attempt at imitating the gallantry and grace of a Parisian gathering. But the guests of Mr. Phelps did nobly; they praised the corn-meal mush as they gently pushed it from the edge of their plates to the floor; they drank to the success of Indian corn; and the Jew reporters cabled that night that the German aristocracy had been converted to our great American staple by the patriotic labours of our incomparable Phelps. Every Produce Exchange in the United States felt firmer, and every grain elevator in Chicago rejoiced at the idea of sixty million Germans clamouring for their golden grain. The story of this ambassadorial corn-feed ran rapidly through Berlin, nor did it lose anything in the telling. Phelps triumphed in the feeling that he had captured the farmer vote of the Mississippi Valley, whilst the old world rocked its venerable ribs in laughter at another American joke that hurt no one but its hospitable perpetrator.

The august Marschall von Bieberstein talked freely with me in regard to what he regarded as a ghastly exhibition of Americanism. "Does Mr. Phelps think that I have nowhere to dine? Does he think that I go to him for corn-meal? Does he think that I give up my wife and fireside in order to spend an evening with German-American Jews and a sweet little Backfisch (flapper)?"

Count Marschall von Bieberstein was angry—very

much so. He never forgave this outrage upon the dignity of an Imperial official, and maybe this was one of many reasons why Phelps was violently recalled in 1893—a blow which killed him—he died a few months afterwards.

At Phelps's table sat one day Mr. and Mrs. Clemens, whom I had occasionally met in New York. The whole world was ringing bells in honour of "Mark Twain," and had Phelps not been blinded by some strange mist he would immediately have seized so favourable an opportunity for pleasing the German Emperor. After the Clemens party had retired I said casually to Phelps: "Of course, you mean to present 'Mark Twain'?" To which His Excellency from New Jersey replied by looking me straight in the eyes and uttering with very distinct dryness: "No! Mr. Clemens has no claim that I can recognize—he is not an *official* person!"

The explanation raises painful personal experiences which Mr. Phelps could not easily forget. He had promised his wide circle of political and private acquaintance that when he was once at the head of the American Embassy in Berlin he would entertain them and show them everything—including the Kaiser on his throne. What then was his mortification on discovering that between the State Department and the Wilhelmstrasse there existed a "Gentleman's agreement" very galling to every touring lady from the States. Mr. Bancroft, the venerable historian, had signed this most un-American document, which was in full vigour when first I saw the Prussian capital in 1870. By this agreement no American could be presented at the Berlin Court save by direct request of our Government or by command of His Majesty. Bismarck and Bancroft were on excellent terms; both had studied at Göttingen; neither of them clashed on any political theme. Bancroft was the senior by fifteen years; wore a portentous white beard; could make an admirable address in

German; had been a Cabinet Minister in Washington, and in all respects was a standard by which succeeding envoys had to be measured. So the two Göttingers made this "Gentleman's agreement," which rankled very much in the bosoms of those who had the ungrateful task of refusing presentation to their importunate fellow-countrymen. The "Gentleman's agreement" rankled when the envoy was a gentleman—it rankled more still when he was not. American envoys have ever found their principal occupation that of introducing to complaisant Courts wandering parties of curious compatriots, and no one had been more plagued by these than Wm. Walter Phelps. "Mark Twain" had, however, said nothing: he and his family had come for quiet and privacy.

In my own case Phelps had shown somewhat of over punctilio, for when I asked if I might join him in going to the first Palace function, he protested that he was diplomatically bound, etc., etc.—which I interrupted by assuring him that I knew all that, and that the Lord Chamberlain had suggested my forming part of my own Ambassador's party. Phelps was visibly annoyed that I should be at the Palace whilst his own friends—many of them journalistically influential—were excluded. But he had to accept the situation—although for his own protection he insisted that I should file in the Embassy archives an affidavit from the Lord Chamberlain's office to the effect that I was presented by direct order of His Majesty! Shortly afterwards I was at the Emperor's table in Potsdam. It was a family party—the Empress and one or two others. The talk was free for all—a plain, jovial, bourgeois meal—some excellent wine, but no pomp.

Casually I remarked that Mark Twain was in Berlin. Had I exploded a bomb the effect would not have been more immediate.

"Augusta, Augusta!" the Emperor shouted. "Just

think! Mark Twain in Berlin—the great Mark Twain—Huckleberry Finn—Tom Sawyer—Mark Twain!" Then he stopped and paused; and a new look was in his eyes, and his face clouded with suspicion and irritation. "Why have I not heard of this before? It would have given me much pleasure—why did not Mr. Phelps let me know——?" It was in vain that I referred to the great humorist as a modest man seeking rest and recreation; that Mr. Phelps doubtless shrank from calling attention to so obscure——

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Kaiser, "I've read every line of Mark Twain. We must invite him at once—nicht wahr? Augusta?"—and Augusta smiled a radiant smile, and agreed with her husband on this point—though she might not on all. The Kaiser controlled himself admirably in regard to Phelps. His looks and manner said, "What a damned fool!"—but his tongue refrained.

That night I caught an express for London, but had time to send Mr. Clemens a note of warning. He wrote me afterwards of a delightful meeting, a long talk, and a new and precious experience. His letter opened by quoting the remark of one of his little daughters: "Say, Pop, there's nobody you haven't met yet except God Almighty!" Irreverent but fairly true, for I cannot recall at this moment any private citizen who has been so close to so many of the world's rulers as the author of *Innocents Abroad*. Nor did he ever meet them save as their peer; he always let others make the first move. He did not despise a man merely because he wore a crown—on the contrary, he had great sympathy with such as were hard-worked and poorly paid—it was a fellow-feeling. Poor Phelps! He never knew how Mark Twain came to breakfast with William II; he never knew on earth why Bismarck did not come back to power. But he knew it all very soon thereafter,—for he died in 1894.

CHAPTER XLIII

Hinzpeter, Tutor to the Kaiser—I visit him in Bielefeld—Harold Frederic seeks to interview the Kaiser—His Failure—The French African Explorer Monteil at the Berlin Court—Absence of Beauty in Berlin—Difficulty of Monteil's Mission in Berlin—Sarah Bernhardt in Berlin—Wilhelm II visits Paris as Crown Prince

Herr Doktor Geheimrath Hinzpeter was also one of the many who never knew why His Majesty took a fancy to me—at least I quote Hinzpeter himself as he expressed himself to my face. Hinzpeter was a pedantic, loyal and obstinate man, who had been tutor to the Kaiser and his brother Henry. In these Phelps days he lived in Westphalia, a soil suited to this latter-day Pangloss. His wife was French and looked like one in exile.

One of my first conversations with William II after his accession was about Hinzpeter, and he urged me to go over and pay him a call in Bielefeld, which I did. Of course I agreed with Hinzpeter that there was no reason why his Emperor kept on inviting me, but I did not add that I was equally at a loss for the reasons of his enduring the platitudes of Hinzpeter. Hinzpeter's occupation consisted in reading French newspapers, by the aid of his wife, and marking such passages as he might think worthy of Imperial attention. Doubtless the scurrilities of the *Figaro* came under the Imperial eye, no less than the weekly exordiums of Harold Frederic. And this reminds me that Frederic came to Berlin whilst I was there, and we were at the same Phelps table. He spoke heavily as one saying weighty things and he honoured me by the full force of his disclosures. To

summarize then, he, Harold Frederic, was inclined to think better of the young Emperor. He even authorized me to arrange for an interview between his august self and William II. I did not laugh—on the contrary, I spoke gently as we do to lunatics. I assured him that nothing was easier; indeed, that nothing could be imagined more agreeable to the Emperor; that nothing could be more flattering to me. Mr. Phelps, however, was a jealous man, I pointed out; and as he was being paid a large salary for precisely this kind of service, he might resent any interference on my part. And then I remembered an important engagement and never saw Harold Frederic again—nor did he ever see the Emperor. But he returned to London by the next express, and by the aid of scissors and an untrammelled imagination produced a biographical work on the Kaiser. The curious of to-day may amuse themselves by discovering that the only truth in the Frederic book is concealed in the anecdotes he appropriated without permission from a little work by me called *The German Emperor*.

In those Phelps days there came to Berlin a young French major of marine infantry, named Monteil. I spied him at one of the Palace functions. His uniform was remarkable enough in such an assemblage, but still more so was the soldierly carriage, the symmetrical head, and his eyes of unforgettable brilliancy. Nothing escaped his penetrating glances. I can imagine that Ulysses examined the Cave of Polyphemus with no less attention.

The scene must indeed have struck a Frenchman forcibly because of the overwhelming number of men in uniform, and the strange scarcity of women. But worse than the scarcity was the absence of beauty—even in dress. In Paris beauty is a passport, but in Berlin quarterings only count. An officer may go to Court by virtue of his epaulettes, but not so his wife, though she be a Venus to look upon. Consequently a Berlin Court ball was rich in blue blood, but would not strip to

advantage in a female model show. This was not wholly the fault of Prussian officers : they had no objection to well-quartered wives, but they had pressing need of well-filled purses. Junker maidens could not compete in the military market with millionairesses. The ambitious lieutenant of a Guards regiment could make no career unless backed by a rich wife ; and even though she sat up for him at home on Palace ball nights, there were plenty of other occasions for congratulating herself on being the consort of a real officer.

If any pretty face attracted me it was almost sure to belong to the diplomatic body ; and on that particular evening it was the face of a lady whose husband was my esteemed friend, Colonel Meunier, the French Military Attaché. The three—Meunier, his wife and Monteil—formed a little group, and I was presented to the young French major. Immediately we swore blood brotherhood, and from that day unto this, his is the first home I visit when fortune carries me to France.

All Palace functions are wearisome, none more so than those under Hohenzollern auspices. A soldier can make an admirable addition to a mixed party, but it is not easy to convert a barrack-room into a *salon*. English officers enter their Service clubs as gentlemen only. They know the importance of relative rank and age, but mark it unobtrusively. Not so the Prussian. He noisily advertises the approach of a ranking colleague by springing to his feet, dropping everything that may be in his hands, clacking his heels, rattling sabre and spurs, and otherwise forcing the whole assembly to note that this is not a social club—on the contrary, it is but a barrack-room extension. The one high-class club of Berlin was virtually an officers' casino—and although members of the diplomatic body were admitted *ex officio*, they soon found it wearisome, particularly those accustomed to Pall Mall and Piccadilly ways.

Colonel Meunier and his wife suggested that we

should slip out softly from the Palace and meet again at their apartment, where she would have a little supper, and open some Roussillon that had just arrived from her beloved country near the Pyrenees. So we met there, and chatted and sipped; and Monteil dwelt frankly on the difficulties he was encountering in his various conferences at the Colonial Office. It was indeed a hard task for a young army officer—nothing less than regulating the frontiers which divided German from French pretensions in Western Africa. He knew what his Government wished him to achieve, but he knew equally well that he must be content with whatever Germany chose to decide in the plenitude of her power. Monteil had enemies also in the French Government—men who were jealous of his fame and popularity. He had led a scientific expedition all the way from the Senegal mouth to Lake Tchad and thence across the Sahara to the Mediterranean. This was in 1890, '91 and '92. To-day the matter is one for aeroplanes, railways and motor-cars; but when Major Monteil did the journey, it was one of life and death at every stage. Those who have read the pages of Mungo Park and Stanley can marvel how this gallant young Frenchman could achieve so great a geographical triumph with means most meagre and loss of life almost nil. His escort had consisted of ten—two only were white, the rest Senegalese. Stanley commanded an army, with unlimited financial backing, and he spilt much blood. When we compare the generosity of Mr. Bennett in fitting out Stanley and the parsimony of the Paris Government towards their gallant explorer, it would seem as though some conspiracy existed in opposition to colonization in general and the young Capitaine Monteil in particular.

But he returned in 1892, not merely with his life but with a wealth of data—scientific, meteorological, political and military—such as none of his predecessors had ever

before accumulated. The Sorbonne opened its great hall to him; the City of Paris voted him a medal of honour; his bust was a feature of the *Salon*; the Army promoted him to be a major; he was in short just the man to head an electoral ticket, had his ambitions been merely political.

Of his popularity I had abundant evidence in the year following, when in Paris. Monteil was then a bachelor and railed against matrimony; he told me that the heavens might fall but never would I see him under woman's yoke. He held with Kitchener that woman is the ruin of a good officer, and a nuisance to the Commanding General. Of course, it always happens thus: Monteil soon afterwards married one of the most beautiful and accomplished ornaments of Parisian society, and would not now exchange his happy slavery for all the bachelor glories imaginable.

But we were in Berlin, sipping Roussillon with Madame Meunier and Monteil. The French Chargé joined us later, Soulange-Baudin. Of this genial party only Monteil survives. He was much depressed that night. Had he a presentiment that his enemies had forced this mission upon him? that they wished him to return discomfited—empty-handed—perhaps disgraced?

France and Germany lived side by side as those do who daily look for an outbreak of hostilities. Courtesies between the two countries had ceased with 1870. They each maintained the outward semblance of diplomatic intercourse, including an exchange of Military Attachés, but it was painful duty. No French artists would send their work to Berlin, though some occasionally did to Munich. The French Stage no longer sent representatives to the German boards. Sarah Bernhardt scandalized Paris by carrying her smile to Berlin, but after all, was this not in a way a pilgrimage of piety? Her mother was a music teacher, German by nationality,

and Jewish by blood—at least, so records the conscientious Brockhaus. Little Sarah, whose name was really Rosine, had for father a French official, who had her baptized and reared in a Catholic institution. She was illegitimate, and so was her only child; and so Paris had one more laugh when treated to a dramatic version of the Virgin Jeanne d'Arc by a Jewess whose versatility was *capable de tout.*

Germans outwardly pretended to glory in their proud isolation, but inwardly they felt keenly the reluctance of independent people to make Berlin their home. London, Paris, Brussels, Rome, even Munich, acted as powerful social magnets, but Berlin, with all its excellent police and commercial progress, was little more to Europe than Chicago to the Western world. The Kaiser had visited Paris incognito, when a prince, and had seen much of the world since his accession. He yearned for any decent opportunity to make friends of a Frenchman: he yearned for a better feeling between the two countries; he fervently hoped that in time Alsace and Lorraine would be completely Prussianized, and—meanwhile here was Monteil, the very embodiment of Colonial France, visiting his Court on a matter of easily adjusted frontiers. Monteil was depressed, for he had failed signally in his efforts to secure for his Government the frontier expected. Berlin officialdom had merely to insist—Monteil must yield. There seemed no solution to the situation save returning to Paris empty-handed. But in his next conference he boldly maintained the demands of his Government—with great politeness but equal firmness. The matter was grave, involving the rupture of diplomatic relations, and therefore it came before the Kaiser. All ended as I believed it would—here was just the opening he sought. The Colonial Office was ordered to yield; Monteil returned to Paris in triumph, and France rejoiced in a signal diplomatic success over her powerful neighbour.

I can claim no share in this very gratifying result, however warmly I desired it both for Monteil and for the Kaiser himself. The young French envoy scored a brilliant diplomatic success. He would have scored it probably whether he had met me or not. It was a mere coincidence that he acted as I hoped he would, and as I urged him to act. He staked all on a bold move—and he won. England would have raised such a man to the Peerage ; a Napoleon would have given him the *baton* of a Marshal !

CHAPTER XLIV

Alsace-Lorraine and Prussian Rule—The Kaiser at Metz—He unveils a Monument to the " Red Prince "—The Duchess of Connaught and the Kaiser—His Speech at Metz—Genius of the Kaiser—German Hatred of England officially cultivated—How Germany attempted to wreck British Commerce—Our Protectionism leads to War—Hinzpeter on America—Carey, the Father of German Protectionism

In the matter of eradicating the French language from Alsace-Lorraine, William II proceeded as he did in the suppressing of Chinese in Kiao-chow or Dutch in West Africa—and with equal success. Had Imperial Germany inaugurated her domination by selecting officials drawn from adjacent villages of Baden and Würtemberg or even Bavaria, the transition might have been less violent—for all South German tongues have an affinity ; and all dislike the harsh tones that characterize those who dwell on the Baltic watershed. But the spirit of Bismarck poisoned official Germany after 1870, and so far from conciliating Alsace-Lorraine it seemed as though it were to be bullied and frightened into tameness. Regiments from far away were quartered amongst the inhabitants, whilst their own sons were dispatched elsewhere for military service. Officials were drawn from Prussia—and mostly from former soldiers. The policy of Prussia was to frighten her subject people into obedience ; after which the spread of her peculiar Kultur would be an easy task. She reasoned wrongly, as many dogmatists do when inadequately supplied with material for generalization. The policy of " Schrecklichkeit " may succeed on rare occasions when applied to murderous mobs or stupid peasantry accustomed to the

knout. Cromwell saved much bloodshed by making an example of Drogheda, and Napoleon followed the same salutary example when dealing with Spanish guerillas.

But *Schrecklichkeit* is wasted on a population like that of Alsace-Lorraine; it was wasted on Holland when Philip II invaded that country; it was wasted on the Switzerland of William Tell, and equally so on the Belgium of King Albert in 1914. No people write more philosophy than Prussians—no people are less philosophical. England talks little on any subject, yet in the psychology of subject races she displays mastery. As for the great American democracy, we are still blind puppies in the Colonial field.

The Kaiser did a graceful act when he waived the right of might and sent Monteil in triumph to Paris. Yet within a year or two he undid all that had been accomplished. He held Imperial military manœuvres of unprecedented size on soil that had been French within his own memory. Of course the French Military Attaché absented himself. Of the Kaiser's guests I recall now only the present King of Italy, who was then Crown Prince. The French Press expressed some indignation at his accepting such an invitation, but they might equally have charged the United States with unfriendliness. It was France that gave America her Independence as she gave to Italy her Unity and her position as a world power. It would have seemed a fitting courtesy had each abstained from attending a display whose purpose was to humiliate France.

That the Kaiser's guests might be quite sure that they were on recently conquered territory, a general staff officer had been detailed to give a series of lectures on the battles fought at Mars la Tour and Gravelotte. All this was in questionable taste, but there was yet more in reserve. The people of Metz were invited to rejoice at the erection of a monument to the Prussian General, Prince Frederick Charles. Of all the commanders in

the German army of 1870 none was less liked in his own country or more cordially hated in France. This observation has no reference to what was his true character —it bears only upon the broader question of rearing a monument to such an one, in such a place, at such a time.

Moreover, it is well to recall in parenthesis that this "Red Prince" was father to the late Duchess of Connaught—a Princess admired for her talent, and beloved for her devotion to the interests of her adopted country. It was but a few months before her death in 1917 that I had the honour of a talk with her in Canada, at Government House—a talk almost wholly about her cousin the Kaiser. She reminded me that we had been technical playmates in 1871 at Sans Souci, when she was twelve years of age—but at that time girls were kept rigidly separate from boys. On this Canadian occasion, however, the war for world conquest was on, and all my efforts were concentrated on opening the eyes of my fellow-countrymen to the menace from Berlin. The Duchess of Connaught spoke of the Kaiser with severity ; she disliked him and always had, so she said. Indeed, so pronounced was her language that I had, for the first time since this modern Armageddon, to protest that she was painting the devil too black. This private conversation I refer to in order to illustrate the difficulties of a prospective Plutarch. Wilhelm II had turned to me only an amiable side—he seemed the embodiment of one who desired power only as a strong police force that should ensure the peace of Europe.

At Metz the Kaiser bowed and smiled very engagingly as he drove in and out of the town through the streets crowded with holiday-makers. An ex-Prussian sergeant of cuirassiers whom I met in a chemist's shop said he lived happily with his French wife, in spite of her family, who bitterly hated the match. "But they hate me less and less as years go by," said he. "They see

that I work hard and keep away from the drink-shops and bring my wages home. To-day," added he triumphantly, " she was at the window as the Emperor drove past in his open victoria, and he looked up and smiled ; and then she ran out and bought his picture—and so you see the old spirit is dying out. We are becoming reconciled to German rule ! "

Were there many such cases ? Possibly ! No man could smile more engagingly than the Kaiser, and he had shown a desire to identify himself with Metz by purchasing a country seat in the neighbourhood. But all was wrecked in a few minutes.

The Kaiser made a speech.

It is a dangerous thing to speak at any time ; but doubly so when facing a French audience from the base of a Prussian monument. No one could have pleased all of such an audience—not even were he a Gladstone. A Balfour could have called forth cheers from at least one-half of his hearers. It was reserved for William II to displease all—even Germans. As to the French, nothing since 1871 was better calculated to stir into new life the slumbering elements of national antagonism. The orator was in soldier dress, looking like some Wagnerian hero. He expanded on German grandeur and Hohenzollern virtues. He said nothing of the notable Frenchmen born here who had lent lustre to the annals of their country—Ah ! what a splendid chance did the Kaiser here throw away ! How easy for him to have gracefully recalled the late Ambroise Thomas—then alive and in charge of the Conservatoire of Paris. Paul Verlaine was then at the height of his fame. He died in the same year as the composer of *Mignon* (1896). The list is a long one of those who claimed Metz as their place of birth—poets, musicians, painters, architects, publicists ; warriors also, for here was born the great General Custine, who caused Mayence and Frankfort to hoist liberty poles in 1792, and who

(as happens often in a democracy) was guillotined for his pains. But no; the Kaiser was moving towards his deplorable end as in a tragedy of Euripides—and therefore he made a speech.

And the peroration ended thus: "Deutsch seid Ihr! (German you are); Germans have you ever been, and Germans shall you be forever!—So help me God and—my good sword!"

And as he said these words he grasped the hilt of his heavy cavalry sabre as an early Christian martyr might have held on to a Crucifix. His eyes gazed forth fixedly and his pose was that of a fanatic convinced of the truth, and hurling defiance to every opponent: "Here I stand; I can do no other; So help me God!"

On that occasion I had abandoned my official tribune seat in order to mix on foot with an interesting crowd; and in this crowd French was the language. The Kaiser's speech was listened to with intense interest—many doubtless understood German and still more strained their ears for the little they might find familiar. The close of that remarkable harangue came like a blow in the face. There was no noisy demonstration, but on all sides of me there was an informal answer whispered from one to the other: "Eh bien! Nous verrons ça!"

"Jupiter deprives of reason him whom he would ruin!"—so says Euripides, and so have said wise men of every race and of every religion and of every age, many years before men wrote in letters. The Kaiser was becoming less and less amenable to reason; more and more inclined to hear Voices like those which exalted Jeanne d'Arc. So far as my own observation went, his impulses were those of a courteous, manly, tolerant, patriotic and peace-loving nature. Others found him intolerant, erratic, overbearing and eager for war. Men vary with varying experience, and he may have been very different when in the company of others. I can speak only from what I saw and heard myself—whilst

bearing in mind some words of Anatole France referring to Hamlet. " Vous êtes prompt et lent, audacieux et timide, bienveillant et cruel, vous croyez et vous doutez, vous êtes sage et, pardessus tout, vous êtes FOU ! " . . .

" Qui de nous n'est fou ? "

Whatever the bitterness of our feelings now towards one who precipitated the Great War, history must regard his reign of thirty years as remarkable. Old William I wished only a strong Prussia governed after the paternal manner of the Great Frederick. Young William listened to Frederick II in so far as military preparedness was involved and absolute monarchy ; but his " Voices " gave him faith in ventures far away ; the conquest of tropical colonies ; the maintenance of steamship lines throughout the seven seas ; the protection of Catholic missionaries in China ; the restoration of legendary buildings in the Holy Land ; the encouragement of German art and music ; the founding of an Imperial Yacht Club at Kiel. Some of these worthy objects cost only personal effort in the way of travel and speeches ; but steamship lines lead to bankruptcy unless they be a natural growth like those of England. The Kaiser visited the native land of his royal mother several times during the first eight years of his reign, and was made an honorary British Admiral. He learned much in England, and attempted to make his knowledge useful to his countrymen. But such zeal is frequently wasted—like the madness of Czar Peter in dreaming that he could make sailors of moujiks.

The German colonies were not profitable, nor were the heavily subsidized lines of imperial mail steamers. The public was, however, being educated in the belief that England alone stood across the path of German supremacy, and that any sacrifice was justified that promised the removal of this obstacle. The railways and canals of Prussia being Government property, the manufacturers of Silesia or Saxony quickly realized that

in order to ruin England industrially there should be close co-operation between every element of production and transportation. To illustrate :

An English house has a large and profitable sale of egg-cups to Calcutta, where they are landed at $1·00 per gross. An official of the German Government hears of this through its commercial spy service or the general staff, and a confidential expert buttonholes a manufacturer of egg-cups and says to him, " We must ruin that Englishman who sends egg-cups to Calcutta at $1·00 per gross." The German manufacturer answers that the Englishman can do the business more cheaply—that he can do it for $1·00 whilst the German must ask $1·10. Then the German official says, " Let me see your books " ; and together they study the matter, and learn that by offering lower freight charges, the German of Silesia or Saxony would be enabled to put down his gross of egg-cups at 90c. instead of $1·10 as before. The Englishman never knows how the German has managed to cut him out of his own colonial market, but the taxpayer of the Fatherland feels it in a slight increase of his fiscal burden. Germany glories in having ruined an honest competitor, but such glory is costly and usually short-lived.

Finally, the German commercial traveller had at his back a force not merely military but monetary. Throughout Latin America it became steadily more difficult for any but Germans to secure orders, because Englishmen (and Americans even more so) looked for early settlement of accounts, whereas German bankers in alliance with German merchants appeared most complaisant in the matter of payments generously postponed. No one cause precipitated the Great War, but amongst the many responsible for its explosion in that particular year may be confidently placed the cause that ends the financial career of many an individual speculator. German banking and commercial houses

had pushed too far their financial expansion ; they had injured England—but at heavy expense to themselves. Great Britain feels often impatient at her policy of the open door when she finds other countries legislating against her in the spirit of Protectionism. Germany, France and America trade freely in British ports, but they show no reciprocal kindliness when foreign vessels come to Manila or Cuba, Algiers or Saigon. Free Trade is twin brother to Fair Play, and in harmony with British love of manly sport. England makes the Huntley and Palmer biscuit, but my Government places upon it so heavy a tax that it only appears on the rich man's table. This tax is protectionist in order to force me to buy the inferior biscuit of an American firm. America thus attempts to injure England, but I venture to think that it is we ourselves who are most injured in the long run. Germany in 1914 reaped the whirlwind of war, after diligently sowing the poisonous wind of protectionist expansion and fiscal inflation.

Dr. Hinzpeter was possibly responsible for some of this—if I may draw conclusions from a remark of his made in the year of William's accession, when I called on him at Bielefeld.

" America," said he, " has produced nothing in the field of intellect—nothing that we could regard as a contribution to civilization or Kultur ! " He stopped in his walk—meditated—then said sententiously : " Maybe I might make one exception ! "

At this I felt less crushed, and ran over in my mind the names of a few compatriots that had been held up to me from childhood : Emerson, Longfellow, Cooper, Poe, Thoreau, Washington, Franklin, etc. But no ; none of these interested Hinzpeter, and he put an end to my list by saying " Carey." He saw my surprise and explained that he referred to the great Economist—the father of Protectionism in America. The blow to me was heavy —as the injection of an astrologer in a company presided

over by Sir Isaac Newton. Carey had never been taken seriously by any professor of political economy, even in his own country, yet in Germany so keen was the official desire to cloak Protectionism by the semblance of science that Carey was being quoted in justification of doctrines that have proved harmful to every state that has ever applied them.

CHAPTER XLV

The Jameson Raid and the Kaiser's Dispatch to President Kruger—South Africa looks to Berlin—Responsibility of Prince Hohenlohe—Marschall von Bieberstein—The Pope friendly to Germany—My Break with William II in 1896—Opening of the Kiel Canal—Untiring energy of the Kaiser—The U.S.A. Ambassador Runyon—Why the Kaiser could not call upon him—Runyon's drenching at Kiel—U.S.A. Military Attachés in Berlin—Bad Horsemanship of Sandford

My relations with Wilhelm II ceased in 1896 in consequence of his cable to President Kruger of the Transvaal. This cable stirred the whole English-speaking world to ask: "What next!"

The cable sounded fairly innocent; it merely congratulated the Transvaal Boers on having triumphed over the armed force of Dr. Jameson. The Transvaal did well in checking Dr. Jameson—and all England agreed in that opinion. But what every English-speaking colony or community failed to understand was the ardent interest suddenly shown by William II in a matter that was not German, but, on the contrary, peculiarly British. Maybe we can appreciate the situation better by imagining the state of public opinion in Washington should any European country have meddled in a quarrel between Texas cowboys and a guerilla band south of the Rio Grande. A handful of Transvaal Boers counted for little in the matter—much less a few hundred venturesome Englishmen who sought to duplicate on the soil of South Africa activities that had made heroes of Sam Houston and Frémont in the days of Lone Star and Bear Flag. It was, however, ominous that the chief of Europe's most formidable

military force should suddenly manifest a wish to challenge England's right to manage her own colonial affairs.

The German official Press hastened to extenuate the most offensive parts of this cable, but the Boers did not read German, and all they understood of the matter was that the Kaiser was their ally and that in any future conflict they might count on his aid. This cable gave a great impetus to German trade, for the Transvaal was then rich from the taxes levied on English mining interests ; and the Boer Government placed large orders for war material in German hands.

The night of that cable I was at a diplomatic dinner in Berlin, and amongst the guests were two Ministers of State. When the ladies had been escorted to the drawing-room, and the men gathered at one end of the table again over flagons of newly drawn beer, I addressed the senior official cheerily : " Now then, your Excellency, what think you of the Kaiser cable ? " Both officials answered me at once and emphatically, but in pantomime. Each threw up his hands in an expression of despair—clasped them about his head—rolled his eyes to express helplessness, and ejaculated with immense meaning the words : " Herr-r-r Gott ! "

Only extra letters to " Herr " can suggest the prolonged emphasis on that growling expletive, and no dictionary tells the amateur that when a Minister of State uses that word at that moment and in that emphatic manner, the free translation is : " My God—how many different kinds of a damfool can that Kaiser be ! " —Herr-r-r-r Gott ! !

The Kaiser was mad—the Kiel Canal had gone to his head. Megalomania manifested itself when he discovered that he could fight ships in the Baltic and the North Sea without the long run around the Skagen Cape. In 1895 William II should have been retired on a pension, and a regency declared. The brother of old

William I had been retired for cognate reasons—to say nothing of Ludwig II of Bavaria. Had Germany been polled in referendum on the Kruger cable in the early January of 1896, methinks men of every party would have wished it unsent. If the Kaiser did not mean to fight England, why create new enemies? If he did mean war, the madness was demonstrated. The Kruger cable was a slap at England and a menace to every other country, for it was the symptom of a disease that would spread—as indeed it did spread, until it was cauterized in the battle of the Marne.

Prince Hohenlohe had been little over one year Chancellor of the Empire when this cable was launched. I have not been able to learn authoritatively whether he knew of its dispatch; whether Marschall von Bieberstein modified its language or whether it was put on the wires by one of his equerries after a full meal. Prince Hohenlohe neither countersigned this document, nor offered to resign. Bismarck, in framing the new constitution of the Germanic Federation, had carefully protected himself and successive Prime Ministers by insisting that no State document should be valid unless it bore the countersign of the Chancellor. William II was therefore guilty of a constitutional tort; and Prince Hohenlohe was wrong in not immediately tendering his resignation. Hohenlohe was a Roman Catholic, and warmly supported any anti-English legislation; he was also an ardent champion of a stronger navy and more vigorous colonial expansion. Between him and Wilhelm II and the Pope of Rome there grew up smiling relations because in the German colonies Catholic missions were bountifully endowed, and the prospect was bright for innumerable converts in Papua, China, Africa and the Kanaka Islands. No wonder that the Vatican prayed to German saints during the World War, and saw no wrong when the Hun violated the neutrality of Belgium.

Hohenlohe was 76 years old, and looked much older, when this fatal message frightened the world. He must have realized the mischief impending—maybe he courted a quarrel with Protestant England, the responsibility for which would rest wholly on Imperial shoulders. All his life had been spent in political or diplomatic work of the first importance. He was dear to the Hohenzollerns because in the formation of the new Germany after 1866, he, the Bavarian, had used his great influence, and with success, in the cause of Empire under Prussian hegemony. He died in his eightieth year, and for his soul's sake I would charitably hope that in 1896 he was already afflicted with senile debility, and therefore to be acquitted of *lèse-majesté*. He had served his country loyally—but more loyally still the head of his Church. France remembers him chiefly as the Prussian Viceroy in Alsace-Lorraine where he succeeded in making those conquered provinces hate Germany even more than before.

So I accepted the invitation of a London Review, and wrote on this Kruger dispatch a full and frank discussion in which I assumed that His Imperial Majesty would promptly dismiss a Chancellor who could permit so scandalous a message to be penned and—published. Prince Hohenlohe was not dismissed nor was the dispatch denied, nor—was I ever again a guest of William II. Hohenlohe held office for a couple of years longer, and then retired on the score of health. He died, I think, in the year of the Spanish War.

The opening of the Kiel Canal in June of 1895 took place under every condition capable of exalting the national spirit of Germany and reconciling her to heavy taxes. It was also one more opportunity for the Kaiser to exhibit a superhuman power of going on incessantly and without sleep. All the navies of the world, and all the notables of every country, had been convened for a series of entertainments calculated to make those of Suez in 1869 fade into insignificance. The rendezvous was

in Hamburg, where a grand banquet was given by the city, followed by splendid fireworks. At midnight a special train conveyed us to the Elbe end of the canal, where at 3 a.m. we boarded one of the steamers chartered by the Emperor for his many guests. At last, methought, I may snatch some sleep!

Vain hope!

Steam whistles blew and bells pealed. Brass bands played competitively, and patriotic singing societies raised their voices at every few milestones of the great waterway. Had I been so ungrateful as to have sought rest in my cabin—could I have closed an eyelid? The whole shore line was a succession of human gatherings—veteran societies, trade guilds and the like, who sang and cheered and waved with energy. There was no escaping the din on shore, especially as our ship, in common with many another ahead of us, rubbed the bottom at several points. We were more than twenty hours doing the sixty-one miles of water. Thus instead of reaching Kiel at 6 p.m. in time for the opening function on land, we did not drop anchor until after midnight, nor did we even then get much sleep, for our programme called for a start next morning at five o'clock—some nautical manœuvres or the like. The days of this Imperial festival were inordinately crowded with events to which we were officially bidden—and if I am alive to pen these words it is because I skipped many dances on the programme. But those who were officially ordered to report in detail must have suffered keenly.

Our Ambassador then was named Runyon. He was an excellent man—in New Jersey, where he had sat on the Supreme Court Bench. He should have been continued to ornament the juridical throne of his native state, for he knew no German and no French, and his wife was equally helpless. He was an old man, at least he looked as one requiring careful handling, if not nursing. Before him, the United States had been

represented by agents called Minister Plenipotentiary; but now these were to rank with full Ambassadors. In Berlin the distinction was a very real one. France, Russia, Austria, Great Britain—these had embassies akin to palaces. The Ambassador was a quasi-personal representative of Majesty dealing directly and personally with another Majesty. Foreign Emperors or Kings had their suite of rooms in their own embassies whenever they visited Berlin.

The German Emperor could visit an embassy although etiquette placed obstacles to his making calls in ordinary houses. An embassy goes on for ever; the same servants care for the place whoever may be the chief. But should the Kaiser have desired to call on the American Ambassador, he would first have had to ring the street bell in the midst of curious bystanders; then he would have had to climb several pairs of stairs before he could ring another bell belonging to Judge Runyon of New Jersey. All this involves not merely time, but also the risk of being hustled by eager inhabitants of the same apartment-house who run up and down with bundles and children, and who might not have been warned beforehand as to an impending Kaiser visit. The United States has not yet provided its diplomatic agents with official quarters, and consequently only the rich can represent their country in even mediocre manner. John Hay, Whitelaw Reid, and a few more such, could hire palaces in London or Paris and entertain royally. But in Berlin palaces are not on hire, only flats in vast compounds where a dozen families herd under one roof, and are at the mercy of one porter or concierge.

Runyon could hold no conversation with other than those of his own tongue, yet he came to Kiel. I found him at three o'clock of the morning standing at the end of a wooden landing-stage gazing forth at the twinkling lights of the harbour. It was raining hard. It had been

raining for several hours, and it continued raining throughout the night. He wore the ordinary dinner dress which in Germany is the uniform of restaurant waiters, and when first he turned towards me I assumed that he had been serving in that capacity at the Imperial banquet. You probably know that whilst the American Constitution guarantees to each citizen the right of dressing as he pleases, Congress arbitrarily commands its Consuls, Ministers and Ambassadors to make themselves ridiculous by a costume no more suitable to them than white kid gloves to a stoker.

Poor old Runyon!—he was a pathetic sight. He had accosted several Germans, who took him for a tipsy *Kellner*; he had no idea where he was; he had no equerry or even body-servant—he, the official embodiment of Uncle Sam's majesty in German harbours! Four splendid ships of the U.S. Navy were among the lights that dazzled him. Admiral Robley Evans was in command, and all his force was officially subject to orders from the Ambassador. Poor old Runyon!—he wore a wig whose black was mingled with blue, and his face was marked with streaks of colour that perhaps caused passing Germans to regard him as a dangerous exotic. At any rate, no one recognized him as the American Ambassador until I took his arm, led him back to the Imperial tent and gave him over to a German official whose duty it was to assist helpless ambassadors. Phelps had much money, a little German, and no tact. Runyon had no German, a little money, but an abundance of legal wisdom. Between them there was the making of a second-rate ambassador, but singly—it was a sad exhibition.

After seeing Runyon in safe hands, I returned to the landing-stage, slipped my Rob Roy into the water and paddled away to my ship—no very easy matter amid the hundreds then at anchor—ships of every tonnage and character, yachts of all sizes, big liners, battleships,

light cruisers, torpedo craft, and many fisherman and cargo boats.

Poor old Runyon!—where was the U.S. Naval Attaché or even his Military Attaché? In the eight years between 1887 and 1896 I had known each of our military attachés at the Berlin Court, and they were all West Point graduates; excellently educated for their age, all very young and all ignorant of German. With true West Point courage they promptly commenced mastering the language, but before they could make their verbs fit at the ends of their sentences they would be recalled in favour of another tyro. The first of our military representatives in Berlin was proud of his French. His colleagues were satisfied to have their visiting-cards in German or in their native language. But Lieutenant Sanford had graduated amongst the first eight at the U.S. Military Academy, had consequently chosen the engineering branch of war, and lost no time in making the fact known upon his cards couched in the language of Germany's traditional enemy. This was offensive to his colleagues of the Pickelhaube, who wondered why my compatriot did not use his own language. Others wondered still more that Mr. Sanford should feel the need of adding to his name the patent fact that he was a genius. His card read "officier *de* Génie," and I was made very weary by the many gentle references from Russian, Rumanian, Austrian, Swedish, Italian, Chilian, Spanish, and a dozen other colleagues, all smiling amiably, and each in turn saying softly, "Sans doute—on voit bien que votre Lieutenant est un *génie*. Mais pourquoi sur une carte-de-visite?" When I attempted to explain to Sanford that there was a vast gulf between *de* and *du* where *génie* was involved, my only reward was a stare and the observation: "I think I know my French!"

As Lieutenant Sanford knew no German, and knew French only as taught in the class-room, and, moreover,

could not ride the Emperor's horses unless he steadied himself by spurs, his career in Berlin was short. Twice I saw him slip mysteriously from the saddle down the front legs of his mount. Finally his heels caused so much blood to trickle that the whole column was halted whilst orderlies were commanded by a Prussian officer to unbuckle his spurs and carry them away. The German officer in charge of the foreign guests had already shown anxiety, not on account of Sanford's breaking his collar-bone, but on account of the damage to his Emperor's property. He could not communicate with our Attaché, being ignorant of English, and begged me to persuade the Herr Leutnant not to spur his horse. I spoke to Sanford, but he, poor lad, was in such a state of mind that his muscles lost their power to react in harmony with volition.

Soon afterwards I discussed the case with one of the Faculty at West Point, and he deplored it, but admitted that occasionally a man might manage to have such good marks in class-room work as to graduate, in spite of glaring defects as a soldier.

CHAPTER XLVI

Canoe *Caribee* described—Circumnavigation of Antigua and St. Thomas—A Capsize amongst Sharks—Donaueschingen and a Start down the Danube—Frank Millet and Alfred Parsons—Women and Morality on the Lower Danube—Joys of Budapest—Running the Rapids of the Iron Gates—Arrival at a Turkish Fortress—Nearly wrecked by a Serbian Water-mill—Two Serbian Mermaids finish me—Eunuchs as Cab-drivers in Galatz—Persecution of Skoptsi in Russia.

My Rob Roy canoe was christened *Caribee* in the Windward Islands, where first her powers had been tested. Her dimensions were 15 feet in length, 30 inches maximum beam, and a draught that was negligible. Everson of Williamsburgh was the builder, which means that it was admirable in every nautical respect, for in the 'eighties that name was to the New York Canoe Club what Herreshoff was to defenders of the America Cup. Everson is dead, and so is Herreshoff, but their memory is dear to boat-lovers. My little *Caribee* was carvel-built—her innumerable copper bolts well clinched. She had 7 feet of well space, where I slept comfortably o' nights with a pair of shoes for pillow and a Raglan for mattress and blanket. At each end was a 4-foot water-proof compartment—the hinder one for kitchen and pantry stuff; the for'ard space for kindling wood and light stuff. For sailing I had a brass drop rudder, a folding fan-like centre board, two leg-o'-mutton sails—and the whole so adjusted that I could make and lower sail without moving from my place, just aft the waist.

In this dainty craft, modelled on the lines of the original *Rob Roy* of McGregor, I spent a full happy week circumnavigating the Island of Antigua; and after-

wards the then Danish St. Thomas. The Antigua trip was particularly interesting because I had ample opportunity for studying marine life by means of a bucket whose bottom was of glass. The bucket belonged to our Consul, Chester Jackson, a passionate student of coral reef zoology. He accompanied me in a ship's boat which he had secured from a wreck. This boat he half decked for'ard, and there he slept, as did also two African boys who cooked for us and enjoyed the trip immensely. But they would not go in swimming, nor would either of them enter my canoe for fear of sharks in case of a capsize. They would wallow in a foot or two of water, whilst I took my canoe out, and in, over the big breakers—a thrilling experience not unlike taking an old hunter over an easy fence. My zoological companion despised sharks as mean-spirited beasts. Maybe he was unfair to them; but whether or no, he and I swam each evening in waters reckoned as sharky. Later on I swam in Cuban waters—during the Spanish War.

But on the canoe cruise round St. Thomas I was well frightened, for in a squall *Caribee* capsized. It was my fault, for the mainmast was a trifle too fat in her stepping tube, owing to expansion under moisture. Whilst I was in a struggle at the bow, seeking to lift it out, over we went in a sea lashed white with foam. Of course I held my double-bladed paddle in one hand as I threw my body up and over the bottom of the craft. Nothing was in sight save the many articles that had lain loose in the well—straw hat, jacket, neck-tie, socks, tennis shoes, a few tins, notebooks, chart—odds and ends that floated for a while and then disappeared. My long double paddle was copper-tipped, and one end trailed in the water beyond my toes. Part of me was submerged; the sun was going down—there is no twilight in 18° north—and the best I could hope for was that I might in time be cast upon the shores of Porto Rico, which

then was under Spanish rule. It meant for me patience, endurance, and, above all, keeping awake. But I was weary, having worked my way since daybreak, nibbling biscuit and banana for lunch, buoyed up by the hope of entering the port of Charlotte Amalia that same night.

Suddenly I was nearly wrenched from my rolling perch by a sharp tug at the paddle blade and instinctively I drew in my toes and vaulted precipitately to the other side of the upturned body. There was no longer any thought of dozing—only of speculation as to how long I could sustain these acrobatic efforts and how long my paddle would resist the repeated shark nibbles. I thought maybe they were not those of sharks—but again came the submarine jerk, and again my legs flew over the keel and thrashed about in hopes of scaring away my tormentor. It was to me a long struggle—but my disaster had been sighted from some cabin up the mountain-side, and as *Caribee* was well known in the Island, soon the lug sail of a seaworthy fishing craft came bobbing up and down towards me. And at last the two Africans in charge gave me a hand whilst I righted the canoe, baled out the well, salvaged what yet floated of my belongings, and then fell asleep on the bottom boards as they kindly towed me into the most interesting of all West India ports.

It was a year or so after this that I took *Caribee* to Donaueschingen in the Black Forest of Baden—the highest paddleable point of the beautiful and majestic Danube. From this point we had 1,800 miles to the Black Sea, and three full months we dedicated to this journey, every day of which was rich in scenic, ethnic and historic interest. My two companions were Frank Millet, who was later lost in the *Titanic* disaster, and a British member of the Royal Academy, Alfred Parsons. Neither of these had had any experience of Rob Roy sailing canoes, but each had good sporting blood, and they

entrusted me with fitting out their two canoes and conveying them from New York by boat and rail to the rendezvous. The first two hundred miles to Ulm in Würtemberg was a succession of delightful surprises, the river being at Donaueschingen little more than wide enough to accommodate one double paddler at a time. There were twenty big weirs in our path, which meant an average of one for every ten miles, but in most cases we managed to let them go gently down over the spill way. The front of the dam usually had a fair slope down-stream, and in that glorious June there was abundance of water.

The woods were alive with bird song and the cuckoo never wearied of reminding us that his clocks were born in these forests. Our first three days were devoted to adjusting ourselves to new conditions, and particularly to bare boards in lieu of a mattress. We had the ideal number for a camping voyage—one for cook, a second for foraging and a third for general chores. Millet was an admirable *chef*, and I was elected to the office of interviewing watch-dogs and farmer folk in the daily search for butter, eggs, chickens and vegetables. Watch-dogs grew bigger and noisier as we proceeded, becoming more so in Serbia, Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary. No one manifested any desire to supplant me in this office. On the contrary, each of the others persisted in praising my linguistic powers, and pointing out that I must provide or all would starve. And strange to say, in those three months of dog interviewing never was I once bitten—nor ever turned away empty-handed from any door of any peasant in the many states through which we sailed or paddled.

Not being like the legendary Xavier, endowed miraculously with polyglottous powers, my *modus operandi* amongst the Finno-Tartaric and Slavonic Lower Danubians was to rely mainly on pantomime. With one hand I indicated what my stomach desired, and coin was held

out abundantly in the other. They could see the dainty canoes; they could see that we were neither tax-collectors nor pedlars; they found no fault with us for being strangers, so long as we came not for plunder. My canoe double paddle was of great service on these foraging trips, and I used it against Balkan dogs as I had against West Indian sharks, permitting it to trail carelessly behind me in order to satisfy the first impulses of canine curiosity—if not his appetite. Animals rarely attack men whom they see for the first time—they inspect cautiously. Yet was I fairly tempting, for my white flannel trousers were usually rolled up to above the knee and on my feet were but the slightest of gymnasium shoes. Indeed, my foraging steps were guarded quite as miraculously as were those of the *integer Vitae* amongst the Sabine wolves. And were I otherwise orthodox, Rome could not fail to beatify one in whose favour so many divine signs had manifested themselves. I might even broaden my hagiological pretensions by saying that never has any dog bitten me at any time—much as I have consorted with his kind. Nay more, never has a horse kicked or bitten me, much as I have handled that most generous of God's creatures; and whilst in boasting mood I might as well make an end of it by confessing that my life has been painfully free from the adventures that make tales of travel saleable. Cannibals have not roasted me; lions have not sprung upon me; Chinese bandits have not kidnapped me; Malay pirates only smiled as I passed them, and snakes wriggled off into the jungle as I approached.

Each night we hauled the boats out of water, selecting for our camp a spit of land where there was sure to be a pleasant breeze along the water. The river guarded our front, whilst the three boats concluded our hollow square. Here we built our fire, cooked our supper, indulged in a joyful swim, and then luxuriated in some talk until turning-in time. Occasionally we would be

joined by some local shepherds or cowherds—more often by gipsies camped near by. We made them welcome by passing tobacco and a cup of wine, and we parted friends, for, whilst our camping kit was other than theirs, they could appreciate our ways as the skipper of a liner can honour the junk that weathers typhoons. We had no trouble on the score of police, because we kept away from populous places and went ashore at dusk when the local constable usually has his evening meal. Our departure next morning was very soon after sunrise, before any respectable gamekeeper is on his rounds ; and thus we were far away on a trackless trail before officialdom could institute inquiries or landlords collect rent. Throughout Hungary and thence on, we passed many encampments consisting of cheery peasants who came with wagons and oxen and a large laundry. The lassies reefed their petticoats and stood in the water banging the soiled linen with wooden clubs and waving to us in the boats. Our work of purification was more simple—we let our sweaty shirt and trousers lie in the water overnight, weighted by a stone. On the following morning we gave them a rub and hoisted them between the dandy and the mainmast, where they dried readily, however much they might puzzle the nautically inclined on shore.

Morality on the Lower Danube has not the limited meaning it has in New England. The Anglo-American maidens bolt their doors when at the bath in order to convey the impression that their physical charms are irresistible, and must therefore be put under padlock—after the manner of mediæval wives whose husbands were in the Holy Land. The Danubian mermaids, on the contrary, are proud of their firm flesh and infinite capacity to make man happy. The sirens who lured Ulysses failed at one time, because Penelope had provided him with wax which he was to cram into his ears on just such a trip. If I had wax, it was at the bottom of my kit

bag ; and you censorious matron of Cape Cod pray close your eyes at these lines, for I was young. American women are unlike those of other climes. They may read books and may attend plays where the whole interest pivots on adultery and sexual divagation, yet society is in arms if a man play tennis in a shirt of peekaboo mesh or a girl enters the waves in a one-piece bathing suit. These Danubian maidens wore no bathing suit at all. They beckoned gleefully and were innocently proud of their beautiful motions. Liberty is their creed—not the liberty of those who pollute their spirits by foul books, but the personal freedom which includes every form of recreation known to the combined wits of woman and man. *Honi soit qui mal y pense !*

We were detained a week in Budapest by hospitable Hungarians. Our boats were made honorary members of a splendidly equipped rowing club, and myself made honorary member of a bed equipped even more splendidly. She would have been morally shocked had I expressed to her the atavistic surprise that bubbled in my puritanical bosom, and for a whole happy week that ancestral emotion was heroically suppressed. The well-shaped woman of Hungary simply stands aghast when told of American impotency in matters fleshly. " But what do those women do with themselves ? " they exclaim in surprise. They honour their Virgin Mary and certain fanatical or physiological defectives who cultivate sterility under the mantle of theological ecstasy—but that does not explain to them the sexless woman of America.

From Budapest we were carried to various points of the country on a chartered steamer, a boat loaded with good things to drink, and to eat, and to dance with. Our host moored us one evening close to a village whose mayor he knew. We called in a body, and our Magyar mentor called for a barrel of the best wine, the use of the largest threshing floor, and also for the best girls of

his bailiwick. News passes rapidly where there are no newspapers, and the barrel of good wine was promptly installed in the corner of a huge barn. It was the hour for the reapers to return, and wagons piled high with hay or oats and hauled by powerful oxen came creaking from the fields. On top of these elastic loads reclined the bright-eyed and firm-limbed Magyar maidens, looking like Olympian goddesses, or the dairymaids who dallied with Krishna. These goddesses reclined naturally, as those who have well stretched their muscles in a long sunny day, and look forward now only to supper and an early bed. But when they heard that we had brought a good gipsy band from the city, and that the barrel held good wine, and that the best barn floor was theirs —down they slid from the fragrant piles, off they scampered to their several homes, and by the time we had had our supper the great barn was alive. The gipsies were starting the Tschardasch and—we danced, and we drank, and we supped again, and once more our peasant lassies exemplified the time-honoured aphorism that recreation consists in doing something else. And we did every sort of something else that seemed to produce happiness in this paradise. Ah! those days, and those nights—but I must get on if this narrative is ever to end.

At the Iron Gates my two companions left me and I went on alone. No canoe had ever before passed safely through those rapids and whirlpools—nor would any money tempt me to repeat the experiment. Only vanity prompted my action. I could not bear the idea of coming so far, and then turning back merely because the water turned and foamed somewhat more than elsewhere. The Iron Gates are so named because at this point the Danube rushes through a narrow defile between two lofty piles of rock. This barrier separates Hungary from what was the Turkish Empire in my youth, but now is known as Rumania, Serbia and Bulgaria, to say nothing of Russia beyond the Pruth. My

masts I stowed below hatches and left no opening save where my body protruded. I had a buoyant craft and was in good physical condition. And that none might charge me with taking more than legitimate sporting risks, I climbed the rocks back of Orsova and studied carefully the course that I intended paddling—between the big whirlpools and the whitest water. The river was fairly high, and perhaps never before had so happy a conjunction of helpful circumstances promised success. Men have rowed the English Channel, and even swum it, but that is a foolhardy risk to my mind—like rolling over Niagara in a tub or leaping from the Brooklyn Bridge.

It was whilst labourers were going to their work that I pushed off and aimed for the course that I had mapped out in my mind. All went smoothly in the beginning, but I soon found myself in a complexity of rocks and breakers and whirlpools more interesting to study from the shore than to thread in a Rob Roy canoe. The current was carrying me down at a rate so furious that my stretcher seemed but stirrups on a runaway horse. I could see but the angry waves on either side; and these were so high and the spray so thick that all idea of modifying my course was abandoned. I was on a runaway, and therefore sat low and tight and attempted only to avoid the centre of a dangerous eddy in my path or a still more dangerous rock. It was hard to realize the speed of my boat, because the water travelled with me. My only way of measuring this was by noting the shores, and the groups of sympathetic peasants who made violent signals to me. Doubtless they shouted instructions and warnings, or perhaps were merely waving encouragement. At the time I was incapable of profiting by any advice—least of all did I need incentives to effort. My muscles were hard, and my boat had a heroic soul; we were as one flesh—may I say that we were as a centaur for perfect harmony of hand and

brain and legs and body. My double-bladed paddle had severe tests in that short but ragged steeplechase, and when the finish came I was dripping with sweat no less than spray, and my legs were groggy as after a hard sparring match. That one short passage through the Iron Gates of the Danube had exhausted me more than the seventy-five miles of the day before. I was immersed over my lap—and my last few feeble strokes were those that scraped her broad keel upon an island in the midst of the now quiet stream.

What joy, thought I, to rest here awhile ; to meditate on the magnificent scenery through which I had passed, and, above all, the roaring and foaming rapids through which I had been miraculously carried. So I leisurely hauled my keel higher on the beach, rolled the water from out of her waist, and was preparing to inspect my compartments at bow and stern when my eyes were suddenly set blinking by the sight of a Turkish flag ! It could not be a mistake ; there it was—the symbol of the Sultan—his harem—his eunuchs—his dislike of Christian dogs, and especially of those who made their appearance at weird hours under his very windows. I did not stop to inquire by what paragraph of international law a Turkish flag was flying on an island in the Danube, at the very mouth of the Porta Trajana. My mind knew then but one item of historical interest—I was trespassing under the walls of a Moslem fortress within easy rifle range of the rampart. Moreover, the Iron Gates had just ejected me from the Europe of civilization and spewed me out in the borderland of that Lower Danube where the people of to-day live much as they did when the Emperor Marcus Aurelius patrolled these waters. Indeed, if anything, there was far more civilization between the Black Sea and the Carpathians twenty centuries ago than in our boastful era. The roads were better, life and property more secure, and commerce more active. To-day frontier guards prowl

on each bank of the stream and shoot whenever they are in doubt. No sentinel appeared on the Turkish fort and no bullet whizzed by my ears, but in imagination I saw myself a prisoner and treated according to Moslem law. Some ribald writer of the Restoration has a play wherein the *jeune premier* pretends that he has escaped from a Turkish harem minus one or two physiological appendages. This interesting depletion disarms the suspicion of a normally jealous husband and produces lively scenes. But eunuchs real or imaginary gave new power to my muscles, and one sight of the Crescent flag made me spring to my paddle as a drowsy soldier springs to his weapon when an attack sounds. Again I was afloat on the great river, which now broadened to more than a mile in width. I dreamed of all the great eunuchs of antiquity—but envied none of them. And as I dreamed in the bottom of the boat the current carried me on and on for many miles until shouts awoke me—and just in time, for *Caribee* was on the verge of being smashed into kindling by some huge water-mills anchored against the Serbian shore.

I had slept the whole day, and now the shadows were lengthening; so I paddled in under the stern of the last water-mill hulk and climbed up to the platform where stood the puzzled miller. We had no language in common but that of signs and grunts. He inspected *Caribee* and approved of her. He saw that I was in camping condition, and bade me welcome. His wife was in the mill house, caring for a sick child; so I fetched my case of homœopathic medicines, announced myself as "Doktor," recognized feverish symptoms, administered a gentle dose of aconite, then stripped and took a header into the stream. Ah! how refreshing, after all the strain and sweat of that horrible day! I struck out joyously and rolled head over heels like a dolphin and splashed and kicked like a happy child. But the water-mill seemed suddenly far away, and I perceived that the

current here was much stronger than I had suspected, and that I could not possibly stem it for so long a distance. So I struck for the nearest point on the shore, confident that in the growing darkness providence would provide the veil of decency for my otherwise naked form.

But alas! Victorian prudery has not yet achieved popularity on the Lower Danube, and I was dismayed to find myself welcomed by two amiable subjects of King Peter—and they were not masculine in sex. No, on the contrary, they were obviously sympathetic. They seized my hands in rustic friendship ; they stroked me in order that I might not feel the cold ; they laughed and manifested much concern for my immediate happiness. Not being endowed with saintly glossalalia, their language was intelligible mainly through facial expression and gesticulation. Their language needed no dictionary on this occasion, for by way of climax to some animated remarks they skilfully dropped their one-piece combination garment and sprang stark naked into the river. And what would you have done—you, my orthodox member of a board of trustees, guiding the fortunes of your local bank, church or village improvement society ? Would you have remained on that Serbian strand whilst lovely women beckoned you to their assistance ? Perish the thought ! And besides, it was almost dark, and the water was delicious.

Time runs rapidly when providence provides the happy conjunction of opportunity and woman in her willing warmth and weakness. It was well for me that I had spent most of the day in sleep ; it was even more fortunate that I was permitted to sleep far into the following morning—for between the Iron Gates, the Moslem fortress and the two virgins of Serbia there was little of me left save aching muscles and memories of an Olympian consolation.

At Galatz I shipped *Caribee* back as far as Potsdam,

whilst I visited the Prince and Princess Demeter-Ghika on their estates near Rymnik-Sarat in Rumania, and afterwards crossed the Pruth, which then separated Russia from Rumania. Two Christian countries might have been expected to encourage intercourse one with another, but not so these two. The railway system of the Czar discouraged any approach from across the south-western border, and so far as the Rumanian side was concerned matters were about the same. I hired a Russian refugee to drive me in a one-horse wagon from Galatz to the Pruth, and learned incidentally that most if not all of the Galatz cab-drivers were eunuchs—of that Christian sect which regards emasculation as pleasing in the sight of God. They quote the Bible in support of their faith and honour their martyrs as proof that their doctrine is the truth. The eunuch who drove me to the Rumanian frontier, spoke German, loved Russia, believed firmly in his religion, but dared not cross the river for fear of arrest and punishment. Personally, I do not clamour for access to a heaven exclusively reserved for eunuchs—particularly since learning that the faithful of *both* sexes indulge in the self-mutilation characteristic of the Skoptsi sect. But neither do I propose to join the Mormons of Utah—profoundly as I honour them in general for their industry and their civic virtues.

We may wonder at the religious hallucination that can evoke a reincarnation of Christ's mother, yet we cannot withhold respectful homage to the many pilgrims who travel to Lourdes and other miracle-working shrines at considerable inconvenience to themselves—and possibly also to those whom they abandon at home. The sect of Russian Eunuchs was, like Lourdes, patronized by the Virgin Mary. Indeed I know of no respectable saint who does not claim the Virgin as his first cause. My eunuch spoke of his religion as a matter beyond any question, because, forsooth, it was founded on Holy Writ—and the

Holy Virgin. He said that *their* founder was one Selivanoff, in the days of the Czarina Catherine—a contemporary therefore of George Washington, George III and other enlightened Christians. Now Catherine herself had no sympathy with eunuchs. Quite the reverse! Her bed was built for two and the second occupant was not selected from amongst the apostles of castration. She loved much and many; and she cultivated the society of wits and philosophers provided they were physically well equipped. She did not persecute any sect—indeed she professed a political and theological system free as the love that she so lavishly distributed to her momentary favourites. The so-called persecution of Skoptsi came only in my time when the Government suddenly took fright at the idea of a dwindling population and an army of castrates.

In Galatz I heard but good of these people—especially was their honesty praised. Maybe the Christians in the first three centuries of our era were equally respected as individuals. But it is puzzling for a ruler to know how to deal with religious fanatics who will not obey the old established laws, who will not honour the old orthodox gods, who will not recognize the divine origin of their Emperor, who will not serve in the army, who glorify sterility in woman, whose religion in short would reduce any country to a wilderness of desiccated virgins and impotent celibates. Persecution only fans fanaticism; and if a saint be punished for disobedience to the law, he is proclaimed a holy martyr and his bones work miracles.

CHAPTER XLVII

I cross the Pruth into Russia—Ignorance of the Customs Guard—My Passport Experience—Reni and Bessarabia—Alexander III and Pobiedonostsev—Another Passport Episode at Reni—Greeks and Russians—Odessa—Russian Liberty—George Kennan and his Labours to save Russia

My Rumanian eunuch took leave of me on the shores of the Pruth. But on the opposite side was a Russian ferryman who sculled over and carried me back with him—the only passenger. It was a desolate frontier: no houses in sight on the Rumanian side, and on the Russian only one barrack that housed half a dozen men in uniform. These looked out for smugglers and such as attempted escape without a police pass. I carried my bag from the muddy bank of the river, and it was opened by the half-dozen. They studied my passport as a monkey might finger a sextant—not one could read it—not one of them knew any language other than their own. I tried them in English and German, Spanish, Italian, French, even offering a little Latin and ancient Greek—nothing but head-shaking was their answer. It was their duty to enter my name; and as MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY was the most conspicuous feature of my official paper, they copied that as my first and last name. I had a copy of *Punch* and an elaborate German work on the historical places along the Danube. They could not read these, but conscientiously thumbed each page in search of revolutionary literature—probably in obedience to orders applying to all books entering Russia. The pictures in *Punch* were puzzling and excited some comments, but the day was blazing hot,

we were all of us in languid mood, there was nothing about me or my pack that promised any pecuniary reward. I simulated the utmost indifference to time, shrugged my shoulders at every question, and consequently was dismissed after only an hour or so of detention—a record speed in Russia.

Then I shouldered my bag and trudged the half-dozen miles or so that separated the Rumanian frontier from the Russian rail-head—a little town called Reni. It was a flat, broiling, dusty and wholly uninteresting tramp. Not a human creature did I see on the way, much less a wagon that might have served as droshky. It was a mere country dirt road, and marked eloquently the Governmental wish to discourage intercourse. The Great War has placed Reni once more under the Rumanian flag, where we hope it may long remain in peace and prosperity. On the occasion of my visit, now thirty-five years ago, it was a place of possibly 7,000 inhabitants, valuable as a commercial feeder to Odessa, and strategically important in case of a European war.

There was but one train a day to Odessa, early in the morning. So I engaged a room at the hotel, cleaned myself, and went forth to explore Bessarabia, much as Buffon reconstructed a whole mastodon from studying one of its bones. I was in a province that had been fought over, exploited, ravaged, conquered and reconquered from the times of Julius Cæsar to our own present writing. Her name is nothing save in the dreary chronicle of wars between civilized Europe and barbarian hordes about and beyond the Black Sea. The Romans built a mighty wall here between the Pruth and the Dniester, as they did also between the Danube and the Rhine, as they did also across North Britain—and all from the one desire to keep the predatory barbarians at arm's length. These walls did even more, for they gave notice to the world that the Roman Empire desired peace

within their borders and would fight only in self-defence. Bessarabia could not be happy under the then inquisitorial police regime of Alexander III and his religious right hand, Pobiedonostsev. Her population was about two million souls of which very few were of the orthodox moujik plasticity and stupidity. About one half had been violently wrenched from Rumanian to Russian allegiance in 1878, and the other half was made up of almost every element hostile to Muscovite methods, notably Germans, Jews, Tartars, Armenians, Gipsies, Bulgarians and Greeks. Doubtless there was method in the madness that kept Rumania from linking Galatz with Odessa by rail.

Whilst strolling the main promenade of Reni, a Russian official in uniform stopped before me, and in a severe voice uttered a sentence in his own language of which I caught but the one word *pass*—which meant, of course, that I must *not* pass ! Therefore I leisurely drew forth my verbose American document, which was to him little more intelligible than it had been to the six guardians at the Pruth ferry. He had probably seen my correct name as given by the innkeeper ; and, of course, like every other minor official in a bureaucracy, dreamed of promotion by trailing some political plotter, spy or Nihilist. The late Czar Alexander II had been killed by a political bomb and his successor was known to be opposed to liberal reform. There was consequently great activity amongst informers, who looked for favours from the police authorities. My severe interlocutor seemed suspicious ; he frowned as he read Minister Plenipotentiary and compared it with Mister Poultney-Bigelow. Germans commonly put a hyphen where none is needed, and the ending *ow* is common also in Russia. Doubtless the innkeeper was a Russo-German, for in commercial matters Jews and Germans have one language. The severe official frowned more and more portentously ; then ordered me to follow him to

some place which doubtless meant police head-quarters.

At this I praised God for another of those happy conjunctions that have made my life one succession of providential escapes. The year 1891 in Russia marked a radical change in her foreign policy—a separation from Germany and a *rapprochement* with France. The most autocratic of Romanoffs had effusively welcomed the sailors of a republic, whose device was *Egalité*, to say nothing of *Liberté*. The great love-feast of Kronstadt was almost incredible—yet it is history. And so I simulated anger and lofty contempt for this impudent subordinate; and I threw out my chest and spoke loudly at him in French. He knew no French, of course, but as a little crowd commenced to gather I appealed for some one who could explain my needs in French and enlighten this wooden-headed ignoramus.

At my French and the facility with which I bombarded him with offensive epithets, his manner showed irresolution. His courage had come from past experience with Jews and peasants—and it oozed away rapidly under the spell of a foreign and a threatening vocabulary. A devout Romanist Irishman said to me once that a priest would lose much of his power if he used other than Latin words when addressing God. Perhaps this opinion is based on a broad law of human nature, namely, that we pause and worship when mystery faces us. In this instance Heaven gave me presence of mind, and I soon had the once ferocious official tamed in a mesh of mystery. He called a well-dressed man, who proved to be a physician of note; an Athenian Greek, and fluent in French. His manner to me was reserved, but he listened attentively as I explained to him the matter of my name and passport; the stupidity of the Customs men at the Pruth; that I was an American tourist anxious to reach Odessa, and was compelled to wait in this God-forsaken hole until a train could carry me away. The Greek physician explained the matter in Russian;

my passport was handed back with apologies; I returned the salute of the officer with freezing correctness and no one molested me more in Reni.

Every Greek of that day hated Russians after the manner of men made subject by a race of inferiors; and in return the Russian police watched jealously any manifestation of Hellenic discontent. Of this I had some inkling on that same evening, for as I approached the door of my room, I met the physician who had acted as interpreter for me. His manner which on the street had been formally cold, now became friendly when he found that we were unobserved. On my invitation he entered the room, and his words are worth repeating.

"You will, sir, accept my apologies for a manner that was purposely cold, if not unfriendly. I am a Greek, and had hoped to make a career here as physician. But the policy of the Czar's administration is now to Russify in every possible manner; and that means to place obstacles in the path of those who are not wholly Russian. The multitude of minor officials have endless means of petty persecution; in Russia permission must be sought from the police for a hundred trifling things—even a drive to the nearest village. The police may refuse, or delay answer, or compel costly comings and goings—in short, I am seeking the earliest possible escape, and must keep on good terms with police authority until safely beyond the Pruth. You can understand, and you will, I am sure, not make improper use of these words."

Mere incidents are of interest only in so far as they are symptomatic of normal conditions, and my efforts are directed towards avoiding whatever is exceptional or of a purely personal character. My meeting with a Greek doctor in Bessarabia is not worth recording save in so far as it illustrates the petty police persecution that made life unpleasant for those of other than Slav habits.

Arrived in Odessa I sought the best book-shop, which

was of course kept by one who was German in speech and education—probably a graduate of Dorpat. I told him that I wished for some books on Russia, as I had just arrived and had a long journey ahead of me. He answered curtly that he had nothing. This was uttered so bluntly as to sound like discourtesy. But I suspected some good reason; and so I browsed about his shelves until I heard footsteps of some one whom I had not before noticed. So soon as this potential informer had left the shop, the tone of the proprietor changed.

"You must know," said he, "that we are forbidden to sell anything that discusses our Empire. No newspaper is permitted to mention the name of the Czar save as it appears in an official circular prepared by the Safety Police. We may not even praise our Emperor in print—the police fear that it might sound ironical!" "But surely," said I, "you have some books of a geographical or economic nature that might assist a stranger—for instance, Leroy-Beaulieu, who surely cannot be on the black list in this era of Russo-French affiliation!"

The bookseller smiled sadly and bitterly at my simplicity.

"If you are an American," said he in a low tone, "you must know that the one book on Russia is that by George Kennan; and of course it is forbidden. Whoever is discovered with a page or quotation from that great work may expect prompt deportation to Siberia."

When I told him that George Kennan was my friend he beamed with happiness, and we talked of Stepniak and Volkhovsky and Krapotkin and other exiles whom I had met in London. It was my first experience of a community debarred by law from all intellectual inquiry. The language of that bookseller was terribly earnest, for it was obviously to his interest that I should buy books from him. Our talk stopped abruptly, however, when the door opened for another customer—and I went out. And this was the greatest port of the world's most

extensive Empire! The fall of Russia was foreshadowed in the words of that bookseller, for even in 1891 the vast area ruled by Alexander III was comparable only to Africa in civilization. The moujik and the Zulu are not far apart in general knowledge, and as to elementary sanitation, means of communication, railway construction and administration generally, methinks Russia could have learned much from Africa south of the Limpopo.

In Quebec I once attempted to buy a work by Anatole France, but the Roman Catholic Church prevented me. This explains also why Quebec province is the most backward of all Canada, and why in the great World War its priests favoured the Kaiser. No French-Canadian may sell a book that is on the Index, under pain of excommunication, or, what is even worse, a boycott. This looks odd in a British colony at our gates, but it looks worse than it really is, for, whilst the Roman priest can dominate the minds of credulous parents and their helpless children, they cannot yet invoke the police and exile heretics to Labrador. The tyranny of the Czar was terribly complete, for it reached into every university and every school and every mail-bag and even into every home at every hour. Arrests were made on slight accusation; trials were held in secret; friends and relatives were not permitted to inquire into the causes of a deportation, and if they protested, they also might be punished for evincing distrust of the Czar's magistrates.

George Kennan was a warm friend of the Russian people, and earnestly laboured for a reform in her administrative methods. He never dreamed of upsetting the Imperial throne, or of any revolutionary act —his aims were very modest indeed when measured by the standards of Lenin and Trotsky. To me he once remarked with prophetic solemnity:

"My book is forbidden in Russia, and myself am

forbidden to re-enter that country. Yet what I have written about Siberia and the Exile system is based wherever possible upon official reports and other legal evidence. My plea to the Czar's advisers is that they examine my charges, and if they prove true, then to correct the abuses. On the other hand, if my charges are ill-founded, what so easy as to expose me as a ridiculous knight-errant. But no! Not a single one of my many cited cases has ever been looked into; not a single reform initiated; not a mention of my name ever permitted; nothing done save to increase the activity of the Secret Police and lengthen the dreary chain gang trailing its thousands of miles afoot in the direction of Eastern Siberia and Saghalin."

To Kennan Russia was an all-absorbing passion; he had made it a study for practically the whole of his long life; he knew her language and her customs from residence in many parts of that vast area, and he never lost the optimism which made him persist in seeking reforms that never came. Like Henry George, John Huss, and many another humanist, he was crucified by the very people for whom he expended his heart's blood. He was a born journalist of the old school, a keen observer, a well-grounded historical scholar, endowed with infinite patience, tact, kindliness and physical endurance—the very likeness of those who explore, conciliate and build up new colonies or empires. He is now in heaven conversing with men of his own kidney: Frémont, Peary, Commodore Perry—probably with British builders of Empire like Livingstone, Clive, Selous, Raffles, Rhodes. A blessed memory is Kennan to me, for we were fellow-craftsmen for forty years, and he was easily king in our craft. Bless you, George Kennan!—brave yet modest; much maligned yet never bitter; speaking the truth and thus making enemies—a gentleman after my own heart.

CHAPTER XLVIII

William II appropriates my Canoe—The Empress defies the Emperor—A Walk through Potsdam with William II—No Precautions against Assassination—An Incognito Run to Washington proposed—The Kaiser inspects *Caribee*—the Last of *Caribee*

The German Emperor showed keen interest in *Caribee*, so much so that I offered him this precious craft, and he thereupon promised me that all his boys should become expert canoeists. He has not so far kept this promise, but he kept the boat. I complained to our Government on the retirement of William II to Ammerongen, and begged that this craft be returned to me amongst other spoils of war. But so far as I know, the boat still languishes amongst the Kaiser's many specimens of marine architecture at the so-called *Matrosenstation* on the Havel near Potsdam.

The idea that all of the Imperial children were to be initiated as Rob Roy adepts made me very happy; and I joyfully broke this good news to the Empress. This happened on a warm autumn day of 1891, at a small family luncheon in the open air under the trees of a little island in the Havel that had been a favourite retreat of Queen Louise. The conversation was animated, because I was interminably questioned regarding my late canoe voyage. All went well for me until I told the Empress that all her boys were to become experts in handling my canoe!

"Nothing of the kind!" she cried in alarm. "I shall not permit such risky sport!" All that I could say in defence of canoeing had no effect, so I reserved

what I regarded as my most formidable bolt until the end, when I said rather jauntily:

"At any rate, your Majesty, I am very happy to have in this matter the support of your Imperial husband!" And then the Kaiserin exploded in vehement protestations that never, NEVER, under any circumstances, should her precious children be lured into so dangerous a water trap!

"Nein, nein, nein!" said she. "I don't care what the Emperor has promised; he may be Emperor of Germany, but I am Emperor of my nursery!"

All of us laughed merrily save the Empress, who evidently suspected me of having the propensity if not the blood of a Red Indian. The Emperor laughed loudly, but the Empress laughed last, for she carried her point in this affair—as events abundantly proved.

But meanwhile, and before her sons were old enough to handle a boat, the Kaiser wished to see for himself what varied things *Caribee* could do. He fixed a date and sent his private railway train to fetch me from Berlin to Potsdam, where a royal carriage hurried me to the *Neues Palais*. After a simple family luncheon, the Emperor suggested a walk of about four miles, first through the park where we had played as children, then through the town, and finally the grounds belonging to the so-called Marmor Palais (or marble palace). This residence is on the shores of the Heilige See (holy pond), and here we found *Caribee* awaiting us.

The day was drizzly as we started—a light rain that might be called a Scotch mist. The Emperor walked with a good stride, and behind him, out of earshot, walked his two regular attendants, naval and military. The talk was lively as it always was with him—and none the less so because in many political matters I held opposite views. As I look back over the many talks that I had with him and compare them with my many meetings with our late President Roosevelt, I am struck,

of course, by many points of resemblance, but these are largely superficial. Roosevelt was a glossomaniac; he made conversation impossible; he listened only when being flattered; he made up his mind according to his momentary mood, and when he talked with an authority on any subject he talked him into silence and out of the house. In these pages I merely speak of my own limited experience, and am happy to recall that in the twenty-five years of personal acquaintance, William, as Prince and Emperor, was never other than agreeable in his talk.

On this particular walk we were frequently forced from the narrow sidewalk by burly peasant market women who were busy at bargaining, and had no eyes for even their Kaiser. And on his part, so busy was he in our talk that he moved automatically into the gutter or out upon the muddy cobble-stones whenever the sidewalk was clogged. This happened frequently, for it was a market day and we were in the busy time. Needless to say, there were a dozen opportunities for any ambitious Booth or Brutus to kill him and escape with ease—for his attendants were often out of sight in the crowd of market folk. Indeed, when I recall the elaborate measures in vogue at the White House for protecting a Democratic Republican President, it is well at the same time to know that the Emperor of Germany exposed his person daily to the bullet or the bomb of any would-be assassin.

Our talk was much about Russia and my experiences there. I had brought him information regarding a fortified camp which Russia was erecting on her western frontier, and so secretly had the work been done that my news was the first on that subject, even to the German General Staff. In Warsaw I had met a Polish nobleman, a part of whose estates were being utilized by the Russian Engineer Corps for a purpose easy to guess—one more menace directed against Germany.

Count Waldersee had succeeded the great Moltke as Chief of the General Staff, and between us was no sympathy. He was naturally annoyed that a simple civilian should have had the impudence to discover military fortresses when he himself had learned nothing through his own bureau. But that is another story. On our Potsdam walk the discussion of Russia brought us to the many attempts made upon the Czar's life, and then I pointed out by way of broadening our theme, that assassins had found in Free America quite as much scope for their skill as in countries regarded as relatively autocratic—I had but to mention the Presidents Jackson, Lincoln and Garfield—soon to be followed by McKinley—and even Roosevelt, if we include attempts that were not fatal.

The Emperor interrupted me when I had remarked, "It's easy to see that you are not the Czar . . ."

"What do you mean by that?" asked he emphatically.

"Were you the Czar," said I, "you would not go about as you do now!" There was an iron plate a few feet ahead, the manhole to a cellar. I pointed it out and said: "If you were the Czar you would expect a bomb under that iron plate!"

He laughed, and as he reached the manhole cover, raised his foot high and brought it down with a heavy bang—so much so that many turned for a momentary glance, but none recognized their Kaiser.

It was after this experience that I conceived the idea of having him pay an incognito visit to the United States; arriving in Chesapeake Bay as an officer of a German warship; running up the Potomac in the President's yacht; lunching quietly at the White House with other young German officers in uniform, and meeting thus a few leading men in our Government. In the meantime he would be reported from time to time on board his yacht in various Norwegian fiords; and as there are plenty of German officers of about the same

appearance, nothing seemed to me more simple than for one of these to dress the part and salute majestically when curious tourists cheered the Hohenzollern. He might even have gone to Paris—but that would have involved more complications and needless risk. If there be such as are sceptical in this matter, I suggest that they peruse the luminous life of Jeanne d'Arc by Anatole France. In those pages he will find that only a few years after her execution by the papal inquisitors, she came to life again, paraded the streets of Orleans and was acclaimed as a resurrected martyr by thousands who had seen her in the hour of her military glory.

When William II banged his foot hard upon the iron plate, he turned to me and said laughingly: "If I had to take precautions about my life—why—how could I ever get through my day's work?"

Arrived at the palace on the Heilige See, I at once threw aside coat, waistcoat, shoes and hat, sprang into *Caribee* and showed what she could do. Fortunately the rain had stopped and a slight wind commenced. I demonstrated the use of my metal drop rudder, the fan centre board and the easy handling of her mainsail and jigger without leaving my place on the afterdeck to windward. Then I lifted masts and sails up out of their metallic scabbards, furled them rapidly and lashed them on deck beside the coaming. Then I paddled to shore, rigged my tent over the central section of the boat, and showed with what ease a meal could be prepared and a night's rest secured. The Kaiser was enthusiastic, particularly when I suggested a mosquito fleet of hardy canoeists, freighted with light explosives and capable of silently patrolling sheltered waters in war-time.

Caribee now reposes in a boat-shed of the "Matrosenstation" near the Glienicke Bridge—at least it was shown to me there a few weeks before the outbreak of the World War. The dust was thick upon its polished mahogany deck, and I felt as though standing beside the

grave of a dear friend. The attendant saw little reason for my emotion ; there were many other boats in that shed that looked equally neglected—a caïque from the Golden Horn, a wherry from the upper Thames, a high-stemmed Norwegian skiff—all of them nautical souvenirs of yacht cruises. But nothing there was comparable to *Caribee*—the faithful companion of so many voyages. If ever William II recovers his throne, I hope that his first Imperial act will be to return my canoe—I want it as my coffin.

CHAPTER XLIX

A Letter from William II—Field-Marshal Waldersee—General W. H. H. Waters of the British Army—Romanoff and Hohenzollern—The Kaiser declines War with Russia—Nicholas II when Czarevitch as the Kaiser's Guest—He insults William II—Growth of Russian Hostility—Nicholas II and Louis XVI—Edward VII and William II—An Indiscreet Letter—Visit of Edward VII to America in 1860 and of the present Prince of Wales in 1924—Baron Hirsch entertains the Prince of Wales in 1893

Here is a letter from William II, in his own hand, dated December 26, 1887, during that critical winter when his father was dying at San Remo, his grandfather dying in Berlin, and himself liable at any hour to be acclaimed Kaiser:

"My dear Mr. Poulteney (*sic*),—

"The old year is quickly closing and a new one is approaching. I cannot let this moment pass without wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year. My best wishes also for Mrs. Bigelow and family. May you get on as well as you did till now.

"May I especially thank you for the sending of your *Outing*, which is a most delightful book, and very ably written. Besides, I congratulate you on the capital choice of artists you have made for the illustrations of your magazine. The woodcuts are as charming as they are well designed and executed. On the whole the concern does you great credit, and I am glad that I find my opinion backed up by H. von Alvensleben, whom [1]

[1] Doubtless the Count Alvensleben, who was German Ambassador in Washington, 1884.

I questioned about it the other day, and who is equally delighted with *Outing*.

"The old world is full of rumours, party factions and astonishing surprises. What next year will bring us, the Lord only knows. May it be as He pleases!

"Papa's illness has undergone no change; but, at least, he does not suffer, and that is a great benefit in the gloomy outlook of his existence.

"I am busy with my regiment as before, and I have built a new mess for the officers, which is close to the barracks.

"Besides, I am taking great interest in the welfare of our working classes, and am trying hard to bring about a large working body of people from all classes and parties to help the people; for which tentative the whole Press thinks fit to attack and insult me, which I think rather odd!

"I sometimes wish one of your millionaires, when he dies, would have a splendid idea if he left me his fortune; for the want of money is the worst thing with all this sort of work; and it takes great trouble and a deal of time to worm it out of the rich people.

"But unhappily the *rich uncles in America*, who so often turn up in the nick of time in the Christmas stories, are only imaginations and no reality; so, one must battle on as best one can to get the few marks together for the poor.

"Now good-bye, dear Poulteny, my compliments to your wife, and believe me to be ever your most faithful friend,

"WILLIAM, PRINCE OF PRUSSIA."

This letter I give textually, for it reflects the state of his mind at that moment. The late Field-Marshal Count Waldersee had stirred his interest in a species of home missionary work designed with a view to revive religious emotion and weaken Socialistic propaganda. The Jews,

who were strong in the Press, felt that this movement was in a way directed against them, and the Liberals equally opposed it because its protagonists were mainly Junkers of the old-fashioned monarchical and militaristic school. Waldersee had been trained as a soldier, but like Soubise he owed his military rank largely to his qualities as a courtier. In the Chinese Boxer campaign, his titles and rank availed him little with Japanese, British or Americans, and he returned home with no laurels beyond those of his own imagining.

At Court I saw him—indeed one could not miss him, for he was ever the centre of an admiring circle. He disliked me with unerring instinct—and this makes me skip to the winter of 1891–2, when, at a large Palace reception in Berlin, the Emperor asked me to tell Count Waldersee what I had learned of the new Russian works on their western frontier. This was impossible, I answered. I did not wish to be concerned with General Staff activities; what I had learned I could repeat as between friends, but not otherwise. The Emperor accepted my point of view with good nature, and sent an aide across the crowded room to fetch Waldersee in order that this mighty military personage might listen as I related my tale of Russian offence, and gave him instruction as to the way in which he might verify my sketchy statements.

It is interesting now to look back to that year 1892, when German and British officers fraternized so well as to act in concert against Russia. The present General, W. H. H. Waters, then captain, was ordered to look up this matter on the English account, and, at considerable personal risk, he did so, and reported substantially all that I had learned, and much more. Germany also sent a secret agent—but only the English report came to my subsequent knowledge. The Prussian officer (his name was Weiss) gave me privately to understand that Captain Waters and he tallied in the matter.

So important was this little secret mission that my friend Waters received his majority almost immediately thereafter, and was appointed successively Military Attaché to St. Petersburg and then Berlin—he knowing fluently both Russian and German, to say nothing of other tongues. He and I are exactly the same age, were schoolmates at Bonn in 1866, and now he is a handsome soldierly specimen of the retired British General for whom a generous King cannot show too much honour.

Frederick the Great became a pacifist after the Peace of Paris in 1763. William II had no occasion to conquer a peace. He ascended a throne deemed the strongest in Europe, because it reposed on military successes that culminated in the occupation of Alsace and Lorraine after Metz and Sedan! William II was the beloved of his grandfather, the venerable founder of the German Empire. The two thought alike on the fundamentals of Prussian power; both worked hard for their country; both were patterns of domestic respectability; both richly earned their salaries as public servants, and both had a profound contempt for Government by majorities, for constitutional paragraphs, and all the complications of parliamentary chicanery. What they saw of party politics in France and the United States confirmed this distrust; and as for England, she seemed little more than democracy with a crown on.

In this year, 1891, I urged William II to a war with Russia as a moral duty. In such a war he would have had with him every Protestant German whose brethren were being persecuted and Russianized in the Baltic provinces. He would also have with him every Catholic and Polish German, for he would announce himself as the liberator of Warsaw and the protector of a resurrected self-governing Poland. Such a war would make him the most popular figure in Europe; would liberate the Finns from a rule which they hated; would add to his Empire a vast and rich slice to the eastward, and all

the Baltic shore even to Kronstadt and Petersburg. This was no dream of mine, but the result of much study and first-hand information. By such a war the Muscovite would be pushed back from off the edges of civilized Europe and compelled to resume his rôle as the most westerly of Asiatics.

The Emperor listened attentively to what I said; he was obviously interested; he was pleased to have me confirm his own opinion of the German Army—especially as I claimed only to quote his own officers and such English experts as Grierson and Waters. But whilst he agreed fully with me as regards the feasibility of defeating any force that Russia could mobilize; and whilst he recognized the value of having the friendship of England; and whilst he even tolerated the notion of a united and self-governing Poland, he shook his head. He was bound by scruples that did honour to his piety if not his pacifism.

He turned upon me gravely, and gave me a moving picture of his venerable grandfather lying on his bed of death, and uttering words that embodied the creed of his house. And this creed was that under no circumstances should there be breach between Berlin and Petersburg. I asked the Kaiser a reason for this dangerous thesis.

"Because," answered he with intense earnestness, "the Romanoffs and the Hohenzollerns are the only thrones which to-day represent autocratic monarchy!"

Frederick the Great would have smiled at this, and to-day, when both crowns are in the dust, we recall this in order to illustrate the religious and emotional rather than the materialistic side of the Kaiser's nature. In the light of subsequent events my arguments proved to be well founded. The Romanoff-Hohenzollern friendship was, in 1892, but a rope of sand.

The old Emperor William I in early days went often to Petersburg, where his beloved sister Charlotte shared

an Imperial throne with Nicholas I—a strong ruler. It was a congenial atmosphere for the soldierly Wilhelm, and he envied a brother-in-law who never was impeded by constitutions, elections, and newspaper editorials. Prussia and Russia swore blood brotherhood; and, in sign thereof, each maintained at the Court of the other a personal ambassador independent of the usual diplomatic one. This personal envoy was of course *persona grata*; but beyond that he was, by treaty, required to be on all important occasions close to the person of the monarch at whose Court he resided. These exchange diplomats were generals in their respective armies, and treated as members of the family by both sovereigns. There was in this arrangement something semi-Oriental, for each was a pledge or hostage for the other. Each sovereign professed unadulterated love for the other; yet each had had occasional moments of uneasiness. Treachery was ever possible—ugly rumours were circulated in order to weaken this important alliance. The correspondence between these two Courts bears evidence that however lofty the lovers, quarrels happen in their midst much as with other humans. And so William and Nicholas, each first of their name, exchanged their *alter ego*; and these wrote from day to day everything they heard and saw, and especially did they give all the gossip of the Court and whatever news might affect political relations. This happy exchange lasted until the death of the venerable William in 1888, and possibly for a year or two of the young Kaiser's reign. But suddenly the arrangement ceased; we missed the keen old Russian General with tall woolly busby—like that of Robinson Crusoe—and features akin to those which Doré gave to Don Quixote. No comment was permitted, but all felt that when William I passed away there passed with him the Prussian *old régime*.

In 1889 I was at Hanover as Imperial guest, during the period of corps manœuvres. On that occasion I had

the honour of dining at the Kaiser's table when at his right sat the Czarevitch—the ill-fated Nicholas II, who was butchered by the Bolsheviki during the Great War. There is now no indiscretion in telling that he was expected in Hanover on the afternoon before ; and that the Emperor's adjutant was much irritated by his failure to arrive. He even forgot himself so much as to speak to me on the subject with frankness. "Damn his impudence ! These Russians have no sense of decency ! How dare he treat my Emperor in this manner ! Here we are, the whole Court waiting for him, and at this moment I do not even know where his train may be ! "

This was late in the afternoon on which his train was expected in the capital of what was once the kingdom dear to the Georges of England. He was the Kaiser's guest of honour, and yet the Kaiser himself had no news of him at the moment when he should have made his appearance. The streets between the station and the old palace were lined by veterans and trade guilds ; gymnastic societies and singing clubs ; student corps and school-children ; official pensioners and the usual white-robed virgins with flowers; and finally the Burgomaster ready with his inevitable speech of welcome.

All these waited patiently for the Kaiser's guest ; sometimes the band played ; sometimes a choral club sang. But the entry had been promised for that afternoon ; hours passed ; the sun went down—and the September evenings are chilly in Hanover—the gauzy virgins shivered and the equally undraped gymnasts yearned for supper in a warm room ; the veterans had rheumatic twinges ; the trade guilds talked of beer ; and all cursed Russian manners, but in low voices.

The darkness came and continued—so did the tame populace. A royal carriage passed occasionally and such incidents helped the crowd to maintain a hopeful mood—but even a Prussian or Hanoverian gathering is human, and ranks began to thin. In vain zealous officials passed

up and down promising a speedy end to their cold and hunger—the defection became a necessity to many. However, a sturdy minority did remain in place until nearly ten o'clock, when finally the heir to Russian autocracy left his railway carriage and was hurried through a drowsy crowd of perfunctory cheers to his bed in the palace.

Next day I saw him frequently in company with his host, the usually animated William II. In age there was a difference of ten years, but in understanding they were æons apart. Never did I see so dull and spiritless moments as those in which these two were by etiquette compelled to pass together. None of the Military Attachés was presented to him—he did nothing to undeceive those of us who felt that he was profoundly bored both by his host and all others. This in a lad of twenty was odd enough—but when the gala dinner occurred there came a surprise even greater.

William II, who had grimly accepted martyrdom in the cause of a pious alliance, shirked nothing that could complete his claim to heavenly merit—so far as his resting-in-God grandfather was concerned. So he painfully memorized a Russian peroration to add to his German speech of welcome—a phrase rich in fulsome flattery, carefully drilled into him by his Muscovite mentor. He who has not attempted this, can but inadequately appreciate what William II suffered in order to please his guest. But never before had such a guest been thrust upon him ! No one but this embryonic Czar could have listened unmoved as his eloquent host painted in rapturous tones the happy union of their two houses, and the bright future that was promised from such joyous meetings as this one. It is not etiquette to clap hands in the house of God, and therefore our applause was indicated only by ecstatic regards. But no ecstasy beamed in the fox-like eyes of young Nicholas, and even when William let loose with tremendous

emphasis his final fulmination in Russian, every one was thrilled save only the one at whom it was more particularly aimed. He was expected to look like the modest author of a successful play suddenly pushed before the curtain in the midst of thunderous applause—on the contrary, even after all had echoed the Kaiser's three cheers in his honour, he looked over the hundreds of guests much as might a veteran first-nighter at a very dull play.

Of course he had to respond to the toast of his health, and of course it was assumed that on such an occasion he would select the language of his host as the medium through which he would pour loving messages from the banks of the Neva to those of the Spree. His family was Russian only in name—the *blood* was nearly all German. Yet on this occasion he avoided that language. He might have spoken in Russian and still have been pardoned ; but of all the languages liable to offend such an audience at such a time, he chose—French. France was delighted. It looked like a carefully studied and but slightly disguised insult ; a very public proclamation that henceforth Russia would look more to Paris than to Berlin for friendship and—a loan.

Had not William II been over sure of Russian loyalty he would have drawn ominous inferences from the laggard manner in which the Czar Alexander III had met his effusive advances. Hardly had the Kaiser buried his father, and performed the usual acts incidental to seizing the fallen sceptre, than he hurried off in July of 1888 to call on his cousin of St. Petersburg. This visit was not returned until October of 1889—on the heels of the dreary dinner to the Czarevitch. The Kaiser had in him the optimism of crusading missionaries and returned to St. Petersburg in 1890, hoping against hope that the magic of his presence might make Russia renounce the roubles of republican France in favour of a partnership in Prussian policies. But a

second snub was his only reward. Alexander III did not return the Kaiser's visit for two years, or, to be more specific, until the summer of 1892; and then it was not a real visit, but merely a hasty look in at Kiel on the return journey from Denmark—the home of his wife. Nor is it necessary to point out that Denmark never forgave Prussia the rape of her Schleswig provinces in 1864, and that Russia had taken frequent occasion to show that she too resented that act of spoliation.

Alexander felt happily at home in Copenhagen, but in Berlin quite otherwise. His wife was of a large and united family who came together with pleasure in Copenhagen and had little sympathy with Prussian cousins. One of her sisters was the beautiful wife of the beloved Edward VII; another married the rightful King of Hanover, whose father William I had chased from his throne and into exile. Bismarck added insult to injury by confiscating the royal estates of Hanover and applying their proceeds to subsidizing newspapers and secret agents. Naturally the Kaiser looked with mixed feelings upon these family gatherings, where the women, at any rate, detested him cordially and said so out loud. Was the Kaiser lacking in psychological penetration? I know not—but marvel at the obstinacy with which he cultivated Russian friendship when all the rest of the world saw clearly that his only reward was perfunctory politeness. Between William's 1890 visit and the return call of Alexander III in 1892, a French squadron had been received at Kronstadt with such official demonstration of joy as had never been extended to anything Prussian; and the Czar had exchanged with a President of the French Republic telegrams of remarkable warmth.

So here also is food for thought—a Czar who revives the hated autocracy of his most illiberal predecessors, breaking a traditional friendship with Europe's only surviving autocrat, and ending his life in the arms of a

Republic whose anthem glorified Revolution and whose device proclaimed *Egalité* !

In 1894 Alexander III died ; but his intolerance and political blindness marched on steadily, thanks to the same Czarevitch of the dreary Hanover banquet. Nicholas II led his people into anarchy and mad Socialism, just as the last three Louis paved the way for the guillotine of 1793. Paris and Moscow made magnificent fêtes when the young monarchs Louis XVI and Nicholas II showed their young wives to the people. Each of these notable events was marked by great cost in money, but yet greater cost in human life. The adepts in astrology and horoscopes augured ill when the loyal people were killed by thousands through the crashing of tribunes and the pressure of panic-stricken crowds. In each case they made of their throne a bed of ease until an angry mob rammed each in turn into a pine box—an awful warning to weak monarchs—a glorious martyrdom in the eyes of those who believe much.

There was no love lost between William II and his uncle, then Prince of Wales, later Edward VII ; and the nephew took little pains to conceal his feelings. I have somewhere a letter which caused me much surprise —written by order of the Kaiser, and asking my opinion regarding the moral habits of his mother's brother, and more particularly regarding the influence his example was exerting on public sentiment in England. Of course I was pleased by such a mark of confidence, but surprised that in a matter so very private he should have taken so little pains to observe secrecy. I knew Albert Edward very well as a character in history, for he had been frankly portrayed to me from several angles by men whom he honoured with his confidence. Therefore my reply to the Kaiser was perforce opposite to that which he had anticipated. I did not enter into the gossip that inevitably runs in the wake of royalty, like sharks after ships in the doldrums, but ventured the

opinion that on a ballot of the United Kingdom the then Prince of Wales would easily win as the most popular man. As these pages are mainly from a necessarily fallible memory, I must not vouch for the exact verbiage, but doubtless the Kaiser could correct any material deviation.

Edward VII was very human, and the more he manifested the frail side of humanity, the more did he win favour with his masses. Many strict moralists would have honoured him quite as much if he had frowned upon games of chance and women of worldly weaknesses, but they forgave readily a Prince who could mix with many classes yet never lack dignity; who could enjoy Paris yet return to London with an *entente cordiale* in his pocket. Edward VII was a great power in England, reviving loyalty to the throne at a time when the people were inclined to regard the venerable Queen Victoria as almost mythical in her seclusion. England adored Victoria as we worship virtue, thrift and sobriety. These lofty qualities are admirable, but we cannot hug them or drink with them. The Prince Consort was an exemplary husband and a pattern for public men, but he was never popular. The British public applauds a ruler built on the lines of Shakespeare's *Henry V*—one who can be merry in moments of relaxation; can ride to hounds, gamble, get drunk occasionally, and frequently accepts the challenge of a good-looking woman. Maybe Edward VII never turned a card; never backed a horse; never poured a libation to Bacchus or yielded to the smile of Aphrodite. Of these things I know nothing; but this I do know, and this I made plain to William II—that the British public applauded their future King for the very faults which drew down upon him the strictures of an ascetic nephew.

As I write (1924), the grandson of Edward VII is concluding a visit on American soil, recalling that which his amiable grandfather paid in 1860. It is hard to

imagine anything surpassing the enthusiasm displayed on the first visit save that which has marked this present one. The mayors of our towns are largely Irish and Sinn Fein or Jew or German or Socialists, whose oratory is rich in abuse of monarchy and money. Yet the mere presence of the Prince of Wales here has revealed the interesting fact that the American people talk in terms of democracy but think as children of monarchy. No President ever stirred our social world as this frank and sportsmanlike young man. We all know who is meant when an American lady rapturously exclaims: "I've seen THE Prince!"

My letter to the Emperor on the subject of his uncle was never again referred to by either of us. The Emperor had made up his own mind that England was rotten and that its political and social decadence was amply proved by the popularity of a Crown Prince who visited country houses of the minor nobility and who was known to have been the guest even of Jews!

Prior to 1895—probably in 1893—I was at the Hungarian Corps manœuvres, at which William II was the guest of the venerable Emperor Franz Josef of Austria. Near the scene of this great military deployment, a German Jew, Baron Hirsch, had an immense shooting preserve, where he entertained lavishly those who were likely to become clients of his bank. On this occasion his guest was none other than the Prince of Wales—to the great scandal of Austrian courtiers, and vastly more so to William of Potsdam. The Austrian and Prussian royalties refrained pointedly from calling on their cousin of England, and of course the Hebrew host discovered once more that his money could buy, after all, only very few desirable things. This Hirsch is not mentioned in any continental encyclopædia, not even Brockhaus or the immense Dictionary of German Biography. From this we may conclude that his importance arose from having entertained the Prince of

Wales as Fugger entertained Charles V in the sixteenth century. Both Hirsch and Fugger had titles of nobility conferred upon them, and both of them became very rich. It is uncharitable though very human to imagine that if a rich man receives a royal honour it must be in return for some service performed—often a money loan. Princes are perpetually in want of money, and bankers rarely give it away unless they receive an equivalent of some sort. A Carnegie or an Astor find it well worth while to pay at least a million for the honour of having a royal guest—and thus does money keep in circulation and thus are plutocrats made useful by tactful sovereigns.

This Hirsch called himself *Baron de Hirsch*, and he who entertained the Prince of Wales gave to Jewish charities, colonization societies, Zionist committees and other agencies for helping Hebrews an amount estimated by Lucien Wolf as close upon $100,000,000.

And yet we hear Jews complain on the score of being persecuted!

CHAPTER L

Zionism and Hirsch—Jews in Germany—Prussians and Austrians—Berlin a Military City—Kaiser Franz, the Regent of Bavaria and the King of Hanover—Shooting in the Alps—Christian IX of Denmark

Zionism was one of Hirsch's fads. Personally he felt comfortable enough in Paris, London, Frankfort or Vienna, but he had to rid himself of surplus money, and looked about like Rockefeller, Carnegie, and other philanthropists, for a noble means of doing so. He decided to transport all persecuted Jews from the scene of their alleged misery to Palestine. He offered even to buy them land and start them as farmers. There was no difficulty in finding writers, orators, clerks and secretaries, but no one wanted to be a farmer, least of all in Palestine. It was a magnificent scheme, like the historical Peace Ship of Henry Ford. It resembled an equally futile scheme for settling our emancipated negro slaves in the jungles of Liberia. A scheme has but to be visionary, humanitarian and unworkable in order to attract millions of money, and a following of woman-minded men.

To-day the United States has probably more Jews than all the rest of the world—thanks to the Hirsch fund, and its able political committee in Washington. Our immigration agents may with impunity turn back families of Norwegian, Danish, English or Scotch extraction, and the matter ends there. But let the most undesirable Jew from the Russian border be excluded, and the American Press makes flaming articles about race prejudice. The best lawyers are employed; the

best lobbyists invade the capital; Congressmen are cajoled or bullied; a Hebrew senator leads an influential deputation to the White House; the Secretary of State is inundated with Jew-German rhetoric; and in the end a cable instructs the immigrant agent abroad to pass that particular Jew because Congressman Rosenbaum and Senator Pfeilchenblum have an interest in the matter. The Jew wants no farm in Palestine or anywhere else—he wants New York, where he can underbid and undersell, and play with our legal paragraphs.

It is but little over a century that Jews have enjoyed full freedom of trade in the old world; and in that short time they have managed to absorb the leading rôles in money-making—to say nothing of controlling the stage and journalism. They cannot yet be elected to a social club of importance, but soon the white race in America will be too poor to afford any club. When that day arrives we shall all join the Ku Klux. We shall then be too hungry to distinguish between good and bad Jews—we shall have a grand and bloody house-cleaning, and commence life anew on an old-fashioned 100 per cent. American basis. Amen!

Nero was probably something of an anti-Semite—much as the Emperor Constantine was pro-Christian. Each employed assassins as part of their police machinery; it is hard to say whether the Christian or the Pagan caused the greater suffering. Both together probably shed less good blood than the Holy Catholic Inquisitors of Spain or the papal emissaries who sought salvation on the Eve of Saint Bartholomew. But we are taught to praise Constantine because he favoured Christians; we rarely hear a good word for Nero because he roasted them. Moreover, Nero probably looked upon Jews and Christians as equally objectionable; aliens in blood and ideals, preaching Communism, Radicalism, every ism that assailed national institutions. If Nero rid Rome of Jews and Christians, it was perhaps from

some such mixed motives as induced the Spanish monarch to drive Moors and all other heretics from Grenada. Nero receives all the odium heaped upon him by Suetonius and Tacitus, to say nothing of his portrait in the Apocalypse ; but should we not indict the whole of Rome as *participes criminis* ? Nero alone could not have popularized persecution of a harmless and helpless body of saints. They must have been odious to the masses, or the masses would not have applauded the frequent *autos-da-fé* that brightened Rome in his reign. Tyrants can do much, but they have never yet stopped the mouth of indignant mobs or extorted applause when outraging public sentiment. And therefore we are inclined to think that if Roman stadiums, holding 50,000 people, could be persistently crowded with people eager to see Judeo-Christianism extirpated, there may have been behind it all a public sentiment which we democrats who preach the gospel of sanctified popular majorities should treat with some respect.

Since the siege of Jerusalem, and even down to this day of Hirsch-Zionism, Europe has had a series of Jew massacres, inevitable as volcanoes in the Java seas. Unlike the Papal Inquisition, however, these massacres are in general outbursts of popular anger against conditions forced upon the people by an Asiatic race that works in ways that a simple Russian peasant cannot understand. Throughout Rumania, Hungary and Poland the Jew has to be protected by the police. Without this, pogroms would be national holidays until the last few had embarked for Palestine or—New York. The Dreyfus affair in France was but the reaction of spirit in a proud people waked up to the discovery that Jews were becoming their masters, and that even their Army List smelt Semitically. The Kishineff massacre of 1903 is easily explained by referring to the census which gives the population of that city as being nearly one-half Semitic !

The German Kaiser permitted equality before the law to Jews, and recognized their value financially. But no Jew could be an officer in his army—or a judge on the Bench. No officer could marry a Jewess and hope for advancement; Jews never appeared at Court; no diplomatic or military function could include "Chosen People." Imagine then the surprise in German Court circles at learning that the heir to the British throne was the guest of Baron de Hirsch in Hungary, at the very moment when their Imperial Majesties of Berlin and Vienna were inspecting troops in that neighbourhood! Perhaps Albert Edward was wise in his generation; William perhaps too rigid. The Jews were dominant in the German Press and strong also in that of England. In my day the correspondent of the London *Standard* was Hebrew; the *Morning Post* man was married to a Jewess; and as for the American Press men, the only ones I saw were of the German-American Jew kind. All news about Berlin and the Kaiser came therefore through channels not above suspicion. The journalists who discussed his daily doings had no access to Court circles, let alone the Palace; and consequently they were at the mercy of those who invented plausible and often witty stories at the Kaiser's expense. And the Jew has triumphed; he rules Russia if not Germany, and the Kaisers of those great countries are—one a corpse, the other a shadow.

We all abuse William II to-day as we do Nero, for we do not wish the trouble of measuring the forces that influenced them for good or evil. We may some day discover how far the Kaiser led Germany into reckless war and how far the people pushed him on. His popularity waxed at home in proportion as it waned in the world at large. Russia dropped away from him from the outset of his reign, and France noted silently that Alsace and Lorraine became less and less German in consequence of persistent police aggravation emanating from Berlin.

Austria and Prussia were never cordial—they are alien in blood and religion, and as to language, matters are even worse, for in Vienna it is easier for French and English to circulate than the so-called "barbarous" vocabulary and twang of Berlin. The Austrian officer strolls unconcernedly across the Bavarian border, and sits as a welcome guest in any café or beer garden; but let a Prussian take the same liberty, and only stares of indignant surprise would greet him. In the Bavaria of my time one rarely saw a German flag, but always the local emblem of national sovereignty. Bavarians and Austrians talked the same talk of the Danube Valley and the Alpine passes; they shared the same saints and local customs; they were united in many ways, but in none more conspicuously than their general aversion to a Prussian. If any rowdyism took place in any Munich neighbourhood, the usual remark would be made—"Probably some NORTH Germans!"

Berlin holidays degenerate easily into roughness; a *Mardi Gras* is there impossible because of the prevailing coarseness in proletariat manners. On the contrary, the Rhine and Danube show the lasting influence of Roman civilization and early contact with commerce from southern and eastern cities. William II had a military Court, and even his pleasures could not shake off the barrack-room flavour. His yacht was a modified war-ship, and his shooting excursions were akin to military reconnaissances. The people never saw him save in uniform, and even when stalking deer in his forest preserves he and his guests had to be accoutred in uniforms half Robin Hood and half Potsdam.

On the other hand, the Austrian Emperor, the Prince Regent of Bavaria, and the rightful King of Hanover—to mention only those of whom I can speak personally—these also had extensive shootings in the Austrian and Bavarian Alps, but unlike William of Prussia they took their sport in a sporting way. It would have been hard

for a stranger to have distinguished the commoner from the monarch in these Alpine tramps. They all talked the dialect of Tyrolese peasants; they took their beer in common at some handy tavern; the Emperor could crack jokes with a wood-chopper, and yet in such an atmosphere familiarity bred but greater loyalty. Franz Josef was not remarkably witty or well informed. When William II presented me to him, he warned me that I should have to speak German, for though he was credited with knowing fifteen languages, that of Shakespeare was not amongst them. This was equally true of old William I, so far as ignorance of English was concerned.

William II was honoured in Berlin as a brilliant and patriotic German, but he could not do in Prussia what his royal cousins did in Tyrol or Bavaria. I have seen the Bavarian Prince Regent strolling along the crowded side-walks of Munich, enjoying the shop windows and chatting with his companion as any other leisurely burgher of latter-day Munich. His was the best-known face in his capital, and his people delighted in stepping off into the street and raising their hats respectfully. Their sovereign kept his hat off, probably finding it easier to nod his head than raise his over-worked hand. In Copenhagen a Danish gentleman pointed me out his King, Christian IX, taking a stroll in the famous Tivoli Gardens. Yet no one stared, and no one annoyed him by aiming lenses at him.

CHAPTER LI

The King and Queen of Hanover—The Queen's Interest in my German History—Queen Louise of Prussia—The Kaiser appropriates my Miniature—News of Russian Bombs—"Roman Chariots" at the Castle Cumberland

The Duke of Cumberland had been made a General in the Austrian Army by Franz Josef. Thus he technically changed his nationality from that of the Prussian monarch to that of him who suffered the defeat of Sadowa. He was to me a pattern husband and father and sportsman. His château or country seat near Gmunden on the Traunsee was worthy of his rank, but at the same time comfortable after the manner of an English home. The Duke wore his Austrian uniform in public or on formal occasions, but when tramping the forests and uplands with his gun he was much as any other man of this Alpine country. He might have been taken for a lumberman, poacher, gamekeeper, small farmer, peasant. When first I received a formal invitation to participate in a stag-hunt, his head gamekeeper invited me very politely to have a preliminary practice at the royal rifle range. Of course, I suspected his latent reason, for many accidents happen in these mountains owing to careless shooting and what we call "buck fever" in the Adirondacks. There was a moving target—the effigy of a stag—and fortune once more favoured me by a bull's-eye, which delighted the anxious gamekeeper.

For two years I made my home in Gmunden, and whilst my main occupation was German history, the most agreeable recreation was afforded by the Cumber-

land family. Twice a week during the season we spent the day far up in the mountains about the Traunstein, in the great forests adjoining those of the Emperor. On most occasions we were each posted by the gamekeeper and warned that we must not move from there until after the game should have been driven past. Here is what I recall of my first day with big game and the chief gamekeeper. I seek to recall his words: "Pray, gracious master, shoot not in that direction, for there sits the Herr ober-inspector von Krusendorfer." I gaze earnestly in the direction indicated, but the ober-inspector is concealed by tree-trunks, and therefore I note the compass point only. "And pray shoot not in that direction," continues the polite but very firm head of the hunt, "for there sits Herr General von Kirschenfest; and near him over there sits his Holy Eminence the Abbot of Yungfrausiedelheim; and be careful to avoid that direction for there sits the Herr Hof Intendant Count Reitzenhausen, and a little further in that direction you might hit His Excellency the Herr Wirkliche Geheimrath von Sturzenwald-Pickelhaube."

Of course I listened respectfully, and of course when a stag appeared I had no memory for the various humans concealed about me, and again I bless my horoscope that murder was not mine.

At luncheon time we all sat down together at bare wooden tables on equally bare benches in some resort of lumbermen. The Duke took the head of the table and all down to the poorest beater found a seat according to his rank. Tankards of good beer and tough rye bread formed the basis of our meal, though the Duke had special hampers provided for the immediate guests and family. Sometimes, when the shooting was not far away, the Duchess would join us with some of the children, and with these latter I had many good romps, for they were full of courage and enterprise and would obey any order I gave. They found particular delight

in scrambling to the low roof of an outhouse and leaping off into my outstretched arms amid screams of delight. But one day the governess appeared on the scene just as the eldest little princess came flying into my arms; and she dragged her pupils away amid indignant ejaculations concerning the impropriety of young ladies playing indelicate games, etc.

The Cumberlands had six children—three boys and three girls. The oldest boy was perhaps twelve or thirteen then, and well grown. He was allowed to shoot his first stag on a hunt of which I formed part, and the event was much celebrated in the family. He subsequently married the daughter of the German Kaiser, thus putting an end to the breach between their two houses which in 1892 caused considerable anxiety in Berlin. The Duke finally denied that he was encouraging Hanoverian conspiracies, and thus ended an acrimonious exchange of notes that commenced when William I forced the blind King George V of Hanover from the throne. This was the father of my host of Gmunden—and his widow shared her son's exile. She also shared her son's attitude towards the Hohenzollerns.

Bismarck was the chief sinner in this political crime, for he practised the art of *schrecklichkeit* (of terrorizing his victims), as one of the accomplishments of a statesman—along with dancing, drinking and plausible double meaning. It was an unpleasant legacy for William II, this loud and persistent protest from legitimate and sanctified monarchs. He, the arch-apostle of divine rights, felt uneasy when accused of robbing a royal neighbour of his throne.

He took much interest in the Cumberlands and listened attentively to my account of their happy family life. In particular, he wished to know their attitude towards him, how much truth might lurk in the tales then current of anti-Hohenzollern activity in Hanover. Of course I

was happy to say that I knew nothing of the whole matter save what the family chose to disclose in conversation, yet as I had never heard a word of disrespect uttered on his account, and as I was frequently in their company in a very informal manner, I felt fairly sure that they were not playing anti-Hohenzollern politics. The Kaiser appeared relieved at this and said some polite words about the Cumberlands which I did not fail to repeat in Gmunden. It may be a mere coincidence that soon thereafter, Prussia paid over to the Hanoverian family the interest on what they had sequestered after the war of 1866 ; and perhaps already was the marriage discussed between a Prussian princess and the little prince whom I was man-handling off the Alpine woodshed. The Duke and his family had probably come to the conclusion that as the prime causes of their fate—William I and Bismarck—had been removed, the one being dead, and the other dismissed from office ; and as the German Empire had grown enormously since the war of 1866 ; and as a restoration appeared hopeless—well—better have half a loaf than go breadless. Also they considered the future of the six children.

The dear old widow of the deposed blind King was then well on in her seventies ; a beautiful old lady who cordially disliked the Kaiser, but never said so. She was a niece of the famous Queen Louise of Prussia, whose sister was mother to the blind George V. And now fortune once more came to my aid ! The Queen asked me something about my *History*, and I laughingly said that I had become so enamoured of the saintly Louise, that my work threatened to become her biography. We were in the drawing-room, awaiting the announcement of luncheon. At my words about Queen Louise, she rose and bade me follow her to her boudoir. Here was her large writing-table, on which were many miniatures, and of course the usual books and papers. " Here is my aunt as a bride of seventeen,"

said she, and held up an exquisite portrait of the beautiful girl whom Napoleon treated so cruelly whilst making the Treaty of Tilsit. "This," said she, "is the only good portrait of my aunt."

And, indeed, I was able to tell the Kaiser that same winter, that after exploring his museums and private galleries, I had found nothing comparable to the miniature owned by her whose husband had been driven from his throne by his (the Kaiser's) grandfather!

The old Queen evidently sympathized with my exclamations of rapture, and we discussed all the other known portraits of this Prussian "Saint." I begged the favour of sending a professional photographer in order that I might make this portrait my frontispiece. She assented, and then luncheon was announced. During the meal I noticed her exchanging some words with her Court chamberlain, Baron von Klenck, whom she had called to the corner of her chair. The Baron retired and she then turned to me with a pleased expression: "You need give yourself no trouble as to a photographer, Mr. Bigelow; that matter is attended to."

Of course I acknowledged her kindness and assumed that she preferred her own photographer to one that I might select unwisely. What then was my amazement and joy when several weeks afterwards there arrived by special messenger a miniature undistinguishable from that of Queen Louise on her table. It was an admirable replica—even to the frame. Of this treasure I foolishly spoke to the Kaiser, and he immediately asked me to let him see it. So I brought it myself to his private antechamber. General von Zitzewitz, his chief aide-de-camp, said that at that moment there was a conference on that might last some time, and he promised to see that the Emperor should receive this portrait. Zitzewitz was a man so uniformly friendly to me that I laid aside all prudence. I gave him the miniature, promising to call for it at a later day.

That later day came—the Emperor thanked me warmly for the Queen Louise, leaving it in doubt whether he referred to a loan or a gift. On the day following I called on the General and asked for my Queen Louise. The General expressed immense regret, but gave me no miniature! He said it was impossible to ask of the Kaiser the return of an object that gave him so much pleasure. In vain I protested. The General regarded the episode as closed, and evidently thought that the Emperor had conferred upon me the highest expression of his favour by accepting that portrait at my hands. And so now the Emperor has my Queen Louise in addition to my canoe.

Of course I had to make a clean breast of the whole matter to the Queen of Hanover. She paid me the compliment of believing the whole strange story. Very likely she regarded the Kaiser's behaviour as characteristic—and possibly she even thought well of an incident that placed him vicariously in her debt. And in the end all turned out well—the Kaiser was pleased; the Hanoverian property was restored in 1893; the venerable Queen sent me a second replica, and at the same time this message: "The German Emperor may keep the miniature, but let him not imagine that it is a present from me!" She was every inch a queen this kindly old lady of Hanover, and she needed neither sceptre nor crown in order to make this manifest. All served her with alacrity, for she was womanly and of gentle speech and considerate, and above all tactful.

She smoked cigarettes which were specially made for her, and even I who have no tobacco habit enjoyed them in her company—and very interesting company it was to me. She was born in 1818, and her memory evoked pictures of the stormy days when the people clamoured for constitutions; when Paris built barricades. She had known the notables who shaped history in post-

Napoleonic Europe, and she spoke frankly and intelligently on a period then under my pen.

Her daughter-in-law, the Duchess, received letters from her sister, the Russian Czarina; and these the Queen would often read aloud to me. They were sad letters in the main, for Nihilist activity was ubiquitous, and whenever the Imperial family moved, they had to take measures of precaution against bombs. One of these letters described the wreck of the Imperial train—the section sent in advance of that in which the Czar himself travelled. It made painful reading for the Cumberlands; maybe it helped to reconcile them to their exile. One felt that the Czar's wife was a martyr to an extent even greater than himself, for she ran all his risks without sharing the excitement of his game. He was fanatically devoted to autocracy—she, on the contrary, was reared amongst the free people of Denmark. Yet bombs aimed at him were not likely to discriminate in such matters.

One day at the Cumberland palace matters looked very dull after luncheon because it was raining hard. The Queen asked if no one could suggest a game; the Duchess turned to me, and of course I could not shirk the matter. The drawing-room had a smoothly waxed parquet, leading to adjoining apartments equally slippery underfoot. The rugs were easily kicked aside. The six children plus their parents and a few supernumeraries made up the needful number; and so I launched the game known since then as *Roman Chariots*. The youngest were first seated at one end of a handy rug, and the older ones dragged them at the top of their speed to the farther end of the slide. Some fell off—which caused much merriment. Others gladly took their places. The princesses were tobogganed in this wise by us older ones, and all proclaimed it a huge success. The chief rule that I laid down was that whoever mounted the roman (rug) chariot was entitled

to ride until he or she was thrown out or off. Consequently we who acted as horses had an interest in galloping hard and eccentrically in order to make the occupant of the rug loosen his hold and roll over on the floor. The game waxed fast and furious ; we were soon in wholesome sweat, and from the youngest up to the Duke himself, we forgot the rain outdoors, forgot our occasional bumps, to say nothing of the chairs and tables that frequently became rocks in our channel. But as pitchers go once too often to the well, so on this occasion we nearly broke the Royal Hanoverian head ! The Duke was ambitious and wished to do what I had done, namely, stand erect on the carpet instead of crouching and clutching at the tail-end ! He was rash, for besides being ten years my senior he had not practised canoe gymnastics. He was moreover a tall man, and over daring—and therefore of a sudden down he came with a mighty crash, his legs flying up and his head striking painfully against the floor. We all flew to his assistance ; he took his fall in soldierly manner, but his head was cut and the physician led him away for surgical attention. The roman chariots were laid to rest ; the juvenile charioteers were carried away to the nursery ; the older ones fanned themselves, and the inventor of this disastrous form of relaxation finally secured pardon.

All of which I recall with pleasure as pastimes of a golden age when royal families lived far more simply than many citizens of my own democracy.

CHAPTER LII

Russian and French at the Opening of the Kiel Canal—The American Squadron and Admiral Evans—The Kaiser inspects our Novelties—Germans do not reciprocate English and American Courtesies—I embark for South Africa—Anti-English Feeling amongst Boers—John Hays Hammond and the Jameson Raid—Roger Casement in Delagoa Bay—His Fanaticism in matters Irish—A Traitor and a Philanthropist—His Execution

The Czar Alexander III died in 1894, and in 1895 the Kaiser opened his Kiel Canal. Nicholas II now emphasized his previous behaviour by making the Canal opening an occasion for still further advertising his contempt for Berlin and his admiration for Paris. His fleet lagged behind those of other nations, in order that it might make its entry in French company; and in Kiel itself Russian officers ostentatiously proclaimed themselves in sympathy with this new alliance.

The Emperor spoke of this to me—merely as an item of news. And he referred laughingly to having just imprisoned some French spies who had posed as yachtsmen under a British flag. They were caught whilst studying some of the defences about Kiel.

"They shall not be hurt," said he good-humouredly. "I shall only keep them locked up a little while—just long enough to let them know that we are prepared for them!"

The Kaiser's people exercised secrecy concerning their own military affairs and uncommon frankness regarding the secrets of other nations. This was conspicuous as to their navy, for neither at Kiel nor at their so-called combined naval and military manœuvres were foreign officers encouraged to inspect German war-craft other

than in perfunctory external manner. Japan is equally secretive, and probably France and Italy ; but England and the United States welcome foreign officers, and assume that all such must be guided by the usual rules of sport and good society.

Admiral Robley Evans commanded the American Squadron, and was very proud of his ships, for they were new, and embodied many electrical novelties. These novelties should have been carefully guarded, and maybe they would have been, had not our gallant Admiral succumbed to the fascinations of an Imperial smile. The Kaiser wanted to know all about the novelties of which our navy was proud, and he therefore showed marked attention to Evans on the occasion of meeting him at Kiel. He also invited himself to dinner on the American flagship, and he naturally encouraged his American hosts to drink many healths and talk freely. The Kaiser won every heart—so much so that they re-baptized their champion racing gig in honour of the Emperor's young daughter—who subsequently married the young Cumberland prince. The Admiral told me that the Kaiser stayed until two or three o'clock next morning, making an enthusiastic inspection of every detail that should have been kept from his eyes. And as though this was not enough, he secured from the radiant Robley an invitation for one of his naval officers, who went over the same ground with more technical knowledge and less convivial drink inside of him.

Admiral Evans did the Kaiser a great service, but this great service was not returned in kind. No American officer was ever permitted to inspect a German ship after this Imperial manner ; and perhaps no German but the Kaiser would have succeeded so well at so small a cost of time or energy. Germany owes him a vast amount ; for his behaviour towards Admiral Evans was duplicated elsewhere—notably in England, where he was made an Admiral of the Fleet. He delighted in

discussing naval matters with me, especially after I had returned from the British naval manœuvres of 1888, in which I had been the guest of Admiral Tryon aboard his flagship, the *Hercules*. He knew apparently every British war vessel afloat—her speed, her cruising radius, her armament, her personnel, and his questions were always to the point. In those days I assumed that as the grandson of Queen Victoria, as a keen yachtsman at Cowes, and an enthusiast in the cause of Peace, his inquiries were merely the expression of an amateur and a friend. His behaviour since the Kiel opening became suddenly so conspicuously hostile to England, however, that maybe his frankness with me was more apparent than real—at least in matters military. The rush of *la belle France* into Russian arms was a blow to Germany, for she could not afford war with England unless assured of a friendly Russia; and that perhaps explains the sudden but clumsy apology offered to England by the Kaiser when he realized the prematureness of his Kruger dispatch.

I was in Berlin when that message was launched; and in New York a few days afterwards. The editor of *Harper's Magazine* immediately offered me $1,000 per article if I would embark for South Africa and write at least six articles. This trip did me much good, for when I reached Pretoria I found that the Kaiser's dispatch had made the Transvaal Boers feel more than ever warlike. German contractors were happy, for all things English were boycotted; the Boer treasury was full; Dutch and Germans were to be henceforth one in feeling, if not in speech; schools were forbidden to teach English; Government buildings were going up under German supervision; all furniture and implements bore the German stamp. But the greatest source of German joy lay in the large orders for military equipment—ammunition, rifles, artillery and fittings for the two huge forts whose formidable dimensions were

obvious to even a layman. I wished to visit these forts, but my request was denied. It was an orgy of German profiteering and anti-English war-talk. I met the leading Boer politicians—those who later held military commands—and there was only one subject of talk—preparedness for the coming struggle. All those who had been conspicuous in Johannesburg as wishing reforms or encouraging the Jameson Raid were in the Pretoria Jail—amongst them one single American, John Hays Hammond. There was much loose talk as to hanging all the Jameson sympathizers—in other words, treating them as we treated the John Brown raid at Harper's Ferry. That raid precipitated the Great Civil War, as that of Jameson did the Boer War—after a brief interval of years. Jameson and John Brown each hoped that great good would flow from their noble, though technically illegal, raids. But as frequently happens in this queer world—one man sows and another reaps. The courage and enthusiasm of "Doctor Jim," like that of the bearded chief of Ossawatomie, was wasted because they each counted upon a general insurrection that never happened. The Virginia negroes clamoured for no change, and the Jew mine-owners on the Rand were not in the habit of shooting save by word of mouth. Jameson and his band were made prisoners; the Johannesburg Jews repudiated him and returned to their money-making.

Hammond was not a Jew, but was the employé of Jew mine operators. He had a beautiful Californian wife who now thrones as the leader of society at our national capital—for she is famed for her wealth no less than for her other charms. President Kruger was annoyed by having an American prisoner on his hands, and therefore gave him opportunities for a facile escape; but Hammond wisely ignored these baits, and in the end all were pardoned after paying splendidly big ransoms into the Boer treasury—more than $100,000

apiece, if my memory serves. These various ransoms were paid either by Cecil Rhodes, or the firm of Rothschild, or whatever syndicate controlled the gold and diamond interests of that country.

Matters might have settled down into normal channels, but for the persistent propaganda of Germany, and the growing belief amongst the Boers that the English would no more fight in a big war than in a Jameson raid ; that they were a degenerate race fit only for the counting-house ; and that one Boer was a match for any ten of such an enemy.

Roger Casement was then British Consul in Delagoa Bay, and he told me that the Portuguese customs authorities on that Mozambique coast were passing in cargo upon cargo of war material that was transferred to the new railway running directly to the Transvaal. Rifles and ammunition were disguised so far as the superficial casing was concerned, but in Casement's opinion his Government was to blame in permitting the passage of such vast supplies when all the world knew that the only enemy aimed at was England. Roger Casement subsequently became Consul in the Congo and after that in Brazil. Maybe the sun affected his reason, or perhaps it was the study of early Irish literature, or both. He was apparently sane enough in East Africa ; but later on his letters to me showed a growing fanaticism on the subject of Irish emancipation from British rule. In the Belgian Congo as on the Amazon he developed amazing powers of searching out wrongs done to the natives ; and the tales he sent home found prompt credence and extensive circulation in a Press inclined to always accept the side of the criminal as against that of the policeman.

Every good Catholic Hibernian can tell of many outrages done by cruel England, but remembers none ever done by his own side. Irish-Americans have deafened my ears with such yarns, as are not merely untrue, but wholly beyond the realm of probability ; yet these yarns

go on repeating themselves like the miracles that make the *Lives of the Saints* a comic almanack to the scholar. Casement little by little lost his reason, as did the Kaiser ; and when the Great War broke out, he went over to the enemy. He sought to induce English soldiers in German prisons to purchase their liberty by fighting against the flag they had sworn to defend. He attempted to land German arms and men on British soil. He was caught and executed—and, of course, now swells the list of Holy Hibernians who died martyrs to Saxon ruthlessness, etc., etc. ! The Kaiser did not help the Boers in their war against England. He declined even to receive their envoys. But Boer memory is long, and in 1914 the Kaiser was punished for his broken promises. Instead of becoming his allies in the Great War, the Boers united with British forces from the Cape and Natal and drove every German out of that continent.

CHAPTER LIII

Doctor Leyds and Herr Goerz—My Reception in Pretoria—Kruger and Leyds—Mrs. Kruger and Lord Roberts—A Call on Kruger—Kruger and his Council of Cowboys—Tales of his Life—The Secret Police of Leyds abduct my Dispatch Case

Doctor Leyds took no notice of my letter to him when first I reached Pretoria (1896). On the contrary, I found myself a suspect. It looked for a moment as though my trip to Pretoria would end in failure—if not in jail, where most of my acquaintance were at that moment. This jail was a large walled-in space where the prisoners could at least have air, sunshine and exercise. Their wives and friends were admitted at stated times; and whatever the prison fare might normally be, jailers are usually complaisant in the matter of admitting food for generous inmates. One or two of the wives were also complaisant when quite sure that their husbands were locked up for the night—elsewhere! The hotel of Pretoria was built on the Oriental plan—all ground-floor spaces opening on to verandahs where lights are scarce and guests are very much bored.

But to return to Doctor Leyds—he ignored me completely until one day in the dining-room whom should I espy but Herr Goerz, who had been a fellow-passenger to Cape Town. We had become intimate on the long journey of nineteen days, for we had mutual friends in Berlin—the Siemens Brothers of the electrical works, and, above all, Doctor Barth, who was a member of the Reichstag and proprietor of *Die Nation*. Goerz was a bachelor, and had brought with him to Johannesburg a Viennese lady whom he treasured for her physical

charms no less than for her culinary skill. A good cook was as rare then as in a Nevada mining camp, and Goerz was the most envied of men. Verily, methinks I would have died of indigestion had he not rescued me from the Johannesburg hotel and made me part of his Viennese *ménage*.

At the Pretoria hotel he came up with conspicuous cordiality ; and, from being a social pariah in Transvaal eyes, I found myself suddenly raised to the lofty level of a—German commercial traveller !

" You know Doctor Leyds, of course ! " said he, as we moved towards his table. And then for the first time I met the master of statecraft—the much-dreaded and much-discussed Secretary of the Boer oligarchy. The meeting was to Leyds no less a surprise than to myself. He said some perfunctory words of regret at not having found time to answer my letter, but, etc., etc., etc.—and I said nothing on the score of his being apparently very intimate with my Berlin friend who represented a German financial syndicate. All now was plain sailing in smooth water. Goerz vouched for me ; Goerz removed from the Secretary's mind all suspicion of my being a paid British emissary ; on the contrary, he would take me to call on President Kruger, and he was very grateful to Herr Goerz for having afforded him so agreeable, etc., etc., etc. Our talk was wholly in German, which Leyds, like most University men of Holland, spoke fluently. We rambled over pleasant fields of literature, philosophy, travel and music. Leyds found recreation in the violin—and had our conversation been overheard, it might have been thought that we three cared for anything excepting politics.

The name of Doctor Leyds was then and until the close of the Boer War (1902) on every man's tongue, as that of the dominating factor in the relations of South Africa to the British Crown. The Press of the world speculated on his purposes because he left everything to journalistic

imagination. Of his pedigree I know nothing save that he was born in Java, and looked as though a drop of Malay might have entered from the female side. This partially explains a nature famed more for craft than constructive statesmanship. Had he worn a turban, I might have regarded him as a handsome hadjee of mixed blood and European manners. Kruger picked him up in Europe somewhere about 1880 when he sorely felt the need of a secretary versed in legal procedure and civilized forms of intercourse. The two men were born for one another—at a long interval of time. In 1896 Kruger was a septuagenarian, whilst his factotum was barely 36. Neither had anything in common save hatred of England—a feeling that grew naturally in the breast of an illiterate Boer politician, but was easily simulated by the young attorney who had nothing to lose and everything to gain by becoming chief minister to so ignorant a dictator. Together they fanned the fires of Boer fanaticism; the one by his rugged personality and pioneer fame—the other by the purely intellectual methods of Press propaganda and anti-English legislation. Perhaps Leyds had read the fourth volume of Ernest Renan's *Histoire des Origines du Christianisme*, in which that author treats of the Jewish revolt against Rome, and (at page 280) remarks that "l'héroisme consiste d'ordinaire à ne pas écouter la raison." In any case, as a soldier of fortune with no possible interest in the Transvaal, beyond the booty he might secure, he could not fail to feel that his power depended on the continuing fanaticism of Kruger, and an ultimate victory over England.

Both of these men were in Europe when the Boer War collapsed, and both remained there. Leyds left the Transvaal shortly after our meeting, under pretence of organizing European sentiment against England. His mission was a failure, as was also that of Kruger, who left his country whilst the war was in full swing. He

left also his wife—his third—in charge of Lord Roberts. It was on this occasion that President Loubet received Kruger in Paris ; but William II refused him an audience in Berlin.

Whether Lord Roberts ever manifested gratitude for the loan of Mrs. Kruger III I know not, but from a single meeting with *Madame la Présidente* I would wager that not one single pang of jealousy ever on that account disturbed the spirit of the gallant General's lady. Mrs. Kruger has been described by Washington Irving in his *Knickerbocker Chronicle* as something very broad in the beam tied together by a string at the waist. It was shortly before my visit that an English nobleman had a meeting with Oom Paul from which only these words have been preserved :

EARL—" And Mrs. Kruger—is she entertaining this winter ? "

HE—" Not very ! "

Doctor Leyds arranged for me an audience with Oom Paul. This was in itself a triumph, journalistically speaking ; for although the Boer President had now passed the age of seventy, and had been a part of South African history for more than half a century, nothing was known of him in the European world save through a few anecdotes of the *ben trovato* variety.

His residence in Pretoria resembled any Arizona ranch, and after a few wasted raps at the door I pushed it open. This brought me into a hallway leading to what seemed the barnyard. On either side of the hall were doors. Of course there were no bells or knockers—least of all servants. As I stood in doubt, a little Kaffir girl burst upon me from the yard, evidently on her way to the street—but she swiftly ran back at sight of a stranger. From the door on my left came sounds of rough, strong, violent men as though in altercation—also a strong smell of tobacco. Animals do not smoke, else had I suspected roaring lions demanding to be fed.

I knocked, but as well whisper against a hurricane. I pushed open the door, and found myself in the midst of a Cabinet meeting presided over by Kruger himself. A member of the Volksraad who spoke good English and who had promised to look after me, emerged from the heavy cloud of smoke and brought me to Kruger's chair, where I received a gruff but not hostile reception. The Council of State resembled the school trustees meeting of many an American village; the councillors were in the garb of ranchmen; they had heavy beards and heavy fists. They were all of one social stripe—presumably related by marriage if not by blood; and they talked loudly and earnestly as members of the same family divided by minor questions. As to parliamentary procedure, I could find none. Old Kruger had the face of a drowsy musk-ox, and occasionally thundered out some very short sentence which only momentarily interrupted the sounds from others. The talk was in Boer-Dutch, which even a scholarly citizen of The Hague would have regarded as unintelligible—much as a Hanoverian would regard the dialect of Austria or an Oxonian the language of Robert Burns. These Kruger Councils were matters of custom like the handshaking by an American President. The Transvaal Constitution was modelled on the primitive Christian Church, in which all were equally poor, equally ignorant, equally fanatical, and equally prepared to give advice or foretell the future. Paul Kruger himself would have done admirably as one of the Apostles—he was illiterate; he was fanatical; he hated Imperial Britain as Peter and Paul hated Imperial Rome; and he had from youth up faced death cheerfully in battle with wild beasts and still more savage natives.

He set up a great roar as I entered his presence, but it proved a kindly request that I be immediately provided with a cup of coffee. Then I noticed that coffee cups were here as beer mugs in Bavaria—the *sine qua*

non of every social board, theological, scientific or political. To omit my cup of coffee would have been an unfriendly act, and Leyds had no doubt influenced the old man in my favour. He thawed out immensely as we talked, and apparently was quite willing that his council should continue the discussion without him—which they did quite easily, puffing their big pipes and occasionally sipping from their big cups of coffee. Another Kaffir girl came into the room with a cupful for me and kept replenishing cups all round throughout this ever-memorable forenoon.

I shall not swell these memoirs by all that Kruger told me, for in my book *White Man's Africa* I published the first authentic account of his life taken down from his own lips. The saintly apostles could see whatever they chose to see, and Kruger was a magnificent reincarnation of the credulous apostolic wonder-worker. He told me tales of himself, no less miraculous than raising from the dead or walking on the water. His companions about the round table doubtless believed them, and Oom Paul spoke with measure as might his much-travelled namesake when dictating an epistle to his beloved in Ephesus. Both were great for certain purposes; both fanatics; both left scant material for a biographer.

Old Kruger was not appetizing. His mouth was discoloured at the corners by much dripping of tobacco juice; his waistcoat was a long and broad stain of odds and ends intended originally for internal consumption—mostly coffee, soup, and tincture of nicotine. His clothes in general suggested a campaigner accustomed to fall asleep without waiting for a bed or a change of dress. He was a man of one idea—and such men are dangerous. He set South Africa ablaze and very nearly precipitated a general European war. He was another John Brown of Ossawatomie. But it needs more than fanaticism to make a man great or a revolution successful. The Washingtons and the Martin Luthers were

men of one idea for one moment and one purpose; they guided the fanaticism of others but they laid broad foundations for the future. Each was a great man before and after the revolutionary acts with which their names are associated. The Bible of Luther is to-day a marvel of scholarship, dialectical skill and poesy. Washington was great both before and after the long war which he conducted on behalf of American Independence.

After my long interview with Kruger, I hastened to Leyds and told him that the yarns which his chief had spun to me were very close to the miraculous. I nearly used the word "Münchausen." But the weasel-faced Leyds assured me that every word of Kruger's was gospel truth:

ME—"Do you accept responsibility for what Mr. Kruger has related to me this morning?"

HE—"Perfectly—every word."

ME—"Are you willing to endorse my manuscript?"

HE—"Certainly—with pleasure!"

And so, before posting this extraordinary bit of Boer biography to my publishers, Mr. Leyds gave it his imprimatur; and never since has he or any other Africander questioned any of the marvels therein related. My book was published in both continents, and also in a French translation by a Paris publisher (Juven). What I said then stirred angry comment from every side, but it comforts me to have lived so long that my opinions then expressed have proved to have been sound ones. The Boer of Krugerdom has disappeared, and the world has been the gainer by a vast self-governing, English-speaking white man's Africa, reaching from the Cape of Good Hope northward and eastward in what we pray may prove peaceful rivalry with France.

My horoscope gave me good fortune in South Africa—snatched me several times from the jaws of disaster, and furnished me with excellent writing material when

I was on the point of abandoning everything and going home.

Doctor Leyds disposed of a fat fund for political or secret police, and he made use of this to abduct my dispatch-box the moment I arrived in Bloemfontein. This was an important matter for me because therein I had my manuscript, my photographic negatives, my letters of introduction and my letter of credit. There was no doubt regarding the thief. I had carefully given my precious burden to the innkeeper in the presence of several Free Staters who had escorted me to the hotel as a committee of welcome. I had explained the contents and—when I returned from a call upon the President of the Orange Free State, the precious box had vanished. My friends and the innkeeper evinced much sympathy ; the Chief of Police also was kindly—but he hinted strongly that only the detectives of Doctor Leyds could have done the matter so dexterously, and there his comfort ended. He gave me a list of the half-dozen important papers in South Africa, and to them I telegraphed an advertisement offering a reward for my letter of credit.

CHAPTER LIV

Mark Twain in S. Africa—President Steyn—W. H. Poultney: Story of his Life—Majuba Hill—A Trip across the Veldt—In Basutoland—Boer Farm Life—Basutoland and Sir Godfrey Lagden—A Negro Paradise—Pax Britannica a Menace to the Whites

When Mark Twain landed in Delagoa Bay on his memorable voyage round the world, the first local paper he saw told him of my whereabouts and misery. No one had more miseries of his own, for his publishing ventures had ended in making him a bankrupt. The lecturing tour by which he hoped to pay off his creditors had seriously impaired his health. In India he had been compelled to cancel many of his engagements. Mrs. Clemens also was in poor health, and had parted from her husband at Bombay—she returning to Europe, and he to drag his worn-out frame over the thinly peopled plains of South Africa. No one had better excuse for ignoring such an advertisement, *but*—no one was ever built with so warm a heart as Mark Twain. He wired me immediately to draw on him for any amount!—not even letting me know his plans or where I might thank him. This gave me new courage—it also gave me credit at the local bank.

My days in Bloemfontein passed most agreeably, thanks particularly to President Steyn and his wife—at whose house I met many interesting people. Of these was my kinsman, W. H. Poultney, then interpreter for the principal Court, and a warm friend of the Steyn family. Let me digress one moment in order to illustrate a maxim of government: that a well-meaning weak rule can cause more bloodshed and wreck more

homes than a consistent one, however harsh. The Poultney family are of purely English extraction, and at the outbreak of the first Boer war of 1880 were happily farming in the Transvaal. They were commandeered to enlist and fight against the British, and in their dilemma they consulted their diplomatic agent. He advised them, nay, he insisted, that they remain loyal to the British flag, suffer martyrdom in the cause of Queen Victoria, and look for generous compensation when the insurrection should have been suppressed by her victorious troops. But her troops were not victorious! On the contrary, they suffered a disastrous blow at Majuba Hill. And so far from repairing this loss of prestige, the Government of Mr. Gladstone made peace and left the English settlers at the mercy of their Dutch enemies. The Poultney family had been interned throughout the war; their farm had been wrecked and all their live stock driven away. They looked for the promised compensation, but not a penny did they receive. The British officials (and all officials are similar) demanded vouchers and certificates and witnesses and sworn inventories and stamped paper and legal evidence. What could the Poultney family do? Nothing. They had no legal evidence of anything save their imprisonment, and—the war made beggars of them all.

Young Poultney was then but a lad; he knew several useful tongues—Dutch, Matabele, Zulu, Basuto, etc. He started south for the Orange Free State. The feeling there was almost as bitter against England as in the Transvaal, but it was a state far more advanced in civilization. The Supreme Court at Bloemfontein had advertised for an interpreter, and many Boers presented themselves and all hoped that it might not fall to an Uitlander. Yet Poultney was an easy winner in spite of hostile judges, and, little by little, the very Boers who had lamented his appointment became his warm

advocates and intimate friends—notably the Chief Justice de Villiers and Mr. Steyn, who was President of the Orange Free State on the occasion of my visit.

Poultney can talk serenely now of his past years of misery and hard fighting—but had he not been one of remarkable accomplishments, character and physical powers, he would have gone under in the unequal struggle—as did other loyalists. We Americans passed also through a tragical stage of English history after 1775 when the Government of George III warned his colonists of New York and Philadelphia to remain loyal and trust him for ultimate reparation! History wastes few pages on these martyrs to their King, who had their property seized by patriotic plunderers, whose persons were exposed to mob violence, and who had to start life anew in Canada with such cold comfort as had the Poultneys of South Africa. There are but few of the old New England families who came to Massachusetts between 1620 and 1660, that have not some portions now settled in Canada in consequence of Concord and Bunker Hill.

Chief Justice de Villiers lent me a pair of horses, the President another pair, and both united in lending me W. H. Poultney for a trip across the Veldt and into Basutoland. Who lent me the Cape cart I know not, but Poultney was a good whip, and this four-in-hand made good time across the high *mesa* or upland prairie, where bridges there were none, roads none, houses almost none. When we came to a river the horses dragged us gallantly through, and it was well that they were surefooted, for in the bottom were smooth big stones that made stormy passage for our springless two-wheeled cart, let alone the sixteen hoofs of our nags. In these great upland plains the chief danger to travellers is at the river crossings, for the water varies rapidly and much. The same stream that barely wets your knees on one day may be over your head the next—

yet with no rain at your particular spot. Sometimes teams are compelled to camp for several days waiting for the river to be fordable, and sometimes the inevitable fool risks his cattle and his life by plunging in when ignorant of local conditions. Where there are many cattle to one wagon, the slip of one may entail a slip of another beast; the harness may become entangled; animals fall and are carried under. Fortunately for us, all went well although on more than one occasion the water was over our floor and I had to hoist our baggage swiftly to the top of our cross-bench. At noon we outspanned, hobbled the four horses and let them graze, collected some dry dung of buffalo or springbok, made fire and had a good alfresco meal of meat on a spit—recalling my Adirondack days.

On such a trip one becomes intimate; and Poultney opened his heart to me with regard to the immediate future in South Africa, and particularly the condition of his family in the event of another war with England. He was, I think, relieved by my advice, which had for its foundation the experience of those of my own country in roughly analogous conditions. "Your plain duty," I said, "is to stand by the soil that nurtures you. It's fatal to have two flags—two allegiances. It's not a pleasant thing to go out and kill your own cousins in a quasi-civil war or family quarrel; but their ghosts will forgive you *that* rather than any attempt at being on both sides at the same time."

Poultney became a General in the war that started three years afterwards, and was Chief of Transport Service for President Steyn. He was taken prisoner and paroled. I went to see him in Germany, where he and his family were spending their exile; and it was hard for him to be cheerful under this renewed reversal in Fortune's wheel. In 1880 he had been a Briton and was made a beggar. In 1900 he remained a Boer and again he was reduced to beggary. In 1880 he had but himself to beg

for. Now he had a wife and half a dozen lusty children.

He knew no one in England save such as James Bryce (who later was made a Peer). I told him that all such pacifists, slackers and anti-militarists were un-English, and whilst they could embarrass the Government in its imperialistic movements, they had merely encouraged Boer pretensions by waving Dutch flags in London. Then I offered him letters of introduction to those who had fought hardest against him in the field and in Parliament: Tories, military men, and such families as that of the late philosophic historian and Conservative M.P., W. H. Lecky. Poultney wrote me effusively of his experiences in England *en route* for the Cape after the Amnesty proclamation. His eyes had been opened, and he had made warm friends amongst the very English who had been his fiercest foes when the war was on. As to the genus philanthropist and "little Englander," he soon regarded them as he did the loudly cheering Germans—pleasant enough at the beer-table, but rotten sticks to lean upon.

William H. Poultney is to-day one of the first citizens of the great South African Empire; a Justice on the Bench; a recipient of the much-coveted Order of the British Empire. He was the founder and first secretary of the Witwatersrand Agricultural Society, and is now honorary organizer of the South African Agricultural Union. These honours mean little to the Hebrew mine syndicates of Johannesburg and Park Lane, but Poultney is the wise man who knows that while mines have ere this been worked out, God never fails in generous return to him who works the soil. Had I not been an American familiar with farm life and woodcraft my trip to Basutoland would probably have been a painful one. Even in Poultney's company there were a few doubtful moments. Let me relate one for prospective travellers.

On our second night across the Veldt we reached an adobe ranch where we seemed at first merely tolerated.

There were three stalwart Boer men about the cattle enclosure, and in the house a portly matron and two well-built lassies preparing supper. These eyed me as they might any unwelcome animal—never addressing me a welcome beyond the initial grunt which meant almost anything. They could not refuse bare shelter—it would have been contrary to immemorial custom; but in me they detected the impious and gold-seeking Englishman, and I realized it uncomfortably. In my presence they spoke only Dutch, though, as I later learned, they spoke English equally well. My bed was a bull's hide stretched from stakes driven in the ground. The floor was dirt, smeared over with cow-dung by way of polish. Furniture barely existed. For water we went outdoors, as in the most primitive farms.

Poultney knew the family and busied himself outside with harness, horses and Boers, leaving me alone inside—in the one room of the house that was not for sleeping in. I made a few memoranda, and then looked about, as I usually do, for books. A big Bible was conspicuously placed on a corner table, and on it lay the Moody and Sankey collection of Gospel Hymns in English. These made me homesick; for as an undergraduate I had been a volunteer member of the choir which these Evangelists had organized at New Haven. My homesickness was increased by the sight of an American parlour organ—I think it was called Mason & Hamlin. The lonesomeness drove me to take refuge in a hymn, and I accompanied myself through one called *Pull for the Shore*. It is the hymn for one ready to despair, yet making one last effort amidst the breakers on an inhospitable shore. My voice rose and so did my spirits; the little organ behaved nobly, and as I reached *Amen*, the prayer that I had sung was miraculously answered—the shore was reached! The matron flew at me with beaming face; the lusty lassies gave me glad eyes; the big Boers from the barn grasped my hand,

and as in the twinkling of an eye they took me to their metaphorical bosoms. As the head of the house expressed it with fervour :

" We did not know that you were a Christian—we thought you were English ! "

Were millions at my disposal I would found a college for prospective travellers and philosophic explorers ; and in that curriculum should be included Gospel hymns and performance on some instrument of music ! That evening proved one of great pleasure to me, and when I sought my bull's-hide bed and my blanket, it was with a drowsy notion that the fabulous Prodigal could have had no warmer welcome. Next morning we parted as old friends, and they gave me their blessing.

Before gold came to the Rand, it could be said of South Africa, as of Norway and as of North America in the pre-manufacturing days, that a woman might move in safety from end to end. Those arcadian days are gone, save in the Viking fiords. Gold has attracted the greedy from every Ghetto of the Old World ; and if Norway still is clean, let that people praise God, for He compels them to labour honestly for a living.

In Basutoland I found another Paradise—a little " Happy Valley " of stalwart negroes who lived at peace with all their neighbours, ploughed their fields, herded their cattle, reared sturdy families, and praised the day that gave them British rule at Maseru. This rule was represented by Sir Godfrey Lagden, his wife and some angelic children. He ruled an empire in which was no theodolite nor surveyor's chain, no mining prospectors, no politicians, no newspapers, no jails ; in short, none of the evils created by materialistic modernity which the fools call civilization. Sir Godfrey ruled here over 10,000 square miles of rugged country and a quarter of a million blacks ; and for this task he had no help save native respect for Queen Victoria and her administration. He had perhaps half a dozen white assistants in charge

of a mounted native constabulary, who patrolled the borders of Natal, Cape Colony and the Orange Free State—a constabulary trained after the pattern of the once famous Irish rural police—the model force for the whole world. Sir Godfrey and his family could have been massacred at any time—yet he said to me then that he felt no more concern on that score than if he were living in Piccadilly.

Of course he had his troubles—but he settled them quietly. Sometimes local kings quarrelled over cattle that had strayed—or possibly wives. Blows may have been exchanged ; African majesty offended. Here were elements which in Christian Europe might have precipitated an Armageddon, but Lagden compelled arbitration. He called the parties concerned before his judgment seat. They came with noisy retinues, and camped out about the British residency much as the Red Indians of the Mohawk Valley reared their wigwams about the castle of Sir William Johnston prior to the War of Independence. Sir Godfrey gave them ample time to talk and feast and ventilate each his pet grievance—for he knew the nature of his people. Then he passed judgment and all went home peacefully. But suppose the Basutos refused to obey him ? I asked this question, and it received this answer:

The British Commissioner has no adequate force for such a task ; all he can do is to pack up and leave—and that is quite enough to bring the Basutos to their senses. The Basutos know that if Sir Godfrey should leave them they would be exposed to the tribulations that afflicted their neighbours, and therefore they listen when he talks and always take his advice.

Basutoland has more than doubled in population since 1896, and the number of cattle also, but there has been no increase in pasture land. There was a small tax for each man's wife, each man having presumably several ; but now that there are twice as many mouths

to feed, without a corresponding increase in food supply, the time has come for the Basuto to either emigrate in search of new land or go upon the warpath.

It is a glorious thing to have prevented war from Cape Town to Khartoum ; to have made innumerable savage tribes forget their assegais and poisoned arrows, and turn their thoughts to domestic drudgery. All this means increase of population, increase of missionaries, increase of schools, increase of newspapers, politicians, unrest, crime, riot and revolution.

Prior to the *Pax Britannica* (or Africana), Basuto, Zulu, Matabele, Herrero, and a hundred others were trained as warriors. They killed all unsatisfactory babes and bred only for speed and strength. Thus they produced magnificent men and women—much as did the ancient Spartans. But now we are in the decadence of the white race—we are victims of democratic phraseology and aimless humanitarianism. We are not raising blacks to our level, but we are lowering ourselves to theirs ; and therefore we are doomed to eclipse much as the glorious art and literature of antiquity was trampled into blood and mud by the Bolshevik Jews and barbarians who gave Europe ten centuries of intellectual darkness and papal despotism.

But I am digressing—and must return to Mark Twain and Johannesburg.

CHAPTER LV

Mark Twain in Johannesburg—A Tough Town in 1896—Goerz in London: his Mistress—His Dinner Party

Mark Twain arrived in Johannesburg whilst I was the guest of my Jew friend Goerz and his winsome Viennese *bonne à tout faire*. Goerz was mad to make Mr. Clemens' acquaintance, and gladly placed at my disposal his victoria and pair for afternoon drives.

The Transvaal then had perhaps 100,000 whites all told—where now it has over 500,000. Johannesburg was the chief town as far as industry and population were concerned, but it was a forlorn place of residence for a decently reared family. The homes were mainly drinking resorts, dancing halls and the like; wood was costly; most of the huts or bungalows were of corrugated iron therefore. The place in general resembled any mushroom town of the Rocky Mountains where there is a rush for minerals and little desire for permanent settlement. The first white woman had only appeared here a decade or so before the Jameson invasion. She was a florid barmaid fresh from London, and created so near an approach to what figures in history as the *Rape of the Sabines* that in order to prevent a premature war the Committee of Citizens decided to auction her off to the highest bidder! But this is only a minor phase of the *Pax Britannica* above referred to. It was a tough town this Johannesburg—tough to an American who knew Sacramento and Virginia City in their glory; doubly tough to the simple and God-fearing Boers of the ranch and ox-team. The pious farmers of beyond Pretoria heard of the Johannesburg British much as the

infant Churches of Ephesus and Thessalonica rolled their eyes aloft at what St. Paul told them of Roman debauchery in the reign of Nero.

Mark Twain was a sick man, but he made his audiences roar with laughter. He was good at a laugh himself when in his normal health, but never laughed at his own stories. Indeed, his very sepulchral solemnity when perpetrating a violently comical tale was not the least part in its ultimate success. His audiences crowded every square inch of the largest hall, and, if I might believe a miner under oath, every one who pressed upon him at the close of his talk had known him in early California or Nevada days. Every one of that pressing party reached eagerly for Mr. Clemens' reluctant hand, and if I boiled down a hundred greetings they would sound somewhat like this: "Put it there, old man! Don't you remember me?—don't you remember Bill Bloodgood that night in Jim Dusenbury's cabin? and that Chinaman who poured our whisky into the oil-can? Dear old Mark! those were happy days! Put it there, old hoss—I knew you'd know me again, etc., etc." And to all these affectionate friends Mark Twain nodded his head slowly and sympathetically like Royalty on a balcony, murmuring the while "Of course—why, of course!"—and thus disposing of one after another in a comparatively short space of time, thanks to the rough pressure from the rear that brooked no monopoly of the great humorist. After each lecture I carried him swiftly to Goerz's house, where Fraülein Vienna had always a bright wood-fire on the hearth and a kettle of boiling water, plus lemons, sugar and rum. Then came the real day of joy for him—an easy chair and outstretched legs, packets full of cigars, a long tumbler of steaming toddy, and lots to talk about.

Goerz congratulated Mr. Clemens on meeting so many of his early friends! To which the answer of Mark Twain was: "I never thought there could be so many

G—d d——d liars in any one town! They were not even intelligent liars—they gave dates when I was not even in America and they named places that I never heard of before—the blank-blank damned liars!" But Mark Twain was gentle—he did not expose them to the public—these men had for weeks been jacking up their professional prestige by professing to have been pals with Mark in his early Western days. Maybe they did persuade themselves that they had actually lived the scenes whereof they dreamed. At any rate all were made happy at a comparatively small sacrifice of truth and time.

Goerz passed out of my life three years afterwards—in London. Mark Twain was there also, undergoing treatment for his persistent nervous dyspepsia and general debility. He lived near me in Chelsea, and would stroll around of a sunny morning for a smoke and chat—sometimes for a stroll on the Embankment. No one had his address but myself and his business manager—for he needed rest. Mrs. Clemens was then a semi-invalid, and his two daughters absorbed in their studies—especially Clara, who is now a star in concerts. Goerz had a splendid establishment, whose presiding divinity was a beautiful Danish damsel who had left the stage to become his ostensible wife. Now Mark Twain professed great breadth in so far as tobacco, toddy, profane language and poker were concerned, but in domestic relations he was a saint, and adored his lovely wife as legendary knights paid homage to the Queen of Heaven. Goerz begged me to bring Mr. Clemens to his house for an evening. I told him it was impossible. However, when I broached the matter to Mr. Clemens, he consented, on condition that there be no company—a purely family affair—no dress—and an early escape. Goerz, of course, promised that it should be a strictly "family" party—only us two plus Goerz and his "wife"—as he styled her to Mark Twain.

When we arrived we found twenty guests, all Jews.

Now Mr. Clemens to me was ever a champion of the downtrodden race of Israel—he even gave one of his daughters to a Jew. But as he gazed glumly at Goerz and his " Chosen," methinks he was ready to recall much that he had ever said in favour of Hebrews. However, the dinner came and went; Mark Twain was placed next to his host, whilst I had a merry time with his Danish nymph, whose nature was amiable and frankly amorous. Doubtless Goerz dreaded lest his guest of honour discover the identity of his alleged bride—and he succeeded for that evening. But as a " family " dinner-party it was a failure. Mr. Clemens was annoyed, and showed it by an almost unbroken silence. One of the Jews, who was evidently rated as the funny member of the " family," attempted to raise our spirits to his own level by reciting a very long and very well-worn American story. He directed his chuckles and German gutturals directly at the guest of honour, who from chuckle to chuckle assumed an expression more and more weary. At the close of the tale, the teller laughed loudly, and the whole of the " family " with him. I had not listened to the long story, having been vastly more profitably employed by the fascinating daughter of Thespis. But when the loud laughter announced the climax I glanced in the direction of Mark Twain and saw that he alone showed no sign of merriment. The funny man of this Trimalchion feast now craned across and queried: " What for you do not laugh, Mr. Clemens? It is a very good story, don't it? "

Mark Twain merely gazed sombrely at his questioner, drew a few puffs, and drawled out very distinctly these words: " At one time that *was* a good story. I invented that story forty years ago! "

We drove home in a hansom the moment that coffee had been sipped, and there was much profanity on the way. Maybe that was Goerz's idea of a homelike " family " party! Jews are strong on " family " ties.

CHAPTER LVI

Colonel Dartnell—Prince Louis Napoleon and the Zulu War—Expansion of Natal—Zulu Loyalty in the Boer War—Mysterious Return of my Dispatch Case—Dr. Leyds—Mr. Gladstone as a "Little Englander"—Lord Armitstead asks me to a Gladstone Family Dinner—Gladstone's Opinion of Bismarck—Free Trade—George Kennan—Washington—Gladstone at Hamburg and Kiel—Bismarck's lack of Civility—and of True Greatness

But I must go back to Bloemfontein where my dispatch-bag was abstracted by Dr. Leyds—or his political police. One evening I sat at dinner in the bungalow of Colonel Dartnell, in Pietermaritzburg. He was then chief of the Mounted Police of Natal. His butler was a gigantic Zulu of noble rank, whose head was adorned by the native ring or hoop suggestive of a rudimentary coronet. His two assistants were also fine soldierly specimens, and probably all three had served in the Colonel's force. Their dress was white summer stuff, with crimson border—nothing but a short-sleeved loose tunic such as a Chinaman of Hong-Kong would wear, plus loose running-trunks reaching half-way to the knee. Nothing much was lost for him with an eye to good sculpture—indeed, if one has inspected many companies of Zulus, there can be little surprise at the hard fighting that England had on her hands before she was able to tame this warrior nation. It was in the Zulu War of 1879 that young Prince Napoleon was killed. This war is worth studying by those who would understand English colonial rule, for it is typical in many ways. There is always a noisy party in the House of Commons that sides with any "native" movement on general humani-

tarian principles ; there is always an inadequate military force which marches blindly into the hostile country and gets massacred ; there is always a revulsion of sentiment on the news of this massacre, and Parliament wakes up and sends reinforcements to beleaguered garrisons. These dilatory methods are the cause of much bloodshed, for the massacre of a British force, such as that of Isandhlwana in February of 1879, necessarily encouraged an enemy that knew of Queen Victoria only those whom she sent in her name. This war, and some trifling negotiations afterwards, made Natal extend her boundaries northward to the Portuguese line below Delagoa Bay—a total territory of some 10,000 square miles, rich in soil, minerals, climate and commercial opportunity. On the coast the climate is that of our Gulf states, but the mountains are near, the roads are good, and in general it may be called a white man's country. The Zulu War occupied the British for ten good years. Cetewayo died in 1884, but his offspring continued to make trouble, until finally three of them were honoured by a free passage to St. Helena, where they improved their minds by pondering on the great-uncle of the young French prince whom they had speared to death far from his native land. What a theme in this eccentric dynasty of Napoleons ! All of them dying far from France—one in Austria, one in England, one in the South Atlantic, and the last of them in a Zulu jungle !

England passed through difficult days in settling the troubles of Natal ; but it was like the time spent in training a generous horse—it brought a rich reward. The Zulus in time learned to trust the British administration as they admired the white soldiers who had finally defeated them in many fights. And thus it came about that in the great Boer War (1899–1902), when Germany predicted that Africans would seize the opportunity for attacking the English colonies, Zululand not

only remained loyal, but prevented the Boers from invading Natal from the north!

Colonel Dartnell spoke warmly of his native troopers, their courage and their fidelity. Indeed, he foresaw the day when Africa would be the recruiting ground for a splendid army—provided it were properly drilled and handled.

We were in hot discussion over ethnic problems: the future of the whites, the possibilities of race mingling, etc. The wines were good, the cuisine also; the silver candlesticks furnished soft light through pink shades. The finger-bowls, nut-crackers, *demi-tasses de Moccha*—all on the table was suggestive of Paris or London, yet within rifle range dwelt naked Kaffirs in their kraals—ten of them to every white man in the Colony! Think on this, ye sentimental Solons, who would place your country under the yoke of manhood suffrage—one vote for each man or woman, red, yellow, black, brown, or—Mediterranean!

Suddenly the Colonel turned sharply towards the entrance to his bungalow, and I heard a sound of scuffling feet on a gravel walk. Then entered the tall black butler, holding aloft in his two hands—my stolen dispatch-case.

"Stop the man!" roared the Colonel.

"No man!" answered the Zulu.

The bag had been placed on the doorstep in Pietermaritzburg with all the skill that marked its rape in Bloemfontein. We opened it cautiously, and found everything as though it had never been touched since last I packed it. No one claimed a reward; no clue could I discover; but Colonel Dartnell explained the whole matter when he raised his eyes to mine and said simply: "That damned Doctor Leyds does clever work!"

Ah! but I was glad to get back my papers and notes and letters. I never saw Leyds to thank him for the

return of this case—indeed, I do not know his end after the Kruger collapse. He occupied at one time a great space in the public Press of the whole world. At one moment, when the forces of General Buller were suffering check after check on the Tugela, it looked as though this Dutch lawyer was destined to dominate Africa south of the Limpopo, and make an end of British Dominion—even in Table Bay. Not only in South Africa, but throughout the Eastern Tropics, India, Australia and the South Seas, it was apparently a political creed that Mr. Gladstone was England's evil genius. He was called a "little Englander" in contempt; the words meaning that he was opposed to national expansion. He had a strong Parliamentary backing at home; he was an orator, a scholar, a gentleman of exemplary family life, a champion of religion, of free trade, of a wide franchise, and above all, opposed to war. He was an immensely popular figure in America for no very distinct reasons. Had he come here to lecture, doubtless he would have proved an attraction second to none since Charles Dickens. Yet he was an aristocrat by personal predilection; a country gentleman of the old school; a *persona grata* with his Queen, however much she might question some features of his policy. He did things that made half his countrymen desire to shoot him, yet when he explained his acts, no one present could resist the charm of his honeyed accents. He opposed most, if not all, of the Acts which have increased the area and influence of the British Empire; indeed, one might almost say that every square mile of territory gained since Queen Victoria ascended the throne has been in spite of this great popular tribune. He was fiercely inimical to slavery and yet during the American Civil War he encouraged the Southerners by purchasing bonds of the Jefferson Davis treasury. He did more than that, for in a memorable public speech he hailed the Government at Richmond, and encouraged rebellion

in the America of 1861, much as did William II in the Anglo-African Empire one generation later. But men are paradoxical—the best of them—and few have been the recipient of more love and hatred than the G.O.M.

Lord Armitstead was a warm friend of the whole Gladstone family and had virtually adopted Herbert Gladstone as a son. For more than a generation he had represented a Liberal constituency in Parliament, and his elevation to the Peerage was deemed the logical reward of long and faithful service to his country in days when to sit in the House of Commons was an honour, and salaries were unknown. That such a man should have made a point of my meeting the venerable statesman in family intimacy, convinced me that Armitstead was not acting *ex proprio motu.* It was in the year 1898, less than five years before Gladstone died. He was then 85—about half a century my senior. However, maybe I had better copy out the letter I wrote my father.

THE REFORM CLUB, LONDON,
February 17th, 1894.

"Last night I sat by Mr. Gladstone at dinner, and had a two-hour talk with him, at the house of George Armitstead. Mrs. Gladstone was there, also two of their children, Henry Neville Gladstone and Mrs. Drew—no one else.

"Mr. Gladstone looked very well; and never even in the House have I seen him in a more animated mood.

"He asked me about the German feeling towards France and Russia, and I answered that I had noticed no aggressive desire for war on the part of William II, but rather an anxious feeling lest the two newly linked allies were conspiring to attack *him*?

"Mr. Gladstone expressed no dissent when I said what I knew to be different from his own opinions. He was, in general, very friendly to France and bitterly

hostile towards Turkey—which inclined him to see some virtue in a Franco-Russian friendship. As to Germany and the Kaiser and Bismarck—they were totally alien to his nature, his education and political sympathies.

" When he disagreed with my statements, he said nothing. The little pause was quite sufficient for me to understand.

" He asked me about Bismarck—his reconciliation with his Emperor (January 27th, 1894), and his reception in Berlin.

" This was difficult for me to answer, for it was on the Emperor's own birthday ; the cheering was loud, but no one could rightly separate that which was meant for one or the other—both men are obviously immensely popular to the man on the street.

" Quoth Gladstone :

" ' Of course I cannot speak with knowledge in so delicate a matter, but if I am well informed, no monarch could have done otherwise than dismiss a minister who made such pretensions as did Bismarck in 1890. So far as I am informed, he presumed to insist that his Emperor should speak only with such officials as had first received his (Bismarck's) permission.'

" Gladstone spoke in praise of Bismarck's rapidity in the dispatch of business. He went on to say that before the war of 1870, England offered France a treaty for the purpose of making common cause in case Belgium should be threatened. A corresponding treaty was offered to Germany. Bismarck responded immediately as ready to sign it. France, however, puttered (*sic*) over it a long while before signing."

[In the light of later events and especially of Bismarck's half-promises to Napoleon III after the Austrian collapse in 1866, to wit, that Prussia would help France to a conquest of Belgium, it is hard to blame one side more

than the other. This much we know, that in 1867 Belgium was thoroughly frightened by the menacing attitude of her Napoleonic neighbour.]

" Answering a question put by Mr. Gladstone, I said that the heavy war tax in Germany was cheerfully borne because that country did not feel safe—even though allied with Italy and Austria, whose armies inspired but little confidence.

" And then I added that it would be easy enough to preach disarmament in Germany, if England threw her weight on the side of this Triple Alliance—this alone would ensure peace and commercial progress.

" ' That is impossible,' said he ; and for the first and only time that evening he spoke with some heat. ' Peace cannot be maintained in Europe by arraying an overwhelming force of arms against any two countries.' I could not see any force in this argument ; on the contrary, history teaches me that evildoers are only checked when faced by police or some such overwhelming force. However, I dropped the matter. A pause followed and then Mr. Gladstone turned again to me : ' You are better able to judge of this than I am ; but does it not seem to you that Germany has made no distinct advance in the domain of intellect since 1870 ? '

" To this I assented ; and expressed my regret that the higher or spiritual interests were forced into the background through the daily dread of war and the consequent need of a strong army. Then he reverted to Bismarck, saying : ' I have the historical proof through Lord Lyons (Ambassador to France 1867–1887), that Bismarck personally desired to conclude a peace with Jules Favre—on relatively easy terms—the surrender of Strasburg only, with a small circle of land about it.'

" Here I interrupted to say that I would not believe any such statement unless corroborated by truthful

witnesses. 'Furthermore,' continued Mr. Gladstone, 'the Iron Chancellor laid all the blame of seizing Alsace-Lorraine on Moltke.' To this I answered that Bismarck sought a scapegoat in Moltke after he had learned through bitter experiment the folly of that iniquitous act. Had Bismarck foreseen this, he would easily have overridden any plans of the great strategist, by an appeal to the Kaiser and a little blustering.

"To this Gladstone appeared to give his assent. He dislikes Bismarck as Wellington despised Napoleon—but seemed acting Devil's advocate.

"The conversation turning to Free Trade, he said, as I recall his words: 'I have long ago maintained that the serious competition for England will begin when the United States shall adopt Free Trade. If we are doing well in England, it is because the rest of the world is Protectionist whilst we are Free Trade. Nor do I mean that England would lose entirely even with Free Trade in America. Your country (U.S.A.) would take the lead then, because the individual American is a more enterprising man and better educated.

"'It is like this:

"'To-day England under Free Trade travels 12 miles an hour, and America, hampered by Protectionism, does only 10 miles. When America adopts Free Trade she will travel 20 miles an hour, but England will do better than before—say 15 miles. The ratio will then be 20 to 15 instead of 12 to 10. England will not profit so much as America, yet she will do better than she does to-day.'

"And he closed this economic exposition by the words: 'The longer I live and the more I see of the world, the more am I a Cobdenite-Peelite Free Trader.'

"Some one spoke of the then orthodox three-volume novel, and Mr. Gladstone said: 'I usually skip the

second volume—I get thus the first and the last and probably miss but little.'

"At this point I made an appeal to him on behalf of my friend George Kennan and his book on Siberia and the Exile System. Mr. Gladstone turned full upon me and said with energy: 'That is one of the great books of our day. It is a work final and complete—a masterpiece. Mr. Kennan has said the last word there is to be said on this subject—the future historian must use his material in this field. Every line of Kennan is instinct with truth—I have read this book carefully, and upon me it made the impression of a truthful man bearing an important message.'

"'May I repeat your words to him?' I asked.

"'Ah! So you know him! Pray tell him so—I am only too glad to let him know this.'

"Again the name of Bismarck occurred and the matter of human greatness—and this occasioned the following by Gladstone: 'Of all the great men of whom I know, there is but one who satisfies me—George Washington. I recall Marshall's Life of him—it produced an enormous effect upon me. Bismarck was a BIG man; Washington was GREAT!'

"Gladstone has the reputation of resenting expressions that oppose his own views. But on this occasion his manner was conspicuously courteous—even deprecatory at certain times. Like Ben Franklin, he rarely made a statement without prefacing it by some such expression as: 'Of course I do not pretend to be qualified to give an opinion, but——'

"I was charmed, as who would not be, by his conversation. I jot down but a few of the many things he said in the course of these interesting two hours."

Gladstone's intuitions regarding Germany were nearer the truth than mine. He came to the opening of the Kiel Canal with a yachting party, but of course incog-

nito. All the world knew that he was there—his name topped all others even in such a gathering of international notables; and his official disguise was of no more effect than that which the Prince of Wales adopted in this year (1924) when he lingered near New York for the Polo.

Herbert Gladstone was also of this yacht party, and he took a day off to visit the great Bismarck at his residence near Hamburg. Bismarck was at home, but the English party was turned away. They left the card of Wm. E. Gladstone by way of compliment—but it was wasted. All this was later told me by Lord Armitstead, who knew Germany too well to be surprised at such behaviour. It is an incredible story if told without strong corroboration; but it was quite natural to me who had lived in the barrack-room atmosphere of Prussian society. Those who have read the life of the Great Frederick and the brutality of his royal father are inclined to call that famous corporal king a madman—but we would use milder language if we were familiar with Potsdam in our generation. I cannot conceive of any foreign statesman being treated in England as Gladstone was in Germany—and forget not that in 1895 the name of Gladstone was honoured in every hamlet throughout the world, whilst that of Bismarck was better known as a means of terrorizing children—as an ill-tempered bogey man.

The greatness of a man should be most in evidence when he has been stripped of his worldly honours—his borrowed plumage. Mr. Gladstone lost nothing of his greatness when in his Hawarden retreat; Turgot and Vauban lost nothing by being driven from Versailles; and Washington never loomed more loftily than when he returned to his Virginian farm, the simple citizen of an ungrateful republic. Not so with Bismarck, who sank into the rôle of a licensed fault-finder and wearisome scold so soon as he dropped from office and the centre of

an imperial stage. His greatness reposed largely upon the doings of others, and these doings were almost entirely in the field of brute-force rather than in that of moral and intellectual awakening.

CHAPTER LVII

Much about Bismarck—Count von Arnim ruined by him—Stinginess of the Bismarck Family—George von Bunsen and Bismarck—Germany becomes Protectionist—Bismarck wrecks the Bunsen Family—Young Count Arnim marries Miss Beauchamp—*Elizabeth and her German Garden*—Genius of its Author—Her Children take Refuge in America—My Meeting with H. G. Wells

Near Stettin are the estates of an ancient and illustrious Pomeranian family, the Counts von Arnim. In Berlin I met frequently the head of that house, whose father had been first Ambassador to France after the war of 1870. He was an excellent selection—a gentleman of the old school, and one bent upon restoring tolerable if not friendly relations between the two countries. Old Emperor William liked Count Arnim personally, and Arnim liked the French—or, at least, never lost an opportunity of showing a generous disposition if any question was raised between them. This displeased the Iron Chancellor—the more so as he was displeased by anyone who seemed in favour with William I. Count Arnim was prosecuted by Bismarck for several technical crimes including *lèse-majesté* and high treason. He was condemned to five years in the penitentiary, but escaped across the border, and in 1881 died on French soil.

I have read much in the polemical pamphlets covering this Arnim episode, but they prove little save that the German Chancellor could wreck the career of any man who presumed to hold other political opinions than his own. Moreover, he did this wreckage in a manner that seemed legal to loyal Germans. He did not drag his victim violently from his bed in the night and send him

to a Bastille or to Siberia on mere *lettre de cachet*; but he controlled the Press and the police and administration of justice with so much subtle machinery that an Arnim could be politically decapitated yet no stain of blood be found on the hands of his executioner. On the record Count Arnim was legally tried and sentenced; and in the Press Bismarck was praised for purging the state of a traitor.

Young Arnim, who succeeded to the title on the death of his father, was playmate of Herbert Bismarck, and at one time a constant visitor in that household. The Bismarcks, he said, were proverbially close-fisted, even for Prussian Junkers. They paid their servants no wages, but after each entertainment, the Chancellor's wife gathered all the tips together and divided them. (You may not know that in Berlin it is customary to tip the servants who wait upon you at private entertainments—these tips mounting in value according to the rank of the entertainers.) Arnim calculated that the Bismarck household expenses were very small, because Bismarck was in constant receipt of useful presents from admirers—not merely in Germany, but from South America, South Africa, and above all, the enthusiastic Americans of Milwaukee, St. Louis, Hoboken and such-like nurseries of *Saengerbund* loyalty. Cases of wine, barrels of beer, boxes of cigars, hampers of sausages, soused herrings, hams, game—these marked the extent of his popularity—and the capacity of his home storage vaults. In my day Bismarck was a German demi-god. The Press was full of his praise, and to criticize him was to invite social excommunication and a check to promotion in every official career. Since Louis XIV and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes no such inquisitorial rule had been felt in civilized Europe as that which Bismarck exercised in Germany between the Franco-German War and his dismissal twenty years later.

As I have told in an earlier chapter, my parents took

an apartment in Berlin when the Franco-Prussian War broke out, and one of the chief attractions of that capital to us was the family of George von Bunsen. Bunsen himself was an important member of the National Assembly and an ardent supporter of Bismarck in his policy of uniting all the German States under one Emperor. But Bismarck made a radical change in his policy, about a decade after the war. He proclaimed himself a Protectionist and expected every loyal German to adopt the same creed. Bunsen had been reared in a Liberal school of economics ; he was a member of the Cobden Club and believed that the old moderate tariff should be adhered to. But Bismarck had beaten France, and now he intended to beat England by subsidizing factories, and then forcing their output upon the world's market. This reckless policy led inevitably to the Great War of 1914, but in 1880 Germans were dazzled by the prospect of immediate profits at England's expense. Bismarck needed all his resources of persuasion and intimidation before he could secure a Parliamentary majority for his new departure—and one of his chief stumbling-blocks was Bunsen.

An example was needed.

Bunsen must be punished.

So he invited Bunsen to a large formal dinner at his palace in the Wilhelmstrasse. The guests assembled punctually, as at a royal banquet, and Bismarck made his entry so soon as he was notified that all were present. He formally then made the round of his guests, and welcomed them with a word here and there. (These details I hold from Bunsen himself, and Bunsen is a truthful man.) Bismarck moved like another Richelieu or Wolsey receiving the submissive bows of a loyal gathering.

He reserved my friend for the very last—making him the most conspicuous of all. He paused before him, stared at him, then turned his back on him and, without another word, led the way to the dinner-table.

"It was as though the man had slapped me in the face—it was a coldly calculated and publicly administered punishment—the news of which did not fail to soon circulate amongst the families that Bismarck wished to reach. What could I do but find my way to the hall—find my hat and coat—find a restaurant—and finally find my way home? All of which I did!"

A weaker man than Bunsen—possibly one more worldly wise—would have gone to Canossa, begged pardon of his Prussian pope, made amends, promised future servility and received absolution.

Not so George von Bunsen.

To him his vote in Parliament was a matter of conscience, and he believed that there was a higher law than the will of even Bismarck. So thought Molinos the Quietist, and so thought Savonarola; but they were not permitted to think so for very many years—nor was Bunsen.

Bismarck had many strings to his powerful bow—and here follows the sequel of this episode.

The Bunsen family gave their annual ball—usually a grand affair in Berlin society. There were four daughters and three sons—all attractive and pleasure-loving. The evening came, but—no guests! Bismarck had unostentatiously let it be known amongst the commanders of swell regiments, amongst the officials of the Government, amongst the leading families of the landed aristocracy, and even amongst the Embassies, that those who expected favours from him should not frequent the society of his political enemies.

That was enough.

The Bunsen home suddenly seemed as one labelled for yellow fever by the Board of Health. A handful of transient English and American tourists or students came, but the ball was a public notice to Berlin that the Bunsens were officially excommunicated and socially

taboo. One must have breathed Berlin air for some time in order to believe such a tale. It is hard to think that in the land of Goethe and Schiller, society should come to mean only those in soldier dress, and that a Prussian colonel rules the social and matrimonial affairs of his regiment on paternal, not to say ecclesiastical, principles. All this happened to George von Bunsen, one whom the world of 1870 would have termed Berlin's leading citizen ; and if this happened to him, you may easily see that Bismarck made quick work of minor opponents.

Young Henning von Arnim subsequently married in Rome a beautiful English girl who now brightens the world by her genius—the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden.* The young Count knew no English ; Miss Beauchamp no German. Both, however, knew the language of love, and so they courted in French, and " lived happy ever after "—or until his death four years before the Great War. I call her a genius because I know not how otherwise to characterize books that no one else has been able to do before her or to successfully imitate since. Kipling I call genius for the same reason—Anatole France—R. L. Stevenson—my list is very short.

It was in 1892, I think—the year that I was expelled with Fred Remington from Russia—that I spent a summer on the Baltic with young Count Arnim and his very young bride ; she looked but seventeen then—I dare not be precise, for the " April " baby was already in the arms of a nurse. Fancy yourself, my beautiful and intelligent reader, suddenly snatched from the drawing-rooms of civilized Europe and violently dropped upon the flat sandy wastes of the Prussian Baltic. I call you beautiful because beauty is the child of intelligence, and you must be intelligent if you can appreciate such instructive chapters as these !

This Pomerania is the native soil of the Junker, the

brutal and the Bismarckian squirearchy. It has no historical background capable of cheering any but a Prussian landlord; it was the habitat of prowling pagan barbarians long after France and Italy had become gardens of poesy, painting and architecture. Its people were enslaved and pounded into Christian serfs much as the Spaniards brought the gospel and the torture-chamber to the gentle savages of the Caribbean sea.

Into this Junkerland floated the little English lady, like a fairy sprite in a wilderness of Calibans. Her husband was exceptionally travelled and cultivated, and it was but playfully that she referred to him in print as the "Man of Wrath." But the dreariness of her social environment, the provincial prejudices, the coarseness in man and the lack of elegance in woman—no one else has portrayed Prussian aristocracy with a pen like hers. No wonder she wrote under a pseudonym, and no wonder Prussia hates her. She was the first to tell the truth about Junkerthum, and to tell it in such sweetly balanced periods as to make us feel that Edward Gibbon has been reincarnated as her guardian angel. And in the Great War no books explained the barbarity and the perfidy of Prussia so completely as, for example, *The Benefactress*, *The Solitary Summer*, *Elizabeth in Rugen*, *Vera*, etc. The Allies owe her a great debt of gratitude, and America could raise in her honour a worthy monument if they compelled every member of every legislative body, every clergyman, and every school-teacher to pass an examination on Hun psychology with her books for text. This has not happened yet—on the contrary, when the Great War happened she had to go forth into the world as a woman without a country. Prussia promptly confiscated her interest in the Pomeranian estate, and as the widow of a German she was technically an alien in England. Three of her children had to be exiled to America because of their

father ; and there they had to find employment like any other penniless refugees. To-day all three have married Americans, and made their homes in this country ; better still, all three have won prizes in the life race and once more shown us that good blood is better than dollars —even in the land of Rockefellers, Goulds and Vanderbilts. Now that Kate Douglas Wiggin and Frances Hodgson Burnett have passed away, Lady Russell remains unchallenged as the wittiest of women, and the one who most nearly realizes the full musical capacity of English prose. When she stands beside her beautiful children, all seem of an age ; when she enters a drawing-room, all conversation flags unless she be in the mood for talking. She did not publish her first book until driven to writing by the very dreariness of her Pomeranian environment, some seven years after marriage, when the April and May babies offered an inexhaustible source of domestic pictures. She wrote with no thought of money nor of meeting the public taste ; her early works are like extracts from family letters and wholly original in material and treatment. We should never have had the story of Marco Polo had he not languished in a Genoese jail, nor *Elizabeth and her German Garden* had her lot been cast other than in the pine barrens of Baltic Prussia.

Odd that at Lady Russell's I should have met for the first and only time Mr. H. G. Wells. Of that name I had known hitherto only the eminent Economist (David A.), who fortunately did not have to live by his pen. Mr. H. G. Wells radiated material prosperity and mental serenity. Of all the roomful at Lady Russell's, where were several notable artists in brush no less than pen, he was perhaps the only one who would have been picked out by a physiognomist as a lucky stockbroker or travelling salesman. He chatted pleasantly of the fabulous amounts forced upon him by paradoxical publishers ; of his recently published *Outlines of History* ;

of the hundreds of periodicals in every corner of the world clamouring for his pages. Verily it was all as in a fairy-tale or a world gone mad! We stood in a window recess with a splendid view of the Thames from Westminster down to the Tower, and one of us—I think it was Anthony Hope—expressed regret that so glorious a landscape and such graceful arches as characterized the stone bridges should be marred by a rectangular iron railway structure crossing the stream in our foreground.

Mr. H. G. Wells interrupted him.

"Oh!" exclaimed he dramatically, "how can you utter such words! To me a railway has the elements of sublimity—it represents the finest quality of our people—it is eloquent—it means PROGRESS!"

The blow was a comparatively light one to a New Yorker; but Anthony Hope winced; his eyebrows lifted just a little, and on his lips rested the enigmatical smile that Leonardo da Vinci immortalized on the Gioconda.

CHAPTER LVIII

Professor Geffken and Bismarck—Empress Frederick supports Geffken—Bismarck's Triumph—Lord Roberts and the Kaiser—Fukushima to the Rescue—Sami Bey, the Turkish Military Attaché—Lord Bryce as pro-Boer—Sir Mortimer Durand as Ambassador to America—Andrew Carnegie insults Scotland—Sir Mortimer's happy Retort

When Frederick the Noble died in 1888, his widow entrusted to Professor Geffken the editing and publishing of his diary. The Emperor Frederick disliked Bismarck. His British wife shared her husband's feelings and took far less pains to conceal them. Geffken was one of Germany's leading scholars in the field of economics, a man of the highest personal character, and an intimate in the family of his Imperial patrons. But he was not one whom Bismarck would select as his obituary eulogist. Therefore he must be made an immediate victim, as a warning to others who might have unpleasant revelations to publish. Professor Geffken was therefore arrested and jailed, on the absurd charge of having forged the diary of the late Emperor. Bismarck must have known that Geffken was wholly incapable of such conduct; but he wished to get the Professor locked up, to humiliate him, rummage his papers and in every way possible do him so much harm that no one thereafter would ever attempt the same sort of truth-telling. The charge of forgery had to be dropped because Victoria's daughter came bravely to the rescue and publicly stated that the Professor had acted with full authority from both her and her late husband. In England this would have caused Geffken's

release, but Bismarck simply shifted his ground, and held his prisoner on the equally surprising charge of treason (Landesverrath). All this was persecution pure and simple; battering the sensitive organism of a great scholar whose health was delicate and to whom imprisonment for even a few months meant physical no less than mental torture. I had known him before the accession of William II, and was shocked at the change made by his long trial. He had become an old man without reaching the age of sixty. He spent several weeks at my home in London after his release; but he was a broken man—Bismarck's vengeance was complete.

Gladstone doubtless knew much more about German police methods than I did, or than he cared to expose to me. During the eight years that I regularly attended the Imperial manœuvres, I was personally permitted to ride anywhere I chose, although officially listed with other Imperial guests and quartered with Military Attachés from every country. This liberty I relished, for the horse has ever been my delight, and a scamper over the open fields with an occasional ditch for variety was a welcome relief after the sometimes tedious attentions of the two Prussian officers who acted as quasi-hosts and guides. As I look back along the vista of years, I can see that whilst the Emperor inundated his guests with endless courtesies, the best of wines, and palatial quarters, his officers had evidently been instructed to show them only glittering generalities rather than the details dear to a true soldier. Lord Roberts of Kandahar came as the Kaiser's guest when the grand manœuvres were in East Prussia—it must have been about 1893, immediately after he had concluded his fortieth year of service in India and been raised to the Peerage. He was then sixty years of age—handsome, soldierly, with keen clear eyes and a kindly smile. No man living had fought in so many pitched battles over so large an area; no one living had more practical experience of soldiering.

He was born in India, and from subaltern may be said to have steadily fought his way to Commander-in-Chief by exhibiting on dozens of battlefields his rare fitness for command. The story of his life is the chronicle of every hard-fought fight that took place after he left the military school—all a part of the great movement that has made the British flag wave serenely from the roof of the world to the mouths of the Hooghly. He fought throughout the great Mutiny—at the sieges of Delhi and Lucknow, and many a time converted a discouraged army into conquerors amongst the passes of the North-west Frontier. His career is doubly impressive because from step to step in his promotion we can see the steady expansion of his military talents and the nobility of his character.

In these Prussian manœuvres Lord Roberts had probably expected to see something instructive if not novel; he certainly would not have made so long a journey merely to watch a parade. The Kaiser may not have intended a slight, but the equerry charged with escorting his British guest was a Prussian who acted as though his purpose was to conceal all important things from British eyes. Lord Roberts mentioned the matter pleasantly to me in the course of conversation, adding that this Prussian officer appeared to have been chosen on account of his ignorance of English. He could not or would not understand what Roberts wanted—and of course a guest could not gracefully demand of his host a change of guides. My good star came once more to the rescue, and I told Lord Roberts that whenever I wished to be present at an interesting collision, I kept close to the Japanese Military Attaché—the then Major Fukushima. Lord Roberts paid me the compliment of taking my advice and I presented Fukushima to him, after explaining the predicament. Both men were of the born soldier kind, and Lord Roberts was the first European to suspect in Fukushima the rare

qualities which make him to-day when he is no longer living—one of the heroes of Japan. Roberts followed Fukushima, and was delighted by the result—so he told me later.

The Prussian officers of that day did not show Roberts the enthusiastic welcome he should have received at their hands. Maybe this arose from the growing anti-British sentiment in official circles; maybe it was an outgrowth of their professional training which gladly classed the military operations of an English General with shooting down helpless natives as we do rabbits in a field of turnips. Whatever may have been the cause, Lord Roberts, as guest of the Kaiser, excited no more curiosity or interest than had he been an English commander of militia.

Lord Roberts held a reception one day at which all the military guests in succession were presented. Now as the Briton spoke neither French nor German, pains were taken to present first those who knew English—however slightly. Colonel Sami Bey, the Turk, was with us very much liked, and Lord Roberts, who had ruled millions of Mahometans, wished particularly to show civility to the Sultan's military envoy. We watched from a respectful distance what promised at first nothing more than a pantomime of salaam, smile and handshake. Lord Roberts opened with an English phrase, before which the warrior of Islam bowed low in consenting silence.

There was a pause.

Then followed another phrase—but in another tongue; and Sami was again profoundly respectful but mute. A third and fourth language was attempted with no more satisfactory result. We knew that the hero of Kandahar was credited with fifteen languages—but in each case they were such as would give scant comfort save on the Indus or the Ganges. Sami Bey had bowed so many times in silence that we were inclined

to give the matter up as a conversational failure when suddenly, to our joy, both tongues were set loose like the notes from the frozen horn of Münchausen, and a long and evidently cordial talk ensued. We puzzled much until the radiant Moslem returned to our group and said with much pride: "His Excellency speaks the classical Persian!" And so these two soldiers from the ends of the earth had come together in a lost corner of East Prussia to compare notes on life—in the language of Omar Khayyám!

Of course I lost my heart to Lord Roberts—as who would not—for he was the embodiment of modesty, courage and patriotism. Kipling adored him—every one who ever served under him felt new faith in human kind. He was then past sixty, and hoped to spend his declining years at home in labours less exacting than those of the camp. But the Boer War came, and the first army sent out under Buller met with reverse after reverse. Those were dark days in England, for by 1900 Germany was already snarling and snapping and watching an opening for her malevolent intervention. The papers of Berlin and Frankfort revelled in tales of British atrocities and Boer courage. The French Government was also unfriendly—and once more it was Britain against the whole world, as in the twenty years' war against the first Napoleon. Roberts was then entering his 70th year—but away he sailed for the Cape and the Transvaal—once more destined to gather together the remnants of demoralized regiments and weld them into a new army under his inspiring leadership. But those three years (1899–1902) were anxious ones in England, where I then had my home. The British Navy had to transport 250,000 men on an ocean lane 6,000 miles long. Nor let us forget that this was done without the loss of a single ship. Buller was a brave and beloved officer, but built on the lines of Cornwallis, Burgoyne, Howe and Clinton. Had George III selected

a Roberts to command his forces on the Hudson in 1776, there would to-day be no custom houses between the North Pole and the Rio Grande. And Roberts lived to inspire the men who marched to the aid of Belgium and France in the Great War, when he was over eighty.

Methinks that His Excellency of Kandahar arrived back in Pall Mall from Pomerania with feelings different from those he had entertained on leaving London a few days previously. He must have noticed the supreme self-satisfaction of German officers; he must have secretly resented the scant courtesy shown to England's most experienced General since Wellington. But beyond that, he of all others, must have been impressed by the machine-like perfection of this German Army—a perfection unknown in England and but imperfectly imitated in France. He saw, to be sure, only a few army corps, but he knew that each of these was a perfect counterpart of every other corps in every corner of the Kaiser's country. He had at his elbow men like the late General James Grierson who could confirm this, and who could assure the veteran chief that these were no military parades, but that all the reserves in men, horses, ammunition and food supplies were in readiness in case war should be declared to-morrow.

Did the German General Staff regard war then as imminent? Did they resent the presence of Roberts as that of a spy—the potential Commander-in-Chief of an enemy army? Maybe not! Roberts, however, dedicated his last years to preaching preparedness, and especially to awakening his countrymen from their dangerous dream of world peace and disarmament. Had he been listened to in Parliament there would have been less wasted blood in the early months of the great struggle. Even during the Boer War I saw several Dutch flags flying from London windows, and "Pro-Boer" meetings were held with impunity even in such a home as that of the late Lord Bryce, who succeeded

Sir Mortimer Durand as Ambassador in Washington.

No one here quite appreciated the reasons for Sir Mortimer's recall or for Bryce's promotion. But as all this hurly-burly diplomacy happened in the reign of Roosevelt, I surmise that one who had been through the Kabul campaign under Lord Roberts, and who had been reared in the strict school of Indian and European administration and etiquette, would have difficulty in concealing his contempt for a President who talked incessantly about himself. Sir Mortimer could not flatter our strenuous Teddy, but Bryce could. Bryce discovered in Roosevelt another Macaulay, and Roosevelt thought Bryce a master critic. Sir Mortimer Durand probably despised Bryce for a pacifist and a "damned Radical," and as for the Roosevelt writings it is likely that he failed to praise them—for Durand was habitually truthful. He was recalled because Roosevelt so wished it. Bryce was a Professor, and Member of Parliament, and author of several historical studies, excellent as textbooks but little adapted to the taste of an epicure in letters. However, he suited the momentary whim of our obstreperous President, who in those years was an American Jupiter Tonans.

It was shortly after the Roberts manœuvres in East Prussia—between 1903 and 1906—that I heard Sir Mortimer speak at a Caledonian dinner of haggis and bagpipes in New York. It was the shortest speech I have ever listened to at any banquet; it was the most effective, and it received such applause as never before emanated from any such audience.

Andrew Carnegie was president in that year, and every Scotchman I met referred apologetically to the Laird of Skibo Castle by recounting the thousands of dollars he had given to their Society funds. Never before in the history of plutocratic America had any one man ever purchased by mere money so much social advertising and flattery. No wonder that he felt himself infallible,

when Lords temporal and spiritual courted him and hung upon his words. They wanted his money, and flattery alone could wring it from him. Ask him for aid in a small deserving case or to assist a struggling scientific explorer—that would be wasted time. He had no ears or eyes for any charity unless labelled with his name. Carnegie libraries carried that name around the world—the name carved conspicuously on every front. He would have given millions to Greece had she labelled the Parthenon Carnegopolis.

Pierpont Morgan the elder was at that same Ambassadorial durbar, but he was wholly different; spoke only with his friends; made short work of intruders; tolerated no flattery. Choate was Ambassador then—and that perhaps explains the presence of the other two.

Carnegie delighted in tormenting those who were powerless to resent. His philosophy consisted in denouncing monarchy, praising pacifism, and insulting those who held religion in honour. A man must ladle his money liberally if he can preach the principles of a demagogue, and yet fill his Castle of Skibo with notables in the British Peerage, Bishops of the Anglican Church—aye, and even Royalty. As an atheist he delighted in quizzing the orthodox, sneering at church mysteries, and quoting Bible paradoxes. This may pass in a carefully selected circle of dons, but it is vulgar when dragged across a dinner-table of decent folk. Alleyne Ireland, in his life study of Joseph Pulitzer, has depicted another such tormentor in masterly manner. Now Carnegie, as president of this grand public dinner, could not miss an opportunity so favourable. It would have satisfied most of his kind to have insulted the British Crown, particularly as the Ambassador of his native country was present. But on this particular evening he felt particularly contented. He had hung a costly string of pearls about the beautiful throat of the then matchless Prima Donna, Mary Garden; and as part

payment, he had been permitted to lead her to the platform where she sang *Annie Laurie*—from a roll of sheet music. He had advertised his munificence, and now proceeded to advertise his amphitrionic breeding by introducing Sir Mortimer Durand.

"He is proud of being a Scot," and he waved his arms towards the British Ambassador. "We are all proud of being Scotch." (Applause.) "We are proud of Scotland's glorious record in the field of intellect." (Applause.) "But what makes me most proud of Scotland to-night is her attitude towards war." (Still more applause!) "It has been proved by statistics that in all the British possessions the smallest number of enlistments are from Scotland!" (No applause.)

Now this was immediately after the Boer War, in which Sir Mortimer's former chief, Lord Roberts, had held supreme command. It was hard to swallow so gross an insult; but Sir Mortimer was equal to the occasion. He praised the munificence of Carnegie; he made the usual hands-across-the-sea platitudes, and voiced the sentiments of their discriminating chairman on the intellectual triumphs of Caledonia. He then made a short but forcible picture of the great Scotchmen who figured in the British Army record—and closed with words like these:

"Mr. Carnegie has referred to my slight military service in India, and perhaps he will forgive me, as the son of a soldier, and as one who has served under such Scotchmen as Nicholson and Roberts, he will forgive me for saying that I am not of those who are ashamed when a Scotchman enlists."

All this occupied little more than five minutes, but it set that great room in a roar. The cheering and the yelling and the cries of "Well done!" continued until every throat was used up and every face apoplectic. Carnegie smiled a sickly and ever sicklier smile as the audience applauded pointedly towards their guest.

Then we climbed upon chairs and waved napkins—and when our voices gave out we banged upon the tables. Carnegie grew smaller and smaller—like a deflated tyre—costly but useless. No one wished to hear him again; on the contrary, there was a spontaneous rush to the seat of the Ambassador—all being inspired by the desire to let him feel that no one but the chairman could have acted thus on American soil.

CHAPTER LIX

Carnegie and my Father—Carnegie tries to bribe me—His Hostility to Religion—Money Funds a Menace—On Missionaries—Chinese Tolerance in Fourteenth Century—Expulsion of all Christians—Modern Missionaries in China—Influence of Steam on the Far East—Opium and China—Tientsin Massacre—Chinese Embassy to Napoleon III, 1870—Fukushima and Lord Roberts—German Views on Japan—Fukushima's Ride across Siberia—Chinese War of 1894

It is my purpose in these pages to be wholly impersonal—to distinguish between the political qualities of a man and those which we discuss when considering him for a club or a camping party. Carnegie awakened my dislike from first meeting him in the early 'eighties, and this instinctive feeling was further fortified by my father who was profoundly religious. Neither of us ever asked a favour of Carnegie—and this may explain why the great ironmaster came regularly to pay a long call on each birthday of him whom the newspapers referred to as the First Citizen of New York. He knew that after each such occasion his name would be in the papers bracketed with John Bigelow of Gramercy Park; and he was pleased at this, much as Henry Ford relished his picture by the side of John Burroughs, or Alexander felt the nobler from having had Aristotle as a master.

Shortly before my father's death, at the age of 94, he took much interest in securing for the public a translation of Swedenborg's complete works. It was while engaged upon this matter that Carnegie called one day. As before said, my father never asked a favour of him, but on this occasion he did him one—or at least attempted so to do. He had been irritated by the rich

man's remarks on sacred matters, and at last said: "See here, Carnegie, you've often offered to do something for me. Now here's a chance to do something for yourself as well—to associate your name with a complete English edition of this great thinker—the cost may amount to——"

But my father got no further. Carnegie hurriedly pulled out his watch, rose and said some commonplaces: "Yes—yes—I'll think about that—we'll talk it over later—Good morning, etc., etc."

He never mentioned it again, nor did he ever again bore my excellent parent with his blasphemous platitudes.

Once Carnegie offered me a bribe—only once! Of course, it is to me a mortifying confession that anyone should have set me down as capable of accepting one—but no one but Carnegie ever made such an attempt. And maybe the reader will judge me less harshly on recalling what had been endured by Sir Mortimer Durand.

The bribe was in the shape of a "commission," as he called it. I was to secure orders from the German Emperor for steel plates for his warships; and every ship so supplied was to mean a big sum of money for me—as I recall, about $150,000 each. This happened before 1896, when I was annually in or about Berlin. I declined his offer and he set me down as a fool—maybe I told him that a fool might get as far as a knave—but I forget. All that I now recall is my saying to him as a parting shot:

"Mr. Carnegie, if your steel is the best, the Emperor will buy it without any help from me; and if it is not the best, he'll not buy it at all—Good night!"

Carnegie has done much harm to America by offering large bribes to our seats of learning. His money gifts have always been coupled with a condition that the institution thus favoured should become colourless in religion, if not wholly irreligious. This bribe has been

an irresistible bait for many starved Faculties, but it has impaired that loyalty and enthusiasm which hitherto animated our Protestant bodies and provoked them to liberal support in matters of higher education. As to Carnegie libraries, they are monuments to a very rich man; but they are to-day filled mostly with fiction which is handed out indiscriminately to such as are amply able to buy real books and should be legally protected against any other. We of the great democracy see many rocks and shoals ahead of our beloved ship of state; on the one hand those who regard popular majorities as justified in plundering the minority by means of taxes; and on the other hand the party of property desperately resolved to do as they choose with what is theirs.

It is noble when a rich man blesses the community with a thing of obvious advantage—such as a drinking trough, a park in a crowded town, a row of trees along some exposed highway. In such matters we all agree. But when in a land where families are growing alarmingly small, a large fund accumulates for the encouragement of infanticide euphemistically called "Birth control," I feel that such money is a menace to my race. The Jewish Hirsch fund seeks to help on the day of Hebrew hegemony in America, whilst the great Romanist monasteries and convents represent a strong propaganda fund administered mainly by alien priests hostile to the principles of our National and State Constitutions. We have here also millions devoted to the torture of animals under the mistaken idea that vivisection is the keystone of therapy, and so long as research laboratories give salaries to an army of medical students, our Press will be daily filled with paragraphs telling of sensational serums guaranteed to cure any and every ailment. Common sense holds its tongue whilst machine-made medicos bully children and threaten parents in order to inoculate them with poisons. Before the French Revolution Europe groaned

under the tyranny of those who poisoned the public mind with dread of papal excommunication. To-day we tolerate a priesthood equally arrogant and no less ignorant—the Board of Health. They are models of activity when a case is reported as contagious. Then the whole town is alarmed; out comes the serum squirt; houses are barricaded; martial law is proclaimed; business is arrested, excepting, of course, that of inoculating with poison, at so many dollars a squirt. Meanwhile for one disease arrested, hundreds are generated, and—all this in the name of Science!

Perhaps the most serious injury to this country has been done by the money subscribed for missionary work in China and Japan—notably so, because our missionaries have not gone there as a labour of love, but because of two reasons amongst many. The first is a good salary. The second is that we have by treaty compelled these nations to admit them and protect them. No Buddhist nation has attempted yet the task of civilizing America; the rabble of San Francisco, Seattle or Los Angeles would probably send all such missionaries back again in coffins. Let us be honest—we Christians. Let us read real history, and ponder on the sorry fact that it is we ourselves who have changed and not the heathen. Marco Polo found plenty of Christian churches throughout Kublai Khan's Cathay in the thirteenth century—also Jewish temples and mosques. He found not only religious tolerance, but even subsidies given to these alien sects by the Imperial Chinese treasury! And all this in an age when a Chinaman would have been roasted in Seville had he not been able to prove himself a renegade from the faith of his fathers. These pages are presumably for such as have read the *Origins of Christianity*, by Renan, or the *History of Japan*, by Murdoch. Speaking then as historian and not as a salaried saint, I note that the Chinese hatred of Christians commenced only after the Jesuits had attempted in their country the

methods that had caused them to be dreaded throughout Europe. For fifteen centuries religion of every complexion had flourished in the Yangtse Valley, because before that period Christianity minded its own business and knew nothing of papal propaganda. But so soon as armed fleets anchored in Yellow waters, after the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, long-robed friars proved to be an important part of their cargoes. They came not as ministers to brother Christians or to bring a new Gospel to Cathay. On the contrary, they tortured their heretical kin of San Toma and Goa, insulted the institutions of any province that received them, and loudly taught that their God was the only God, and that all Chinamen must obey him; and more particularly that the Pope in Rome was God's will on earth, and they must obey him and his priests rather than their own Emperor. China recognized a political menace and met it with her only weapon—expulsion of all Christians.

Japan and China did not co-operate—each acted when it felt the danger. The two countries were not on friendly terms, and their expulsion of Christians coincided loosely in date through no holy alliance or diplomatic understanding.

In 1840, however, this peril was once more at their gates—not merely the peril of papal propaganda, but now a much greater one in the shape of young men and young women, some educated, some grossly provincial, some unmarried, all ignorant of Chinese habits and traditions, and all thirsting fiercely for speedy triumphs in what saintly slang calls "the Vineyard of the Lord." It was hard enough on China to have Jesuit and Franciscan celibates attacking her political Constitution by declaring a Roman bonze to be superior to a Pekin Emperor, but now came thousands of nondescript sectarians, each denouncing the other, each scandalizing local ideas of decency, and each circulating tracts of a revolutionary nature. China has for untold centuries

practised the religion of duty towards the parents, towards the authorities, finally towards the head of the State. In rushes the horde of modern democratic reformers telling these people that all men are equal so soon as a missionary baptizes them. This heterogeneous body of competing evangelists has a rough analogy to the fanatical Christian converts of the first and second centuries, who made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in education. In China as in the world of pagan Rome they excited merely disgust amongst the higher orders, but they found a measure of sympathy amongst the servile population. To denounce the rich is music to paupers, and equality is a pleasing doctrine when it means levelling down to a proletariat level. I take 1840 as my pivotal date for Protestant irruption on the Chinese coast, because then for the first time a Christian fleet manœuvred under steam in the Canton River and sank war junks as though playing with targets. Until steam entered the bowels of a battleship, the strongest squadrons of a Nelson or a Rodney might be at the mercy of Chinese watermen should a dead calm prevail and the enemy be well commanded. Perry could have accomplished nothing in 1853 had his ships been sailing craft only. This little matter of a few knots in a dead calm gave the white man in Asiatic waters a superiority semi-divine. The British fleet in the Canton River of 1840 did havoc such as did the cavalry of Cortes amongst Mexicans who had never before seen a horse. China continued to hate the Christian missionary, but this feeling was balanced by his dread of warships—for whenever one of our proselytizers was hurt, gunboats appeared and bombarded something until some officials apologized and paid a money indemnity.

In a few years we should celebrate the centennial of our first modern irruption into China—the opium war—the bombardment of Canton, and the forcing upon her people a treaty of amity as amongst equals. Unkind people

blame England for having forced opium upon China ; but that is a very trifling charge as against that of having forced our missionaries upon them at the point of the bayonet—or shall I say under the guns of our warships. Uncle Sam in Congress has loudly denounced England whenever she has fired a shot in the China seas ; but we have nevertheless hastened to profit by any advantages thus acquired. From 1840 unto this very hour the Chinese Government has always been worsted whenever the Powers have acted in concert ; and, whatever treaties may have been made, the people of China have steadily manifested their ill-will towards Christian missions. They have rarely shown ill-will towards mere merchants. The Russians for centuries have been on tolerable terms along the northern border ; and merchants of all creeds work happily with Chinese—provided they be not native converts to Christianity—in other words—renegades.

Missionaries as a body have much money to spend, and therefore attract a certain amount of parasitic support. The hospitals run by missionaries are of course popular, and so are free dispensaries, free schools for English, free business colleges, free food and lodging. But the Chinese resent deeply the methods by which missionaries kidnap or purchase babies, isolate them in orphan asylums, and rear them in faith and practice hostile to that of their parents. The Romanists are adepts in this method of making converts, and have successfully frustrated every effort made by the Chinese Government for the suppression of such institutions. The Tientsin massacre shortly before my first visit there was provoked by the nuns and priests who ran the French orphanage in order to turn the little babes of Buddha into acolytes of Rome. My friend the Comte de Rochechouart was the acting minister in Pekin, and would have had another grand French punitive expedition similar to the one of 1860, had not the battles

of Metz and Sedan given his Government more pressing matters to adjust than the murder of a few dozen foreigners on the Peiho.

China, of course, according to precedent, paid a money indemnity, and sent a special envoy to the Majesty of Napoleon III with elaborate apologies. That envoy was escorted by two French officials ; and all had been beforehand arranged so that the Chinese dragon should squirm in humble coils before the apostolic throne of the Tuileries. But alas for that beautiful dream—it faded like that of Maximilian in Mexico. The Chinese Embassy reached Marseilles to learn that the army of the French Emperor was in rout, and he himself a prisoner in the hands of northern barbarians. This made the Celestial envoy smile—for he was a disciple of Confucius no less than a child of Buddha. He smiled even more, although not outwardly, when he reached Versailles ; for France reminded him of the Yangtse Valley during the Tai-ping rebellion. The whole of this Christian people appeared busily employed in a war—not against the invading barbarian, but one half against the other. In Paris armed mobs had massacred more Catholic priests than had the Chinese mob in Tientsin ! They had massacred also many who were not priests and not even foreigners. They had wrecked many of the most beautiful architectural monuments of the world, had set fire to their own town hall, and were proceeding to lay the rest of their city in ashes when they were interrupted by armies from outside. Had the envoy of China insisted on delivering his credentials at the Napoleonic address in Paris, he would have been greeted by a heap of smouldering ashes—possibly a volley of musketry from the near-by barricade of *Communards* ! In his dilemma he slipped silently away as one who arrives as for a banquet and finds a funeral instead.

After a few years he returned and found a Republic

that had but scant interest in missionaries anywhere. The President was a learned historian converted by revolutionary upheavals into a politician, and he was busy paying a French indemnity to the German conqueror. It was poor consolation for Monsieur Thiers to receive at such a time the reminder of past Napoleonic grandeur—a Chinese indemnity which, beside the milliards for Germany, must have appeared ridiculously like a *pourboire*. And besides, the lofty attitude which France had previously assumed, that of defender of missionaries in China, was now a thing of the past. In a few years it was another Emperor, William II, who was to make the Eastern seas afraid of an avenging mailed fist. And in 1918 this Kaiser was doomed in his turn to be cast from the throne.

But I must go back to the meeting of Lord Roberts and little Major Fukushima at the grand German manœuvres near Königsberg. My many friends amongst the Prussian regiments commented on my intercourse with little Fukushima whom they treated with indifference equal to that which they accorded to the great British General. Some remarks to me were of this nature: "It's a shame that the Kaiser should be put to the expense of entertaining such mannikins as these Japanese. They know nothing—they never understand anything I say, etc., etc." And indeed I had overheard some such conversation as this between inquisitive Prussians and the Japanese officer.

PRUSSIAN—"Herr Major, what about that new smokeless powder your army is using?"

JAPANESE—"You are quite right, your Excellency, it is often very smoky in Tokyo!"

PRUSSIAN—"Nein, nein—I was asking to find out if the effect on the breech block, etc., etc."

JAPANESE—"Of course—I agree with you, our streets are becoming very much blocked!"

PRUSSIAN—"You misunderstand me, I was referring to artillery in your country!"

JAPANESE—"True, very true—doubtless we shall have good weather to-morrow!"

And so, one after another, the wisest of the Kaiser's advisers concluded that Fukushima was a fool because he acted so to them.

With me he was human—but only when we were by ourselves in his room. Then he would pull out photographs he had taken, in almost every country, notably on the western and southern borders of the great Russian Empire. He was ever acquiring knowledge and, as he later proved, was past-master in the great war game. His diminutive stature and chubby innocent expression were splendid assets in his career. So small was he that the Kaiser had to hire a pony from the circus for him to ride, and so helpless was his outward manner that no one called me to task when we roamed away from the group of Imperial guests and mingled at our leisure with such batteries as were interesting to him. Fukushima was then 40 years old. Japan was then a negligible power in European eyes, and Germany the strongest. He lived to see the Kaiser an exile and his army in retreat—and above all he lived to see Russian regiments in flight before the bayonets of pursuing Japanese. Fukushima is typical of Japan as I have learned to know her, and that is why he is referred to here at some length. No one in Berlin had the ability to see through the mask of this able man—much less foresee the results of the next few years. Fukushima disappeared soon after his talk with Lord Roberts, and the world heard nothing of him until it received with amazement and ill-humour the news that a Japanese army was marching through Korea and Manchuria with a steadiness recalling that of Germany when directed by Moltke. The four hundred millions of China soon had to sign a peace dictated by the ruler of only forty millions,

and the Moltke of this Japanese War was none other than our little major of the circus pony and baby eyes.

Maybe Lord Roberts alone penetrated his mask—for India is a grand school in matters of the imponderabilia. Fukushima at any rate reverenced Lord Roberts, for he had travelled India, and appreciated the difficulties that he had overcome. When Fukushima disappeared from Berlin he took train to St. Petersburg, secured the needful passes, bought himself a couple of Cossack ponies, secured a useful servant, and rode home through Siberia. He travelled leisurely, particularly in that portion of Eastern Siberia which was destined to soon see Japanese camp-fires. He made careful notes in the matter of water supply, fodder for cavalry and artillery, strength of the bridges, condition of the roads, positions proper for defence—in short, the things that matter when an army projects a campaign in a country of which little is known. Fukushima knew that, were he caught with such notes about him, his life would not be worth an hour's purchase, but this added pleasure to the sport. In the German manœuvres we noticed the coincidence of time, and place, and—Fukushima. In the great war (1894) against China, again the world wondered at the way in which the Japanese army managed to move over the identical territory that the young major had mapped out during his pony ride of the previous year.

Fukushima was Military Attaché in Berlin when William II ascended the throne (1888), and so we had frequent occasions of meeting during each succeeding year and until his disappearance for Siberia. I did not see him again until 1898 when I visited him in his Tokyo home. His picture was in every book-shop and he had been by his Government rewarded by every fitting mark of Imperial approval. The Chinese War had closed in 1895—just when Japan was ready to march on Pekin in the wake of a demoralized army. It was

not much of a war when measured merely by numbers in the field, but, like Thermopylæ, Quebec and Saratoga, it was rich in results. Every detail of Japanese General Staff work was performed with unsurpassed effectiveness; her troops landed on the coast of Korea as at a naval parade and marched away into the interior fully prepared for every eventuality. The war commenced in such heat as we have in Arizona, and towards the end battles were fought over snowfields two feet deep with a cold of zero Fahrenheit! Never was commissariat or transport service tested more severely and in so many ways—nor ever did a Government reap so great a reward of popular gratitude as that of the Mikado after the return of his army in 1895. Many English and American commanders of transports told me in 1898 that when their Japanese troops disembarked, it was done so smoothly as to suggest a theatrical company after endless rehearsals. Every package was ticketed so that it reached the beach at the preconcerted place; every military unit found its little hand-carts and packages; and no time was lost in marching away as per schedule. Europe and America in general wasted little sympathy on the Government of Pekin. Still less, however, were they pleased at the facility with which an Asiatic rival had absorbed and put into practice the lessons which had made Germany master of Paris in 1871. China in the past had treated Japan as a nation of inferiors. She had insulted her envoys, refused all reparation when taken to task, and blindly pursued a crooked policy which could end only in a Russian occupation of all Eastern Asia. Japan has her Monroe Doctrine as well as Uncle Sam—and it is not in need of a special message to Congress. She cannot look on indifferently whilst close to her western shores is a vast lethargic neighbour being steadily dismembered or incorporated by an unscrupulous predatory power. With China proper Japan had no urgent quarrel, but the China that would

not protect Korea from Russia and yet resented the intervention from Tokyo—such a China was dangerous. And with complete imbecility in political matters Pekin combined a diplomatic arrogance usually founded on an invincible army. War was inevitable and it was a just war—for it was fruitful of much good in the Orient.

CHAPTER LX

Russo-Japanese War—United States and Japan: Provocations to War—Yellow Peril discussed—Field-Marshal Joffre and possible Japanese War—American Unpreparedness in 1914—The Ill-timed Armistice—Japan and her Colonies—Uncle Sam in the Tropical Colonies

When I called on Fukushima in 1898 I found him in his Tokyo nursery with half a dozen lusty children climbing about him hilariously. He was in his house, in kimono—the picture of happy domesticity. No Prussian would have suspected in him the guiding spirit of the late war—much less of the war that was to humiliate Russia and prepare for her final collapse. Whilst we were chatting a servant announced the formal visit of a Chinese Military Embassy, and of course I offered to take my leave. But Fukushima begged me to stay—to be present at the culminating triumph of his country's policy in China. There were thirty in this Embassy—all Chinese officers coming to do homage to their late enemy. It was a frank though tardy confession that Japan was now their master in the art of war, and had rightly earned the proud post of military leader in any future conflict between Europe and Asia.

Russia had treated Japan prior to 1905 with an arrogance born of ignorance, and nothing altered this attitude until trainloads of wounded rolled westward and shiploads of Russian prisoners disembarked on the shores of Japan. Once more Fukushima was called to great responsibility in the General Staff, and again the world of thinkers marvelled at a succession of military triumphs achieved by modern European methods.

Japan first assured herself of maritime supremacy by sinking or capturing every Russian war craft east of Suez, after which transport after transport carried well-equipped regiments across the sea in safety—destroying every opposing force and capturing finally the defences of Port Arthur. Verily since 1870 no such military work had been seen in any portion of the world, and in 1906 it might be poetically claimed that the mantle of Moltke had fallen on Fukushima.

In 1921 a Japanese officer who had served in the war against Russia piloted me over the ruins of Port Arthur. But never did he say anything that a Russian could have resented. I had a similar experience with another Japanese officer who spent many hours in and about the German defences at Kiao-chow Bay. He also treated the operations as a surgeon would an interesting case—not a word that a Prussian eavesdropper would not have garnered with pleasure. And so between 1895 and 1915 Japan achieved first an Oriental hegemony as against China; secondly, a decisive triumph over Germany and Russia. Japan has in the past shown great patience in the face of European advice, and has usually followed it—often to her own harm at the moment. Whoever cares to study her history since 1853 must be amazed at her uniform successes on the battlefield, and at an almost equally uniform surrender of a part if not all of her gains through the friendly intermeddling of big European combinations. Even after the glorious war with Russia, the then President Roosevelt could not resist the temptation of bullying Japan into signing a disadvantageous Peace. No one bullied Germany out of her treaty with France after 1870, much less intervened in favour of the American Southern States in our long and bloody War of Secession. But so soon as Japan had valiantly fought her giant enemy to a finish, in steps our noisy Theodorus protects Russia from paying her just debts, robs Japan of Saghalin, and makes a peace

highly satisfactory to Russia—but unfair to Japan.

And it looks to-day as though the blindness of China in 1894, and of Russia in 1905, and of Germany in 1914, was to find its counterpart in the American Democracy of 1929. We persistently violate our own treaties with both China and Japan by encouraging legislation for their exclusion. Our Labour politicians denounce them because they work more effectively than our own people. When we hate people we greedily collect and circulate evil tales against them. At a public meeting called for the purpose of aiding the sufferers in the great Japanese earthquake of 1923, I was called upon to speak, and urged that we immediately invite over here ten millions of Japanese—offering in exchange an equal number of Jews! This raised a storm! In America we dare not speak of a Jew menace or a negro menace or any menace except that from a nation famed for its cleanliness, its morality, its happy families, its honesty, its courage—in short, every quality that should make them dear to us.

Japan is not likely to attack the United States—much less is China. India, however, is also Asiatic, and a few more Labour and Socialistic Governments in Westminster may cause another 400,000,000 to come under Japanese leadership—and so make a grand total of nearly 900,000,000 humans capable of tilling the soil, running machinery, or, if God so wills, manning warships and setting squadrons in the field. All this is hypothetical—but the East has in the past half-century offered the West so many shocks to preconceived notions that we might as well brace ourselves for the next. Democracy is influenced by sentiment rather than reason, and a passion for war is as easy to create as one for the massacre of heretics. The moderation of Japan may not last always; Congressional arrogance may go just one step too far; and war may be made before the mass of the people quite understand wherein the quarrel

consists. Last year I had the honour of a talk with one who in 1914 decided the fate of Europe—at the Battle of the Marne. Our hostess had referred to our having both been in Formosa. The great Joffre is notable for his kindliness, his courage—and above all his unwillingness to talk. On this occasion he relaxed his rule to the surprise of the company, and at some length discussed the event of war between Japan and the United States. He had been one of the French expedition that attempted to annex Formosa in 1884, and had evidently reaped bitter lessons from that futile campaign. Indeed, the French war with China over Annam, while it enlarged her colonial area, was a very costly one in men, money and prestige; and discouraged the metropolis from further adventure in malarious paradises. It was doubtless owing to his keen appreciation of what French troops had suffered in the Chinese campaign of 1883–5, that Maréchal Joffre, speaking as a friend of my country, said—(I translate his French): "But whatever you do, be not so imprudent as to invade any of Japan's islands —or any islands in that part of the world!"

And yet we shall probably act in 1930 as we acted in 1898—or 1914. We invaded Cuba with no military equipment for a landing—we were little better than a rabble with guns who fortunately found the Spaniards in a mood to retire. In 1914 the United States was not merely unprepared for any war—even with Mexico—but our President and our Congress united in discouraging those who even at the eleventh hour urged preparedness. Canada sprang to arms in 1914—all but the French-Catholic section of her people. Uncle Sam hung back for three years through the influence of Irish Catholics and Pro-German Pacifists. The result of this Woodrow Wilson policy was very costly and humiliating to us, for when at last through volunteer agitation the Government finally decided to join the Allies, it was disclosed to an astonished world that we had no adequate aircraft,

no adequate artillery, no adequate submarines, and not even the means of transporting our troops in safety. We had plenty of men—but we had no soldiers; we had 300,000 officers, but of them very few who had ever seen an army corps in movement. Compared to our quota of three millions, the number of Americans who had enjoyed a West Point education, or served with regulars, was negligible. Of course, we had the usual percentage of heroes and high-minded lovers of adventure—we have had them in all wars, but the sad truth must be eternally repeated, that an army of undisciplined heroes is no match for a few regiments of regulars. Our undisciplined heroes are soon killed off, and the remainder has to be slowly trained when every day is precious and the enemy not disposed to give time.

England and France took us, one under each arm; we were anxious to learn; General Pershing acted with good sense; we were told where to stand and when to shoot; our friends loaned us artillery and aeroplanes, and in the end the Kaiser was defeated! It was a bad peace—that Armistice of 1918! Our men were just getting ready for a march on Berlin—over the roads taken by Napoleon's army in 1806. The effect of this grand route sweep from the Rhine to the Baltic would have been most wholesome—akin to the march from Atlanta to the sea by Sherman's army in 1864. People are infantile in their love of pictures, and they bowed before the Great Napoleon because they had seen his infantry, cavalry and artillery in every village of Germany. Such pictures were needed in 1918. All the notes and protocols of diplomacy are as waste paper compared with a few regiments of weather-beaten Yankees tethering their horses in the Unter den Linden, or pitching their tents in the park of *Sans Souci*. Our transports could have met them in Stettin or Warnemünde; given them a pleasant joy-ride through the Kiel Canal; and finally landed them on our shores with

something worth talking about. Instead of that it was a surly mass that came home to us; men who had endured what is least entertaining in war, and then were prevented from enjoying the fruit of their sufferings. They returned to find an aristocracy of Jews and profiteers, who had no further use for soldiers now that the Government was not voting any more money for the benefit of contractors. Our soldier boys had suffered in earning capacity through the effect of poison gas and shell-shock—yet unless they could show amputated limbs, or evidence that could be laid before a jury, no pension could be secured and no reward save such as consoles a saint in search of martyrdom. Japanese history is not of our American curriculum in colleges, yet it is rich in lessons, especially for us who also have had Civil War and are now posing as a colonial empire.

In the year before the great earthquake I visited every one of the Mikado's dependencies, from Saghalin in the north to the southern end of her tropical Formosa; and from Port Arthur and Kiao-chow to the extremities of Korea. I did not go as a tourist in search of dancing girls and flower boats, but as one who had studied on the spot nearly every other system of colonial expansion and had a natural interest in what the newest of great powers might achieve in this difficult field. In the case of Japan, each of her colonies has its own customs and ethnological peculiarities—no law can be made in Tokyo that fits the people of all her islands. Consequently she has to exercise great patience in regard to local institutions or prejudices. Her great work is but in its infancy; she has occupied Formosa only since 1895, and Korea was taken over in 1910. To me the important matter was not the speed with which reforms were being made, but the direction of her movement—however slow. Japan has done admirably in the colonial field if we look at the essentials. She has commenced by making her police respected, by clearing

the country of highwaymen and making piracy unprofitable. To understand what this means we must glance at the state of China over the same period of years. Japan has opened splendid harbours fitted for modern commerce and connected them by means of excellent railways to interior points. Postal service, telegraph, telephone—these are universal and well administered. And next comes the matter of roads to feed the railways—to make farms and mines accessible; and after that the schools, and then the hospitals, and the agricultural experiment stations—in short, the practical things that lift a country from barbarism to a higher plane. I need not here preach from the text that farming and brigandage cannot live happily on the same soil. Security for the peasant is a prime requisite if agriculture is to flourish; and Japan has done for Manchuria, Korea and Formosa what France has done for her African territory and with equally good results. To appreciate the blessing of Japanese rule on the Asiatic mainland, or that of the French Republic in Morocco, one must have known those countries when they had *home rule* as understood in Kilkenny.

Uncle Sam has devoted to his colonies vastly more money than France and Japan united, yet he has not made a success in the Philippines, Cuba, or Alaska. Life and property are more secure in any colony of Japan than in any part of the United States—let alone her dependencies. We have money and we have men and we have warships. We have also millions of restless flappers eager for a free trip to tropical seas in any capacity from stenographer, school "marm" and missionary to social hostess for a mess of young officers. We have no lack of unsuccessful doctors and lawyers ready to fill any position anywhere, so long as a salary is attached and no experience demanded.

It is a Congressional notion, wholly original to Washington, that in order to make black, red, brown or yellow

people contented, it is only necessary to supply them with a cargo of Bibles, a Life of Lincoln, and a "Declaration of Independence"; and when some blundering traveller comes home and reports that the people of some colony are not satisfied, Congress denounces him as unpatriotic, hales him before an inquisitorial Committee of Investigation, confronts him with a dozen witnesses who prove him to be a liar, and sends him away grateful at having escaped the penalty of high treason. The Congressional Committee of Investigation has achieved its purpose, which is to deter other blundering travellers from bringing home reports other than those officially endorsed. Yet the blundering traveller has done a little good, for he has compelled Congress to look into the matter. This means a free excursion for a party of Congressmen (and their ladies), on American transports, to whatever islands happen to be most remote or offer the pleasantest country clubs. And these Congressmen are then advertised as authorities on matters colonial, and thus the truth is ever kept from us.

We permit nearly everything to our colonists excepting liberty. They may not import anything save under heavy penalties—not even labour for their plantations. Shipping is heavily handicapped; our navigation laws are a relic of mediæval ignorance, yet we apply them to our subject people in every sea. We crusade against ancestral institutions amongst Mahometans; and even forbid beer and wine to fellow-Christians. We have done all that money can do to make our "natives" happy, but it is cold comfort, this perpetual paying of millions and seeing no return for our taxes. We have made progress, but it has been in the wrong direction; we have spattered our colonial map with school-houses, missionary compounds and political debating societies, and the result is deplorable. The Colonies need labourers—not labourites!

CHAPTER LXI

Civil War in Japan (1877)—and in U.S. (1860–65)—Capture of Jefferson Davis—His Imprisonment—I visit him in Mississippi—Burton Harrison's Letter of Introduction—A Dog-fight and Jefferson Davis—Abolition of Slavery—Demoralization of the Slave States—"Carpet baggers"—Ku-Klux-Klan—The Negro of To-day

Japan, Mexico and Canada deserve America's closest sympathy, for they are co-terminous with our own border, or so close as to be almost so. Alaska, in her western islands, is very close to the flag of Nippon; and in the Philippines our nearest neighbour is that same Japan. Yet were an American college graduate asked to write out what he knew of Japan, Mexico or Canada—do you think he could fill ten pages?

Japan has, like France and ourselves, been torn by Civil War. Without going beyond my own lifetime, let us recall that the opening of her ports by Commodore Perry caused, as might have been anticipated, violent protest from such as resented foreign intrusion or any change from a system that had given their country peace for two centuries. The last serious explosion of dissatisfaction occurred in 1877—in the year following my first visit—and it was the occasion of much bloodshed and subsequent suicides. Families were divided; clans against clans; foreign interference daily dreaded; a national treasury very small; a Government far from secure—yet full of courage. At last every rebel surrendered and the new Mikado of Meiji reigned over a pacified and united Japan.

The lesson for us is this—and I can illustrate it by our

own history. We fought in Civil War from 1860 to 1865; our population then was about the same as Japan, perhaps 30,000,000; and, as in the Japanese case, there was no religious difference. Yet we carried war into every Southern State, sacrificed 300,000 lives, reduced the white planters to poverty, stirred up their former slaves to a servile insurrection, and introduced into our political councils problems little dreamed of when Lee surrendered his remnant of an army to Grant. That great Civil War was a predatory one for two reasons: (1) Slaves were unprofitable in the Northern States, and therefore the Northern States determined to abolish slavery in the Southern States. (2) Manufacturing was profitable in the Northern States because of abundant water power and cheap coal.

The Northern States therefore clamoured for protection that would exclude British competition, and compel the Southern States to pay higher prices for things manufactured by the Northern States. Our Constitution was an agreement by which the several states expressly reserved to themselves all rights not specifically surrendered when they entered the Union of 1787. They had been, and wished to remain, free to trade with whom they pleased; they also resented the meddling of northern Yankees. From a legal or constitutional point of view the protagonists of the seceding states were Conservatives, whilst we of the North were innovators, crusading against a people whom we hated as economic rivals. The Churches of the North denounced the congregations of the South—Anglicans and Methodists divided according to latitude—it was family against family—brother against brother. The North made of Lincoln a saint and a martyr, and our big cities blossomed with statues of Grant, Sheridan and Sherman. Beyond the Potomac equally pious Christians glorified Lee, Jeb Stewart and Stonewall Jackson, whilst in their President, Jefferson Davis, they honoured a patriot and

a martyr. Few are living who fought in that war ; yet the wrongs done then by a majority to a minority rankle to this day—especially in the bosom of the Republican Party, which made the Civil War and organized the negro vote as its ally in future elections.

Jefferson Davis was not only ruined financially by the Civil War, but became an outlaw with a price upon his head. The Washington politicians added one more to their many blunders by hunting him down when policy demanded that he be offered every facility for escape. He was arrested and locked up like a criminal. Already he was feeble in health, yet irons were attached to his feet, and he was kept long in unsanitary quarters as though it was the purpose of our Government to make him suffer—before even the formality of a trial.

It was fifteen years after the close of the Civil War that I dropped off the train in the State of Mississippi in order to call upon Mr. Davis. His home was on the shores of the Mexican Gulf—well named *Beauvoir*. The station gave no sign of other life than that of passing trains—two each day to New Orleans. I arrived in the morning and had arranged to leave that same evening. Burton Harrison, who had been private secretary to Jefferson Davis during the war, had armed me with a warm letter of introduction, and consequently my reception left nothing to be desired—so far as I was concerned.

Burton Harrison had been himself, like most Southerners of good family, reduced to poverty by the war, but through exceptional ability and personal charm had built up a respectable position at the New York Bar. His wife, a Fairfax, matched him in wit, beauty and grace of manner, and added something to the common fund by a pen that found favour amongst publishers. To-day the family is perpetuated by two sons, and one is president of the chief Southern railway system ; the other was governor of the Philippines under Woodrow Wilson. Our Northern society gained by the addition

of such elements—people with soft notes in their voices and with easy manners—a delightful contrast in our atmosphere of " quick lunch " and nervous breakdowns.

Jefferson Davis had been to me since boyhood little more that a political concept—largely mythical—somewhat akin to Attila or Siegfried. We sang as boys " Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," with no more appreciation of its ribaldry than London street arabs when they make bonfires on the 5th of November. However, I never joined in that chorus after a certain evening of 1872.

We were at the admirable Pension Rosa in Châteaux d'Œx, where the guests were mainly English and American. It was after the evening meal; the elder people were at old-fashioned whist or their books; and we youngsters clustered about the piano. Amongst other songs we innocently sang the one which contrasted the saintliness of John Brown with Jeff Davis's alleged wickedness. The effect was other than we had anticipated, for no sooner had the words " Hang Jeff Davis " resounded, than up rose a group of guests, headed by a tall, stern and straight *paterfamilias*. They stalked majestically to the door, and were no more seen that evening.

We were severely scolded, and the matter was presumably patched up by the parents. We had wounded cruelly the feelings of a Southern family, whose head had served gallantly throughout the Civil War, and to all of whom the name of their late president was a hallowed legacy. And indeed, had I continued in ignorance of Mr. Davis personally, I could not have withheld the tribute of respect that history must accord to one who for five years cheered on the young men of his country to fight battle after battle; encouraged the old people to stake their all on a desperate cause; sank his nation in a slough of political and financial misery, and yet died in their midst, an object of universal respect. Any criti-

cism that might be made upon some of his judgments was forgotten in the spontaneous recognition of his courage, his loyalty, and above all the purity of his private and public life. If Mississippi had suffered, Jefferson Davis had also lost his all; and he came back from a Northern dungeon to a warm welcome amidst impoverished but faithful friends—a proof of his real greatness.

He was in his seventy-fourth year in 1881, a tall, straight, soldierly product of West Point and the Mexican War—every inch a leader. He was of the stuff that makes an aristocracy, and mitigates the evil of universal suffrage. From boyhood he had exercised royal prerogatives in the care of large estates; then troops in the field on that long and hard-fought march to the heart of Mexico; then leadership in the councils of his country; then the post of Cabinet Minister for War; and finally the constitutionally elected War President of the "Confederate States."

Mr. Davis lived to be 81 years of age—surviving the Confederacy by nearly a quarter of a century. His years of retirement were full of interest, though he avoided any step that might look as though he intended to revive dead issues. The correspondence published latterly by the State of Mississippi bears witness to the constant call upon his time and pen by people of importance in many countries—notably historical writers and public men asking his aid in mooted matters.

Mrs. Davis was with him on the occasion of my visit, as was also one of his daughters and her husband. They made a happy group together, as we chatted under the huge trees shading his front lawn, and looked south over the blue waters of the Gulf. I think of this family and that of Mr. Gladstone together—particularly because of the comfort each of these men found in his wife. At the same time I cannot but picture the two Northern Generals Frémont and McClellan, both victims of

partisan expediency, both disgraced by the Government they had loyally served, both retiring into private life, both happy in the companionship of women worthy of them.

Mrs. Davis was not merely of strong character, but handsome also. After her husband's death I had the honour of meeting her again in New York, where she lived in very modest retirement at an apartment hotel in 43rd Street West. Like her husband, she was ever dignified, gracious and tactful.

We of the North have been since 1865 in the eternal rush of dollars, and have not had time to read more than our own side of any question. Southerners, on the contrary, have been given time, not merely to read, but also to think. They have become philosophic—if not cynical; they accept the world as it now is and hope in secret that posterity may do them justice.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Davis made any allusion to the great Rebellion; we talked mostly on matters of political economy, books, generalities, and of course of the Burton Harrisons. That evening the whole family walked with me to the station, in spite of my protests. The talk was animated—all were in cheery spirits. The train was late and we sat on some tree-trunks. Near us dozed a splendid big and kindly dog of the Newfoundland family. I had frequently heard the courage of Mr. Davis referred to by those who had known him at West Point and in the army; these had also referred to a certain amount of rashness that occasionally caused trouble, and here was the arena for a display of both.

Another big dog had made his appearance, and the first news of this came in the form of growls and snaps behind our backs. We rose, to see the two animals rolling over in the dusty road, their jaws tightly locked each in the other's. Mr. Davis hesitated not one instant, but pounced in upon this gyrating mass of teeth, feet and fur as though no dogs ever bit nor any bite could

harm. Those were days when every dog was credited with hydrophobic mania ; and, therefore, whilst having been brought up amongst canine pets, and rated as reckless enough in my home circle, I yet thought it wise to seek a truce by other means than bare hands applied to jaws dripping with foam. Not so Jefferson Davis. With his left hand he reached and seized whatever he could, and hauled the two palpitating heads across his thigh. Then with clinched right hand, he pounded in upon the teeth and gums and snouts with such swiftness, fury and power that I did not hear the oncoming train until the stationmaster came running in alarm. The alien dog was detached and sent away in disgrace, but not before Mr. Davis had received a wound from which blood was trickling. There was no time for more than a hasty farewell and God-speed, and a promise to send me a line regarding the dog bite.

The news came in time that the wound had healed satisfactorily—but this little episode afforded me food for thought all the way to New Orleans. What if Mr. Davis had had the caution of Mr. Gladstone—or the Grand Old Man been inspired by the fighting spirit of Jefferson Davis ? Majuba Hill would have been promptly avenged and Gordon saved from untimely death in Khartoum.

Had Jefferson Davis been less of a soldier and more disposed to compromise, he might have counselled patience and averted a long and wasteful war. Had the Northern pulpits preached the Golden Rule, and permitted Southern pulpits to preach as they chose, it is possible that within a few years Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee would of themselves have inclined towards a gradual abolition of slavery. But by one revolutionary wrench a majority in Congress destroyed local self-government in every Southern State ; set free an African population which in some sections outnumbered the whites ; gave the ballot

unreservedly to every former slave and made him at the same time eligible to hold Governmental positions from which he could issue orders to his former masters.

This Bolshevistic upheaval did not fail to attract unscrupulous demagogues from the North—black, white and mulatto. They were called *Carpet-baggers*, doubtless to designate a class that moves at short notice and needs but little baggage. A large servile population which had never before dreamed of a ballot box; which had been reared in feudal attachment to the family in the "big house," now suddenly found itself abandoned by its former leaders, and a prey to political agencies whose activities were directed from the headquarters of the Republican Party in a Northern city. Carpet-baggers brought their African voters to the polls, and soon this vote swelled so, that states which were normally democratic, now returned negro representatives on the Republican ticket. And so in the Southern States the Carpet-bag régime called to life the Ku-Klux-Klan—a simple but forcible reminder that this is by right of conquest a white man's country, and that there are yet men of the Anglo-Saxon race who protest against its being surrendered to any other breed—African, Hebrew or Hibernian.

Northern cities have not yet reared monuments to Jefferson Davis, nor to his noble right hand Robert E. Lee; nor yet have we honoured the great Maury, who called together the first international Congress of Meteorology, who first scientifically made charts that shortened the voyages to China, and whose *Physical Geography of the Sea* continues to charm the curious. The monuments to these men and their peers are to be found only amongst their own people. Davis, Lee and Maury died poor. Lee was offered the command of the United States Army, but declined from a sense of duty to Virginia. Maury sacrificed a splendid career in the Navy of the Northern States in order to give his life, if

need be, for Virginia and the Confederacy. Neither Lee nor Maury cared a snap about slavery—and this was also the case with many Southerners who fought for the right of a state to govern itself according to its ancient charter.

In 1905 there were more universities for negroes in the United States than in all of the German Empire for a population of 60 millions. These grandly sounding seats of African scholarship were maintained mostly by Northern money given in charity. Our negroes naturally preferred living on genteel charity than working hard for a living. Thus have Northern plutocrats and philanthropists unwittingly debauched a people that should have been encouraged in honest labour. Negroes with white blood now aspire to a social rating based on college degrees and political office ; the country swarms with mulatto lawyers, journalists, dentists, poets, physicians and school teachers—but advertise for a manual worker and you will get few applicants. The most fanatical of New England Abolitionists never dreams of electing a negro to his club or of sitting beside him in theatre or church—least of all of introducing him to the intimacy of his home. Our military and naval schools are compelled by Congress to admit them, but they cannot remove ancestral prejudice. Many of our most respectable universities, including Yale and Harvard, officially matriculate them, but socially this means little unless they be accepted in the fraternities on an equal footing. In our big cities are streets where only negroes live—and the surest way to depreciate the value of any street is to introduce negro tenants there.

Half a century ago theatres permitted no negroes in the stalls and the upper gallery was popularly known as the " nigger heaven." A negro was never seen in a fashionable restaurant, much less a Pullman sleeper. We of the North railed against the Southern States that compelled negroes to travel in cars reserved for those of

their own colour. These cars were popularly called *Jim Crow cars*, and were in violation of a Congressional Act; but the railways evaded trouble by pointing out that whilst negroes were excluded from the white man's car, the white man was not allowed to invade that of his coloured fellow-citizen.

Personally I have no prejudices, least of all against mere colour. I have sympathies and repulsions—also an appreciation of relative human values. The negro I have known and measured in every American slave state—no less than in most of the West Indian Islands—French, Danish, Spanish and English—and also in South and Central America. I have studied him also in many parts of Africa—north and south. My knowledge on that vexed subject may not be large, but it is apt to be nearer the truth than that of my philanthropical fellow-citizens whose opinions have been a reflection of Booker Washington.

CHAPTER LXII

Booker Washington—My Dislike for him—The Senate of the U.S. "investigates" me for Language used about Panama—Am threatened with Imprisonment—Booker T. Washington Scandal in New York—King Ja-Ja entertains me in St. Vincent—King Masupa in Basutoland—My Audience with the late Sultan of Brunei

Booker Washington may be by this time forgotten, but in 1905 he was in popularity a rival of Roosevelt. His father was a British sailor and his mother a negress. He had a smooth tongue, told good stories in plantation dialect, wrote a pathetic book of his troubles in slavery days, and of course made a fervid parade of Christian piety. In the South he started a college for Africans of either sex, and in the North he led the life of a popular evangelist, stirring the sympathies of New England congregations, writing for magazines that paid well, and making his home in the palaces of America's millionaire philanthropists. The mere fact of his being then the only negro known by name to the many, made him a celebrity eagerly sought for. He was to Boston what Buffalo Bill was to the London aristocracy in his day or Tom Thumb in the previous generation. He was moreover credited with being the mouthpiece of all Americans of African blood, and as such a power in politics—his people numbering then *circa* 10,000,000. The leaders of the Republican Party courted this Moses. Roosevelt had him at his table in the White House. The less people knew of him or his following the more they rhapsodied over his glorious achievements. He moved from one palace to another; visiting universities and

cities throughout the North; being feasted by our notables in financial, political, juridical and theological circles. In short he was, like Law of the Mississippi Bubble, the one thing uppermost in the world of fashion and newspaper notoriety.

I took a dislike to him at first sight. Had I met him as a talkative head waiter or end man at a negro minstrel show, doubtless I would have delighted in his manner of speech. But I was thrust upon him by an eminent professor of Harvard University—the courtly scholar and man of the world, Lawrence Lowell. He asked me to a dinner which the choicest of Boston clubs (*Tavern*, of course !) was giving in honour of the black celebrity. I answered that I would accept for the pleasure of his (Lowell's) company, but that as for their guest of honour I regarded him as one who should be back in the South earning an honest living. Lowell was grieved at my darkness of spirit, but happy in the prospect of removing all my prejudices by taking me to the Booker T. Banquet.

Cocktails were passed as a preliminary to the table wines. I declined, of course. Booker Washington did not decline. On the contrary, he found the first one so much to his taste that he took a second ; and from then on throughout the meal partook liberally of the very good wines that circulated in those happy days before the Dry Blight fell over this much belegislated land !

Booker T., as guest of honour, addressed an audience that could not have been surpassed for scholarship and social prestige. He told his plantation stories ; he rehearsed the grievances of his race ; he led his enthralled audience into realms of prophecy such as the divine John would have revelled in ; he pictured the new Bookerized negroes of Alabama as an army of prospective leaders in every lofty calling, and he denounced the whites of the South who continued to run " Jim Crow " cars.

As his auditors were mostly of the Republican Party, no one took umbrage at his reflections on Southern whites, who were Democratic. Fortunately for me, however, if not for the dusky orator, his two cocktails had been of the Tavern Club tradition, and therefore strong. These he further fortified by sherry, claret and champagne, and so successfully, that by the time he reached the political part of his remarks he found an audience in a blend of " black and white "—if I may use so alcoholic a simile. He forgot that he was a guest in Massachusetts, and strongly hinted that the negroes of America were now demanding what was their due, and that they might seize by force what was denied them in the courts of law.

Lowell and I walked home together across the beautiful Boston Common and the grand avenue leading to the Fenway.

" Was that not inspiring ? " quoth he to me.

" Very," said I. " You refer, I suppose, to the cocktails ? "

" Did *he* take a cocktail ? "

" Yes—two. And lots of good wine afterwards ! "

" That is a pity," said Lowell. " I'm sorry to hear it. But what did you think of his address ? "

" Damnable," said I. " The impudence of this black man coming before a Harvard-Bostonian audience and telling us what we must do in order to avoid an African war ! "

" Yes," admitted Lowell, regretfully, " that portion of his remarks might have been modified to advantage."

And so we parted, I with thanks to him for an exceedingly interesting evening. My intuitions regarding this professional Moses had been justified, and maybe the enthusiasm of my illustrious friend Lowell a wee bit modified. At any rate he attended one or two of my lectures at the Boston University, and we never again mentioned the great Apostle of Tuskeegee.

Incidentally Booker T. entered my life once again through police headquarters telling of his arrest on complaint of an angry husband (a white man), in the streets of upper New York. He was locked up on the charge of having made indecent proposals to the wife (white) of the above-mentioned angry husband. The matter dropped from my mind, for next day he was released on bail at the intercession of the late President Taft, and a committee of clergymen, humanitarians, editors and politicians of the Republican Party. Not a word appeared in any paper after that; the case was never tried—it was merely hushed up.

Shortly afterwards the Senate of the United States called me to Washington for the purpose of "investigating" some remarks I had made on the subject of political jobbery in the Panama Canal zone. It was a strictly political investigation, and my testimony was cut short so soon as it ceased to applaud the Roosevelt administration. The committee then changed front and asked me the names of those who had furnished me information in Colon. Of course I refused, because the whole "zone" lived under a reign of political terror, and those who had confided in me would have been promptly expelled had I betrayed them. Senators wagged their fingers at me, read me paragraphs from the Statutes, warned me that I must go to jail if I failed to answer their questions.

Then they cleared the room and went into secret session to decide upon my punishment. They held two sessions, and finally the Sergeant-at-arms informed me officially that I was for the moment discharged, but might be called upon at a later stage of the proceedings. Consequently I am *de jure* still a witness by compulsion, and were I mercenary or optimistic I would claim a daily dole for loss of imaginary time in hypothetical waiting rooms of Congressional committees.

Whilst waiting for the verdict anent my projected

imprisonment, I met the Washington correspondent of one of the great dailies of New York, and of course talked "shop." He had been assigned by his paper to "cover" the Booker Washington episode, and his version (never printed of course) was like this: "Booker T. was a lusty buck nigger and no mistake—black or white—preferably white! He had no business at the place where he was arrested. It was late in the evening, and the lady had come downstairs to let her dog have a run before turning in. Booker made indecent proposals to her in the poorly lighted hallway; she screamed; her husband ran down, caught Booker with his fists, and when the policeman appeared the black apostle was in the gutter badly pommelled and soiled. He was hurried to the police station, charged with assault and locked up. He might have given a false name, but his face was too well known! So the people who had given him dinners, entertained him overnight, boasted of his piety and subscribed to his treasury, hurried to his rescue—not for the sake of a black Lothario more or less, but in order to suppress a scandal that would injure many a fashionable home to say nothing of Republican Party managers."

Negroes are dear to me—as are all of God's domesticated creatures. In Africa I met several kings with kinky hair and pedigrees running back to Pharaoh's daughter. In the Island of St. Vincent I was received in formal audience by the once formidable King Ja-Ja of the African west coast. He had waged war against the British Empire, had been worsted, had submitted, and been generously pensioned off in a West Indian paradise. He received me in what was meant to be his throne room—up one flight of stairs. His throne was a sofa, and by his side was wife number one. Both were black as liquorice—real west coast negroes—and both were of apparently contented disposition. He complained that Queen Victoria limited him to one wife—he having asked for at least four. This king and queen were

dressed in white drill after the prevailing fashion of English planters in the tropics, and their home was as other homes of the well-to-do in that island. Coming straight from a country where people of colour were excluded from the best restaurants, hotels and theatres, it was interesting to find myself the favoured guest of a full-blooded negro—and this within a few miles of the United States.

The royal butler, likewise in white drill, but with bare legs and feet, served refreshments. It was a slight wrench for me to realize that I was being entertained by a monarch no less real than was Napoleon at St. Helena, or than is to-day William II at Amerongen. Ja-Ja was a terror in the Lower Niger, having rifles and artillery at his command and a monopoly of some hinterland trade routes. Sir Harry Johnston speaks in his autobiography of " Patience " being Ja-Ja's wife at the time of his leaving Akra on the Ivory Gold Coast for his place of exile—and therefore this was probably the one sitting beside him on the sofa.

Ja-Ja spoke fluent, if not academical English, for he had for many years dealt with Englishmen on the Guinea Coast. His manners were those of one accustomed to responsibilities ; he weighed his words ; he knew that I was American ; he spoke at some length of his differences with the Queen's Government, and protested his innocence. Of course I spoke sympathetically in reply, although since knowing more about his country, I marvel that he should have desired to return to Africa. He was living at St. Vincent on an allowance of £1,000 a year ; had the liberty of the island ; complete security from battle, murder or sudden death; a very good-looking wife, and a vastly more comfortable home than any he had ever seen in the kingdoms of his native country. Napoleon and William II were treated less kindly—they exchanged palaces for more modest abodes and for an indefinite period. Ja-Ja left a swampy jungle

and rude native huts for a residence which was in every way superior to anything he had ever before known, and yet he was homesick. He had been sentenced for five years, but the Government reduced it to four. This happened so soon after my visit that I hope it helped to give my name a pleasant sound in his ears—and that of Queen Patience!

Another African king who deigned to receive me was Masupha, son of the great Moshesh (*Anglice* Moses) at the ancient fortress of Ta-Ba-Ba-Sio, in the land of the Basuto. His was a mighty line of rulers, and he received me with a knobkerrie sceptre in his hand, a stove pipe hat on his woolly head, a swallow-tail coat, a loin cloth *et preterea nihil*. Yet majesty was there, and at his elbow his Prime Minister. He ruled by divine right, and Sir Godfrey Lagden ruled by divine tact—plus the prestige of Queen Victoria.

Masupha was credited with a taste for firewater, much to the annoyance of the British "adviser" in Maseru; for when thus inspired, his African Majesty was fluent even to recklessness. Ja-Ja looked like a teetotaller, like one of strict diet, with beautiful complexion and eyes. Masupha, on the contrary, suggested irregular habits. Ja-Ja had made his kingdom through years of hard fighting and negotiation; Masupha, on the contrary, had inherited his throne. Yet he too had a grievance. He wished to lead a Basuto army against the Boers, and Sir Godfrey *advised* him to remain quiet. The Basuto had longstanding quarrels with their Dutch neighbours to westward of them, and only British intervention had put an end to a war that was becoming chronic. Masupha laid his case at length before me, and of course I promised to do what lay in my power to increase his happiness. On leaving he asked me for a red jacket by way of brightening his Court; and I sent him a second-hand one that had been the glory of some British soldier stationed at the Cape.

Another of my coloured friends on royal thrones was the late Sultan of Brunei, a venerable descendant of Mahomet, an imperial despot, whose ancestors had levied tribute over the Seven Seas of Malaya when Vasco da Gama was unborn and America a myth. He too had a grievance, and received me in royal state in order that I might present his case to the then President of the United States (Roosevelt). His ancestors had ruled this vast web-foot Empire from time immemorial, and it included not merely all the Java group now under Holland, but the complex of islands handed by Spain to the United States in 1898. The Sultan had justice on his side, and his case was one that should have appealed to a hypothetical world tribunal. His people were all of one race, with one set of customs, one religion and one language, yet we Christians had robbed him of one island after another until in 1905 he had but a very small slice of Borneo, and that sandwiched in between lands where waved the British flag. His capital was built over the waters of Brunei River—each house a little bamboo castle that could be approached only in canoes. The piles were so long and the platform of the home so strongly and broadly built that when the scaling ladder was removed it would have required a strong flotilla with a desperate crew to have carried one of these castles by storm. All commerce was carried on in boats on stated market days. The floating shops were usually owned by Chinamen and the scene was one of animation suggesting a regatta day at Henley—in the matter of water crowding and holiday courtesy.

The Sultan was old and his yoke easy; for the one white man in his empire was a young Scotchman, who appeared to have no other interest in life than to kill time and an occasional wild beast. He had a long war canoe and a splendid crew of Dayaks wearing the Moslem turban, and a picturesque uniform not unlike that of any crew of amateur oarsmen in the tropics.

Clothing must be of the lightest and not stick to the skin. That is why the wise Dutch ladies of Java leave their stockings, shoes, corsets, combination underclothing, and all such close-fitting implements of torture in Rotterdam, and move about Batavia in a dress as near nothing as the police and mosquitoes allow. Perhaps that is why the Malay Dutch have less disease than the Anglo-Indians of the same class!

No one in Brunei paid much attention to the Scotch sportsman, save the old Sultan. No one but the Sultan and his confidential ministers knew the sport that chiefly interested our Caledonian—the highest of sport—the game of Empire.

I was paddled to the palace in his long canoe and was received at the foot of the ladder with Imperial honours, as understood at this Court. There were several brass guns on the high platform over the water, and I was told that in the fifteenth century there was here a notable foundry for the artillery of warships. Of course the palace was bigger, stronger and more elaborately decorated than any other building, as beseemed the dignity of a Sultan. My visit had been arranged for me, and I found the whole of his Cabinet present, as also a dozen or more of minor importance. On his throne sat the venerable ruler, to whom I made formal obeisance and was graciously waved to a seat at his right hand. The ministers of his different departments were then presented—war, marine, justice, interior, foreign affairs, finance, etc.—all very serious under their impressive turbans and long robes of state. As the main source of Imperial revenue had for many years been piracy, slave running, opium smuggling, cattle stealing and the like, this grand array of governmental machinery was impressive mainly as a pageant of ancient history.

My Scotch friend told His Majesty that I had come 10,000 miles in order to pay my humble respects, and he evidently magnified my influence with President Roose-

velt, for I was requested to represent in Washington the claims of His Imperial Majesty to the whole group of islands known as the Philippines. This I cheerfully promised to do—the more cheerfully as I noticed on either side of the Imperial throne a brass piece of artillery—one of which pointed itself directly over my chair. This of itself was calculated to accelerate the signature of dilatory diplomats; but in my case the loaded brass piece was rendered even more interesting by the presence at its breech of a very soldierly looking head-hunter, who watched me after the manner of a private detective at a wedding, and held in his hand some smouldering coil of lunt like rope. Doubtless these details of Sultanic audience were based upon precedents that had lost some of their practical significance—much like the magnificent Lifeguardsmen who are supposed to protect King George in London. Yet they are a pleasing spectacle to the unthinking masses, and at the same time revive memories of times long past—possibly glorious.

Coffee has been ever taboo in my family; and so, when a tray of big cups filled with black liquid was offered me, I merely waved one arm by way of refusal and continued talking with his Imperial Majesty on Vattel and Grotius. The naked slave evidently misunderstood the wave of my arm. I was about to wave again when the Scotchman's foot gave me a strong kick under the table. I swiftly realized my crime, reached for the offered cup and commenced sipping it with one eye on the soldierly guardian of the lunt coil. It needed no more kicks to recall me to my senses. Emperors do not expect their gifts to be despised; and therefore when another muscular nudity offered me a cheroot, many sizes bigger than anything that had ever before astonished my lips, I took it with grateful bow—and moreover enjoyed it hugely. The coffee was also excellent and had on me no harmful effect.

When the audience was over, my Scotch friend

paddled me away from this palace over the water, and I never saw the Sultan more. But soon afterwards the world heard of his death. Then my Scotch sporting friend hoisted the British flag over his empire, and put an end there to all the picturesque pursuits that made his empire interesting to the searcher after excitement. This quiet young Scotchman had been drawing a salary from the British Treasury in order that he might be handy to His Malay Majesty. He had no fixed office hours or daily round of clerical work—he merely marked time in the great British column, whose drum beat is heard round the world. When some particularly outrageous cattle raid had been perpetrated on a neighbouring state or more than the usual number of heads been exhibited, my Scotch friend would order out his war canoe, pay the Sultan a call and say something like this :

" Queen Victoria thinks the world of you, O Sultan of all the Bruneis—and you would add to her happiness if I might send her word that you had punished those cattle raiders."

The Sultan always took the kindly advice of this gentle son of St. Andrew, who lived all alone in a bamboo hut and never carried even a revolver on his person. Maybe His Imperial Majesty knew of Hong Kong and Singapore and the warships that would be thundering near him in case the gentle Scotchman disappeared. He remembered perhaps that once upon a time Brunei had made a vast barrage of masonry in the river in hopes of thereby keeping beyond reach of British bluejackets. But the barrage proved no more useful to Brunei than the Great Wall to China ; on the contrary, it impeded commerce without frightening away the policeman of John Bull.

Kings are interesting to me, for they represent power linked with heavy responsibility.

CHAPTER LXIII

On the harm done by Millionaires—How to make use of them—Economy of Kings—African Kings help me in the Royal Munich Library—The Duke of Connaught in Ottawa—My first Meeting with him

Millionaires have rarely interested me unless they made their fortunes by the exercise of talent and virtue. Millionaires have occasionally linked their names with important public institutions—libraries, hospitals, colleges, art museums, and the like. All honour to such, especially those who have given of their time no less than their money. America bristles with such evidence of private munificence—perhaps more than even England. Yet on the whole it is to me an open question whether our millionaires do more good than harm. It cannot be an edifying spectacle for the vast majority of the honest and industrious to find their daily papers filled with a chronicle of social extravagance, whose perpetrators have no other title to distinction than a mountain of cash. William II had few millionaires, and these he soon made useful by marrying them off to heavily mortgaged guardsmen, or giving them diplomatic posts where the expenses were heavy and the salary small. England makes endless opportunities for the rich by opening to them honorary positions all the way from Justice of the Peace to Lord Lieutenant of the County—positions in which there is ample scope for generosity.

America makes little political use of her many rich people—indeed, most of our successful politicians make an electoral advertisement of having had no early

advantages either of birth or breeding. Notably since the Civil War every candidate for high office has put in the forefront of his recommendations those things that would have disqualified him for any position in private life. One President has the boast of having split rails for a living; another that he was a tailor's apprentice; another that he scraped hides in a tanyard; another that he drove mules on the canal towpath. If I ran for Congress I would carefully conceal the fact that I had spent many years in the study of public affairs, but would post all the advertising spaces with pictures of myself chopping wood, bedding down cattle or mowing hay. There are thousands of American rich men who would make excellent highway inspectors, county clerks, sheriffs, justices, treasurers, members of the State Legislature, public service commissioners, members of school boards, and the like; but they rarely if ever find any such employment for the reason that the offices of this nature have a small salary attached, and that the leaders of each political party regard such patronage as essential to their prosperity. Hence, we come around in a vicious circle to where we started—that America produces a vast mass of wealthy unemployed, who are seeking an outlet for their surplus money and have to find it in steam yachts, lavish entertainments, palaces, and the purchase of papal or other titles.

Royalty was a costly institution to France under Louis XIV and XV. We do not like to mention Louis XVI also, for that king bankrupted his treasury by sending fleets and armies to help us in our war against the Mother Country. Royalty was, however, in Prussia, under Frederick the Great, and even to our time, an institution commendable chiefly for its good example as regards public economy. In England the same is fairly true so far as the Royal family itself is concerned, during the same period, from Queen Anne to the present moment.

The mere meeting of crowned heads or being presented at Court may be achieved by many rich Americans, but this is little more than a sight of their portraits in a shop window. Not that I regret having met face to face rulers like the last three of Germany, the venerable Franz Josef of Austria, the present King of Italy, and the murdered Czar of Russia. To me men carry in their expression and manner a key to what they are apt to do in a crisis.

Nor would I even except Ja-Ja of the Gold Coast, or the Malay Sultan of Brunei.

Indeed, these gave me material aid in Munich when first I presented myself at the royal library in quest of bibliographical assistance. I was then working at the concluding volume of my German History, and had found but scanty material in Berlin because the Prussian police had made war upon revolutionary literature. Munich, however, was rich in this field, though far behind the British Museum. Munich also loved its ease and its beer and its old ways, and was not inclined to show more than statutory courtesy to a stranger, especially an American. But I had been fortified by an introduction from the eminent University Rector, Brentano, and he had told me that when the famous Dr. Doellinger died there were found in his rooms more than 1,000 volumes belonging to the royal library ! This little anecdote was related in order to illustrate a state of things very patriarchal and pleasing to the few, but most discouraging to those not of this narrow circle.

The rules of the library were minute and fair enough, but evidently intended for the discouragement of strangers. I demanded the privileges accorded to the most favoured patrons, and I employed a man accustomed to carrying trunks upstairs as my colporteur. The rules limited me to one or two at a time, but I took them by the gross or hundred, and I kept them without reference to rules. The librarian said that I must sign

my full name and address for each time, but I insisted upon using a rubber stamp instead. The Conservative Herr Bibliothekar, who had made no objection to my treating all other paragraphs as dead letter made a show of strong protest when I told him that I could not sign my name—that it was a physical impossibility! My objection was not wholly frivolous, for I had suffered from writer's cramp; and even mere doing one's name and address became a burden when multiplied over much. Of course I could not read from cover to cover each book borrowed from the Koenigliche Bibliothek, but I could verify the quotations of others and glean many an important fact from an otherwise dull work. Moreover, there were many, many, pamphlets—ephemeral documents in our eyes, yet important agents in upturning the thrones of 1848.

My rubber stamp was in the balance, when heaven inspired me and I said:

"Erlauben Sie, hochverehrtester Herr Geheimrath—I admit that most people can write, but I can give you the names and addresses of three majesties who would ask of you the same favour that I do now and for the same reason."

He looked at me quizzically; he may have heard from Professor Brentano that I had had varied Royal experience; at any rate he deemed it dangerous to probe the illiteracy of the Lord's anointed. And so it happened, that in my six happy years in Munich the King's library was as my own—and like other priceless gifts, wholly unmerited and wholly providential.

Monarchs in our time have proved themselves usually more economical and peaceable than popular bodies like our Congress. Pray take the past 100 years and show me any American legislative bodies that have worked harder for their salaries than some occupants of European thrones. Napoleon III became a catspaw of the Vatican and was deposed; Nicholas of Russia proved

a weakling, and he was done to death by the Bolsheviki. Old Franz Josef was an early riser and hard worker; so was William II, and if their countries are wise they will in time re-establish their ancestral thrones. Belgium, Italy, Holland, Norway, Sweden—all these recognize the force of royalty as we of Washington worship government by and of the people.

England is the most practical of nations, the most free, and the most loyal to institutions based upon monarchical fiction. What country ever traversed successfully so many foreign wars and internal upheavals as the land of Queen Victoria during her glorious reign of sixty years? Mention only the abolition of slavery, the adoption of Free Trade, and universal suffrage—measures greater than any that upset thrones throughout Continental Europe!

Take up your atlas and note the expansion of her Empire in Africa, Asia and Malaya; note the establishment of constitutional government and equal rights wherever possible; note Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, not merely self-governing, but partners in the mightiest Empire ever dreamed of in ages past.

We in America slander aristocrats and rail at monarchs. Our legislators are never more happy than when passing resolutions that encourage insurrection against British rule.

When a foul-mouthed agitator travels through our cities, the politicians tumble over themselves in their eagerness to lift him on their shoulders and listen to him from the rostrum.

The Duke of Connaught was Governor-General of Canada, when last I visited Ottawa, and a hard-working Governor he was. Colonials are ever close critics of their Governors, particularly when they bear lofty titles. If they do not entertain lavishly they are called stingy, and if they do, they are denounced for setting an example

of extravagance. The salary of a Governor is modest and his private means less than a quarter of what my friends of Newport and Miami spend annually on their unimportant selves. Yet a British Governor is compelled by custom to entertain all the local politicians and their wives; all the families prominent in social or charitable ways; and no end of notables travelling on public business. Rarely if ever had the Duke and his wife a quiet evening to themselves; rarely did they attend a function that was not wearisome; rarely did they see even at their own table faces that they ever cared to see again. I mention the Duke of Connaught because he is an admirable specimen of the British Empire builder, whose guiding principle is *noblesse oblige*. From the moment of his donning the uniform of a Woolwich cadet in 1866 down to this present 1925 his life record is one of almost continuous and hard public service over a period of sixty years. He commanded the Guards Brigade at Tel-El-Kebir in the Egyptian War of 1882; and for four years commanded the Bombay district in India; but the most perilous of his posts was perhaps that of Commanding General in Ireland during and after the Boer War. Any intemperate expression of opinion or innocent slip of the tongue might have compelled his retirement. I cannot but compare such a life of duty with what we consider here a successful politician—an eager striver after popularity through publicity.

My first meeting with His Royal Highness of Connaught was on the International "Wagon-Lits" Limited between Calais and Constantinople, somewhere about 1893. I was alone, buried in a book, the train rolling smoothly towards Vienna. Suddenly a bang on my back! It was my dear friend, Captain Du Cane, of the Royal Artillery, who died a Major-General during the Great War. He bade me come into the next car with him, giving me no clue regarding his "party" as he

expressed it. There I met two or three English officers all in mufti. Handsome and manly youngsters they were. As we chatted in came another English officer, likewise in mufti, and a trifle our senior. He shook me by the hand and joined us in our drink and chat. Had I seen the London papers maybe I would have noticed that the Duke of Connaught with certain aides-de-camp were on their way to the Austrian army manœuvres; but I was ignorant on this point, and assumed that the last addition to the party was merely an officer of superior grade in the Service. Thus we journeyed in conversation that was to me very interesting, for the Duke spoke of national peculiarities, of literature, of Kipling, and impressed me by the justness of his observations and the modest manner in which he advanced his own opinions. I had, to be sure, noted that my friends of the junior grade treated him with great respect, but as no names had been mentioned I supposed that his military rank alone explained this deference. When first he greeted me I was pinned so tightly behind the railway table that I could not rise completely in acknowledgment of his courtesy, but he laughed genially at my well-meant endeavour.

We met again at the German Kaiser's manœuvres, and here he had the benefit of what Lord Roberts had missed—a thoroughly competent mentor. This was none other than the then Captain Grierson, of whom I have already spoken as a master in things of Germany—to say nothing of her language. He had made it a practice of attending successive German field operations informally. But on this occasion the Duke made him lay aside his incognito and appear as a guest of the Kaiser. Grierson little thought then that in 1914 he would himself be commanding an army of his countrymen against these very Germans. Alas, he died in that very year, as did Roberts, with Kitchener to follow less than two years later.

CHAPTER LXIV

Colonel R. M. Thompson—Woodrow Wilson and the Princess Murat—America and the World War

The United States won great fame in Paris at the Olympic games of 1924. Some 99,000,000 Americans rejoiced as they do in fine weather and when their affairs have prospered, but only a few knew that our phenomenal success was due to the generosity and organizing genius of Colonel Robert M. Thompson.

He is always affectionately called *the Colonel* as Mr. Bennett was known as *the Commodore* and Roosevelt as *Teddy*. There are many Thompsons of importance, but only one *Colonel*—and this title is only one of convenience for his friends. To be sure he has a legal right in this rank, having been duly diplomated as such on the military staff of New Jersey's Governor. But the "Colonel" never uses the title himself, nor did John Hay, who also had the same rank from the hands of President Lincoln. R. M. Thompson is a graduate of our naval academy—a sailor in every fibre—the soul of our Navy League, and at the same time so strangely gifted by the stars which presided at his birth that he foretells financial possibilities as old sailors detect a coming storm. In other words, if Colonel Thompson dropped naked on this earth to-morrow, it would not be long before his many-sided genius would have created a financial combination capable of aiding him in his various patriotic endeavours. It was he who inaugurated the annual football contests between West Point and Annapolis Cadets; and as Congress appropriated no money for travelling expenses, the Colonel quietly

provided railway and hotel and every incidental service, so that no expense of any sort should fall upon the competing teams.

When Paris was chosen for the 1924 Olympics the Colonel made his preparations in ample time so that the whole country from California to Cape Cod was diligently sifted for worthy competitors. Many of these were poor in purse though rich in prize-winning possibilities, and a fund must be raised in aid of such. Uncle Sam sent about 400 to Paris, but Colonel Thompson made this possible. He chartered a steamship, making himself personally liable for any deficit. He maintained from the beginning a paternal but very firm discipline over the heterogeneous regiment committed to his charge, especially as to the young ladies in the swimming, tennis and kindred contests. To scatter 400 lusty and susceptible young Americans amongst the hotels of Paris would have seriously affected the training regime and exposed them to temptations nowhere so seductive as in this metropolis of pleasure. The Colonel therefore looked for land near the stadium on which he might build adequate barracks for our champions and hold them together in their preliminary practice. The most available space was the majestic park and chateau of Prince and Princess Murat, and hereby hangs a tale.

President Woodrow Wilson had gone to Paris after the Armistice at his own desire, but not at his own expense. On the contrary, he had assumed the outward pomp of royalty—including a wife eager to display her prerogatives as consort in this would-go-Wilson pageant. It was a vain and un-American and unconstitutional display of presidential megalomania, which did almost as much mischief after the war as the Kaiser had done up to his retirement in 1918. Mr. Wilson was acclaimed by France and England as a saviour, whilst in fact he was merely a political impostor. He sailed in defiance of public sentiment as expressed in our leading newspapers

and our Senatorial majority. He went in order to please a wife who insisted on royal honours without having the faintest preliminary experience of that quality which royalty practises in the name of *noblesse oblige*. Mr. Wilson had an immense train of "experts" in all branches of knowledge, but he consulted no one in Paris but journalists who flattered him, and politicians of his own Pacifistic and Socialistic twist of mind. I made a few more enemies at that time by warning my enthusiastic friends in Europe that Mr. Wilson did not represent his country in Paris, that he had no mandate, and that Mr. Clemenceau could easily expose his bluff by asking him for his credentials. You may easily appreciate the divine honours paid Mr. Wilson by referring to the papers of that period, which breathe an exaltation of optimism usually reserved for a pilgrimage to Rome or—Lourdes.

It was in this atmosphere of quasi-theological fever that Prince and Princess Murat placed their Paris palace at the disposal of President Wilson and his presidentesse. The Wilsons came and the Murats waved them right royally into their magnificent home. The Murats may have expected that the Wilsons would have thanked them. They might even have gone so far as to think that Presidentesse Wilson would have asked them into their own house for the sake of a cup of tea. If such were their thoughts they were soon abandoned, for the Wilsons did not ask them in for a cup of tea, but they at once ordered the Murat menials to make many changes in the matter of paintings and other furniture —all after the manner of the newly rich in a costly hotel.

The Murat couple smothered their feelings from patriotic motives—for the destinies of Europe were then presumed to rest upon the hands of our omniscient Woodrow. But the *Salons* of Paris marvelled at the manners and customs of Washington society as illus-

trated by what we facetiously call " The first lady in the land." Even so in Berlin came the Shah of Persia during one of my visits and he was housed magnificently even as was the Wilson party in the Palais des Murats. The Shah was theologically, if not socially, orthodox; and when he made the customary sacrifice of a kid or a lamb, it was to him of minor importance if thereby the Kaiser's palace was much bespattered with blood. The Kaiser also was a pious man, but nevertheless he gave orders that henceforth any demonstrations in sacrificial theology should be made at the municipal slaughter-house rather than over his brocade and velvet furniture.

When Woodrow Wilson attempted a second invasion of Paris the Maison de Murat was not again offered. And now comes another American asking favours from the Murat family.

Our Colonel Thompson found that near the Olympic stadium was one estate that met his needs, and it belonged to the Prince and Princess Murat. He sought and obtained an interview with Princess Murat—whose husband was unwell. This interview was grudgingly accorded. Indeed the Princess had no other purpose in mind than to curtly refer Colonel Thompson to her agents and let him see that she regarded all Americans as having tribal qualities akin to those of their Presidential guests.

As I recall Colonel Thompson's account of his mission, his conversation with Madame la Princesse was a little like this:

She: Infinitely am I desolated, Monsieur le Colonel, but I have no desire to rent my estate.

He: Madame la Princesse, yours is the one available estate hereabouts, and if you refuse me the American champions will be homeless in your beautiful country.

She: And besides my price is high—much higher than you would wish to pay.

He: Madame—you are a man of honour—you would ask only the price that you would consider just.

SHE: You would have to see my man of affairs, my lawyer; you would have to sign papers before a notary.

HE: Madame! In a matter of honour we do not sign papers. Your price is my price. Whatever price you name shall be acceptable to me—for you are a man of honour!

SHE: But there are still many other matters to settle. You will injure the soil; you will build barracks; you will hurt my flowers and grass and shrubs.

HE: Madame, you have your own architect and your own gardener and your man of affairs. These together shall estimate the damage that may be done by my 400 athletes. I shall have no one to represent me; but I assure you now, as between men of honour, that any sum that you consider just shall be by me paid in full and with great pleasure."

The Princess had never before met a man like the Colonel. Her suspicion was disarmed; her frigidity melted away before his broad and courtly generosity. He placed himself unreservedly at her mercy, and no one knows better than the Colonel how to approach and win the favour of woman.

The Princess was won. She surrendered unconditionally and she smiled upon her conqueror.

HE: And now, Madame, it is my turn to impose conditions! When this place shall have been handed over to my care, I shall inaugurate the American occupation by a banquet that shall bring together what is most impressive in the world of political administration and social charm. This banquet is to be the best of its kind so far as my powers are concerned. And therefore in order that there be no question of ultimate success I hereby beg that you occupy the place of honour on that occasion!

The Princess smiled even more sweetly than before; the dinner was a huge success, and the memory of

would-go-Wilsonianism was washed away in generous goblets of real champagne.

And the Colonel told me that when matters were finally settled, he found that the claims of the Murat family were far less than he had expected to pay.

Woodrow Wilson had for private secretary a Roman Catholic Irish Knight of Columbus. For Secretary of War he had a Pacifist lawyer who punished anyone who dared to advocate military preparedness. His Naval secretary was a repulsive Jew journalist whose pet idea regarding man-of-war efficiency was to have officers and men—black and white—eat at the same table, and otherwise exemplify fraternity and communism.

The Wilson administration did wonders to help the Kaiser in his plan of world conquest. General Wood was placed where he could have no influence on military affairs by way of punishing him for having urged military preparation. Colonel Thompson, who should have been made Secretary of the Navy, was, on the contrary, made a target for administrative persecution. He had created the American Navy League, with branches in every state of the Union, and of course urged the duty of preparing ourselves for the struggle that was imminent when German troops violated the neutrality of Belgium. The Navy League held meetings, and its members collected funds and all sorts of creature comforts for our Bluejackets. Mr. Wilson's Naval secretary would gladly have imprisoned Colonel Thompson or have treated him as he had Leonard Wood ; but as that was not feasible, he issued an order that no U.S. vessel should accept any gift offered by the Navy League.

Colonel Thompson, however, outflanked his pro-German enemy when he could not win in a frontal attack, and our Navy continued to bless his name. The Navy League bounties reached our ships in a roundabout way without official imprint. That Jew member of Wilson's Cabinet is now forgotten—so is the Pacifist War

secretary—so is the Knight of Columbus who edited the White House bulletins. All such political parasites disappear into well-merited oblivion so far as their names are concerned. But the harm they do survives and the United States cannot soon undo the mischief done to the world by our dishonest behaviour during the Great World War.

We did at last force a reluctant President to declare war in spite of the Pope, in spite of the Irish vote, and in spite of Congressional pro-Germanism. But instead of offering distressed Europe a well-drilled army, we rushed over many boat-loads of civilians whose officers knew little more than their men in the great game of war. We had no aeroplanes and we had no artillery. Mr. Wilson and his friends in office had spared no effort that could render us impotent in the event of a German raid up the Hudson or the Chesapeake. England supplied us with transport, and her Navy convoyed our men to Brest.

The port of New York was in charge of a Sinn Fein Pro-German Irishman who did all in his power to help the Kaiser. My friend Mr. Chas. R. Crane, who subsequently went as U.S. Minister to Pekin, furnished the Wilson administration with proof that on a certain date all the interned German ships of the New York district were to be wrecked internally. This proof was in the hands of our Sinn Fein Collector of the Port a full ten days before the meditated sabotage—and happened as per pro-German programme. Every day we heard of cars being derailed or destroyed if they contained war material for the Allies ; munition factories were blown up ; guards had to be maintained at bridges, and for more than 100 miles the line of the New York aqueduct had sentries one in sight of the other.

The price of war is verily heavy, but infinitely more heavy is the cost of a peace that is purchased by subserviency to an alien enemy—be it a Kaiser, a Pope, or a

Pacifistic mob in our midst. Some statistican may compute the material mischief done to the United States by our sham neutrality during the first three years of the World War. In my own case it meant that my income was reduced one-half, and that my whole time and strength was devoted to stirring up hatred of German rule, and a desire for military preparedness. In the case of Colonel Thompson it meant the whole of his energies—physical, financial and spiritual. His great yacht, built on houseboat lines, was devoted to hospital purposes and particularly to giving convalescents a trip on the Potomac. My fortune is that of a modest professor, whilst that of Colonel Thompson is in proportion to his administrative genius. Together we represent the two extremes of the Anglo-American race that settled the New England wilderness three centuries ago. We continue to give our time and strength for the perpetuation of Anglo-American ideals in a land that has long since preferred German Jews and Irish Catholics as municipal bosses or even as governors of sovereign states.

CHAPTER LXV

Henry Ford and John Burroughs—the Ford "Peace Ship"—Men who have risen.

Henry Ford sat next me at dinner one evening at Yama Farms in the Catskills. I had come for the purpose of doing honour to John Burroughs—his birthday; and the table was set for a dozen or so. I had not caught the name of my next-of-plate, but as he appeared to be honest and farmer-like we exchanged views on cattle, crops and the like until some one said:

"Of course, Mr. Ford, you would never use any car but your own!"

And Mr. Ford answered: "The best car is the Rolls-Royce, and that is the one I use!"

And that is how I learned that I had personally come to know Henry Ford.

The guests on that occasion were mainly members of the Natural History Museum or the Explorers' Club or kindred societies devoted to science in her outdoor phases. Such men adored John Burroughs as an interpreter of nature, and they stood aghast at the machines emitted from the Ford car factories. But on that evening Mr. Henry Ford was but as a brother farmer listening happily to authoritative talkers on different phases of camp life in the Rocky Mountains.

Next morning my wife and I were to return home, and John Burroughs offered us a lift as far as Kingston, where our paths diverged. His home on the Hudson was about a dozen miles below, whilst mine was an equal number north of our county capital. We accepted his offer gladly, and he pointed to Mr. Henry Ford on the

front seat of the car that bears his name. This car was a gift of the great manufacturer to the lover of birds and virgin forests ; and he was to accompany us as pilot and instructor. He sat on the front seat, but John Burroughs played the part of chauffeur. Yama Farms Inn stood massed about us as we started—every face expressive of curiosity mingled with foreboding. To me the man is kin to madman who drives a Ford when he is not compelled to do so by necessity. Doubly mad is he who pretends that such exercise is a pleasure.

John Burroughs was over seventy years of age when first he fingered this infernal machine. He knew nothing of machinery save as a grape farmer in a small way and was as little fitted for the rôle of chauffeur as a nursery maid in the conning tower of a destroyer. There was a grinding clickety cluck, a sound of hammering hardware in front of us. We started with a jerk that made our upper vertebræ seem loosely fastened to the base of our skull. John Burroughs bowed eagerly over his wheel and waggled it from side to side like one anxious as to possible result. He drove slowly and cautiously, for the road was not perfect and his course was a wave line. We on the back seat could not see his face, but the bend of his back and the nervous uncertainty of his course made me suspect him of generating beads of sweat on more brows than those of his passengers. We realized our danger, but held our peace. To me it recalled a rock-strewn channel when our ship was handled by a drunken pilot.

But Henry Ford was radiantly happy. His face shone with a new light as he gazed up into the trees in search of bird specimens. The erratic steering of our pilot caused him to occasionally remark : " Steady, John—You're all right now ! " but the conversation that interested him was about like this—as I recall it :

Henry : " Stop John——" then follows a grinding gr-r-r and a violent machine-made hiccup as the Tin

Lizzie is made to halt in the middle of the road.

JOHN: "What's the matter, Henry? You gave me quite a scare!"

HENRY: "Listen to that bird! It sounds like a Doodle hum."

JOHN: "Nonsense! It's a Kiboler—and we'll never get on at this rate."

HENRY: "All right, then! Go ahead!"—and John once more grabs at something hard and grinding, and we zigzag along for a mile or two more. Then suddenly Mr. Ford again grabs the arm of his venerable friend.

HENRY: "Stop, John——! I believe that is a Skettle hammer bird!"

Mr. Burroughs cramps his brake down suddenly—the little car trembles and then he listens.

JOHN: "Nonsense, Henry! That's not a Skettle hammer—that's a Babeedid."

HENRY: "All right, John. It sounded like a Skettle hammer—go ahead!"

And then John puts his foot on the wrong step, and pulls at the wrong iron rod, and pushes in some equally undesirable article of machine decoration and the frail car snorts and sputters and relieves her inner pains by emitting unpleasant vapours and indecent noises. We start once more and after another spell of eccentric motion Henry once more grabs the tremulous arm of John.

HENRY: "Stop, John—I hear a meadow snark—there it is!"

JOHN: "Henry, if you do that again, you'll upset this car. And besides, it's not a meadow snark—it's a blighboler!"

HENRY: "All right, John—go ahead—you're doing splendidly—but I still think it's a meadow snark!"

Then follow more mechanical perturbations, clutchings, pushings, emission of more evil smells, and noisy conflict of irritable hardware whose names I never knew but

whose functions are presumably intended to make the Ford car serviceable to man.

My wife is brave—being a daughter of Albion—and I myself have long since been familiar with death-dealing instruments. We went but the twenty-five miles between Yama and Kingston, but every mile was potential death—for what is death but a thing of the imagination?

The legendary sparrow killed Cock Robin and the Ford car shortened the life of John Burroughs. In the years to come learned men will puzzle over scraps of incoherent history, and seek to explain how so great a man as Burroughs could keep company with one so small in sense as Ford. Even so to-day the learned seek to reconstruct the life of Tiburnian Horace by guessing at the many to whom he addressed his immortal verses. Henry Ford is to-day the by-word for mechanical efficiency and cheapness of output. He stands for what is least lovable in our national body—pecuniary success and the vulgarization of an evil-smelling rattle trap. He may plead in extenuation that he himself rides in a Rolls-Royce, but that plea should be rejected. Had he given a Rolls-Royce to John Burroughs and endowed it with a garage and prudent chauffeur, that illustrious writer might be amongst us to-day. But no; he turned my good friend adrift in one of his ephemeral gas buggies much as Nero started one of his family on a sea trip in a craft that had leaks along her bilges. How Burroughs was miraculously saved from death under his Ford car has been referred to in a previous chapter. I never saw Mr. Ford before or since our meeting at Tampa—nor did I ever hear from him directly. He would have passed out of my life as one of the many rich men who are that and little more were it not that his colossal money power was wielded as a German weapon during the Great War.

Instead of helping his country to resist invasion he threw the weight of his financial influence on the side of those who resisted military conscription and cheered the

efforts of William II. He even fitted out a ship and freighted her with muddy-minded missionaries who had promised him that they would stop the Great War by preaching peace amongst the opposing trenches. He had no difficulty in finding a shipload of needy enthusiasts who could preach so long as Henry paid. The Joan of Arc in this crusade was a German woman of Semitic antecedents who posed as a Magyar for social reasons. Her name was Frau Schwimmer, and she made her visionary victim believe that between her persuasive language and his payments in cash all the brave soldiers in both armies would throw down their gas bombs, embrace one another, and raise commemorative temples to Henricus Fordicus Pacifisticus Americanus optimus maximus et simplicissimus.

It was a splendid vision, worthy of a gentle maniac, and creditable to one who knew of the great world only so much as appeals to any other machine shop labourer whose day is bounded by bolts and nuts and the riveting of tin plates. The Ford Peace Ship was generously found. Nothing was omitted that could add to the prestige of this pilgrim band. It was well advertised—indeed it advertised itself. Yet a score of keen-eyed journalists found it well to accept a free trip to Europe on the same ship as the persuasive Schwimmer—and they found ample scope for comical comment.

Each of this pious party had been by Mr. Ford provided with a cheque book and credit at his bank to the extent of $10,000 apiece. The great Utopian had meant this money as a reserve against which his Pacifistic passengers might draw in case of stress in Europe. They needed no cash so long as they were aboard ship—but in the matter of hoisting several millions of soldiers out of trenches, it might be well to have their cheque books handy.

They did not wait until they reached the trenches! Broadway and Fifth Avenue gave them preliminary practice in the art of turning autographs to account; and,

before the Schwimmer apostles had cleared the sewage of New York harbour, the Ford bank reported that it had honoured a multitude of cheques that looked less philanthropical to their cashier than possibly to the visionary car-maker of Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.

John Burroughs, was, of course, pressed to become a part of this Peace Ship. His name would have redeemed the expedition of its egregiously vulgar and eleemosynary character. Mr. Ford should have paused when John Burroughs balked ; but Henry Ford was mad, as was the Kaiser—each a victim to the flattery that threatens every throne. John Burroughs did not flatter and so Henry turned to the Schwimmer. He discovered too late that this German siren had made him her dupe, and made much money at his expense. He saw himself the laughing stock of every soldiers' mess on every front, and—he learned a costly lesson.

Henry Ford is but one of the many glaring instances of simple-minded farm hands or shop apprentices who by a freakish turn of the invisible wheel find themselves pushed up into a post for which they are not adequately prepared. Napoleon was also whirled into the fierce light that scorches a weakling king, and he made many a mistake that an Edward VII would have avoided. But Napoleon had prepared for high station by incessant study of biography, history, geography, and above all the great art of handling masses in peace no less than in war. We have had examples of great men lifting themselves to exalted stations although born to the plough and machine shop. Benjamin Franklin was an ornament in the *salons* of Paris—he the printer's apprentice. Admiral John Paul Jones had no peer in his profession—yet he was the son of a Scotch gardener. Each of these men, however, grew into greatness by hard study, and above all, by cultivating the arts that make man a leader among men.

John Burroughs had no early education in our modern

sense, but he deplored it and worked incessantly to make of himself a philosophic scholar and an artist in letters. And when the name of Henry Ford shall have merged into a thousand others equally rich and ephemeral, the world may produce an antiquarian who grubbing diligently amid neglected records shall excavate his name anew. And then will come a pause and a knitting of the brows, and then a scratching of the head, and then perhaps these words :

" Ford—Ford—Henry Ford—where have I run across that name ? Ah ! Yes ! Long ago—in the letters of the great John Burroughs. Yes. I think his name is mentioned by the illustrious naturalist. No ; we have no other mention of him—probably he was some collector of autographs. Ah, John Burroughs ! There were great men in those days ! "

CHAPTER LXVI

In Benares—Mr. Chakravarti—Yoghee Breathing—Funeral Pyres —A Vegetarian Dinner—Annie Besant—Hindoo Morality

In the winter of 1909–10 I was in Benares at an English hotel. The meals were English, the guests were of the same carnivorous family, and whisky was the general drink between meals no less than at every other hour between midday and bedtime. On all sides of me were English men and women whose faces were inordinately red and who dieted as though for an apoplectic finish. I was becoming weary of my Indian wanderings; for I had not come 10,000 miles merely to ruin my digestion by Anglo-Indian cuisine. It was dark, and we had had tea, when the Hindoo waiter slipped silently to my elbow bearing a card on which was the name Chakravarti. No one at the teacups knew this name. None of them knew any so-called native save as a servant or petty tradesman. I was advised to order him away; he must be some bazaar pedlar; some importunate vendor of spurious curios—in short, a "native," and therefore a suspect. But I had been so much bored by my otherwise admirable travel companion that I gladly followed the servant out to the verandah, where at first I saw no one. Then, from out of the black beyond, emerged a dignified figure draped in the folds of an immense shawl that clung to him so as to rather display than conceal the form underneath. His head was bare and on his forehead was the sign of high caste Brahma. He approached me as one accustomed to move amongst kings, and I was immediately drawn to him by the serenity of his manner. He had the skin of a child that

has never known stimulants and the eyes that Homer lends to the most attractive of his divinities. He was the beau-ideal of courtly manner, intellectual aristocracy and classical features—a splendid combination rarely realized in a society where cocktails and beefsteak are dietetic staples. Mr. Chakravarti reminded me that we had in common a warm friend—a Scotchman, who had spent some years in India as a Barrister. This was the late C. C. Macrae, an eminently philosophical nature, no less eminent at the Bar than in affairs of railway finance. He had written to his Hindoo friend of my coming—and for this be his memory for ever blessed. Chakravarti rescued me from carnivorous practices—and he did this by the mere beauty of his eyes and skin. He made me marvel at the blotchiness of European skins—the bleariness of eyes—the depression of spirits—the irritability that characterized our Christian kin as compared with heathen health and equanimity of manner. Chakravarti solved the riddle for me—the butcher in Calcutta helped in my salvation.

I had strolled one hot forenoon into the market of what was then the capital of British India. The stalls devoted to meat attracted my attention mainly by the unpleasant odour of organic matter in a state of dissolution; and when I saw the shreds of slaughtered beasts that hung from the many hooks, my stomach nearly revolted.

"Is that the stuff that we Europeans eat here from day to day? Is that what we pay highly for in the costly hotels of Bombay, Delhi and Benares?"

And it occurred to me that on such a diet man could but seek antidote in strong doses of alcohol, as malarious people rush to strong coffee and quinine. These remedies are themselves the source of new disease—but the meat addict protests that it is but a choice between evils. Chakravarti told me that Englishmen had many diseases unknown to orthodox Hindoos, and he

thought that this anomaly arose from ignoring native custom and climate. We talked long on the relation of religion to hygiene, and I was in a mood to respect a man whose theological machinery had worked successfully for a thousand years before the Christian founder was crucified at Jerusalem.

Whilst I was happily immersed in Brahminical history, out stalked my British fellow-traveller and stopped before us. He gave one irritable glance at my dusky pundit, and without permitting time for an introduction, dryly and pointedly informed me that it was time to dress for dinner. Then he turned on his heel and returned to his whisky and soda. He despised all "natives" from that superb ignorance that leads many Americans to denounce all Japanese, and *per contra* admire all Chinese. It is very human to display ignorance—to conceal it is divine. Chakravarti, being a gentleman by inheritance no less than training, took his leave soon after the rude interruption, and I spent the rest of the evening with my dining-room companions. I was at once upbraided. "How can you waste your time with ignorant and filthy natives? You'll catch some disease! They're all alike!"

Next morning Chakravarti called for me at daybreak, and we talked and strolled, and I enjoyed myself hugely. As we passed an old man struggling from the banks of the Ganges with a skin of holy water on his back, I was led to an expression of sympathy.

ME—That poor old man seems to be eighty years old—emaciated in limb and much wrinkled. Also he is in danger of being jostled in the hurrying crowd.

HE—That water-carrier is acquiring merit. Every grunt from his lean carcass means a good mark in Heaven. Each time that he is insulted he says: "Ha—I shall have reward after death"; and when he stumbles with his burden he rejoices, for he knows that it is through

such suffering that he earns the hope of reincarnation on a higher plane.

ME—It would be pleasant in America if we could popularize this point of view!

HE—We cultivate this doctrine for it is one that spreads contentment of spirit and a disposition to obey the law. So long as the law is tolerably just and reasonably enforced there can be little or no opposition from the masses.

We went down to the banks of this wondrous river, and I gazed about me as in a land of dream-folk. There stood a man up to his nipples in water—stark naked. He was absorbed in prayer, and it was well that his prayer could make him forget the cold of air and water. It was January and I was none too warm in my coat lined with fur. Yet there stood that pious heathen a full half-hour whilst he addressed prayers to the four points of the compass without so much as a sneeze or an outward sign of chill. He had washed his gauzy garment himself, and his ritual had been arranged so that he should end his prayers and put on a dry covering at the same time. Chakravarti told me that by very deep and intense breathing an orthodox Hindoo can so regulate the circulation of his blood as to resist cold more successfully than do the Christians. Verily I would have perished had I been compelled to strip and stand breast-high in the Ganges on that inclement morning. Fanaticism is a poor substitute for a good fire—at least in my religion.

After leaving India I practised Yoghee breathing to my great benefit—and especially did it help me to expel poison from internal recesses, and thus enable me to wear summer clothing throughout the winters of the Upper Hudson, and feel all the better in consequence. Even in zero weather, I could go to my barn and cattle without hat or overcoat, and attend to feeding and watering details without feeling the cold—but I breathed all the

while very long and slowly and strongly and therefore deeply.

There were many in the Ganges on that cold morning —all of them breast-high and all fervently praying. There were more, however, on funeral pyres being reduced to ashes whilst mourners and stray dogs watched the proceedings with keen interest. Rich people can afford an extra supply of wood and thus ensure the total incineration of their dear departed ; they can even make the smoke fragrant by means of costly sandalwood. But the poor must be thrifty in the matter of grief exposure, and therefore the supply of wood is reckoned very closely—sometimes too much so. The undertaker may bargain for a light-weight corpse and then find that the family has provided something more bulky—something calling for more fuel. These are painful situations. They may be likened to the case of a Christian who has provided a coffin too big to slip easily into the grave. On the Ganges, however, the labour of their funeral directors is lightened by a very active band of dogs who spring to the relief of overthrifty mourners with praiseworthy enthusiasm. Such tough joints as the inadequate fire has not wholly pulverized are eagerly snapped at by eager teeth—expert in the art of handling hot bones with impunity. I do not mean to say that I would relish the sight of my beloved ones being thus dissected and carried away by mouthfuls to be gnawed over in remote corners. I am not sure that at the last blast of Gabriel's horn there might not be some hitch in the assembling of so many scattered parts in order to appear after the manner prescribed in our Christian Bible. The Hindoo is apparently concerned more about the soul than the mere body—although indifferent to neither.

Mr. Chakravarti had a kinsman who was a frequent and welcome inmate of our Hudson River home. He played admirably on the piano, spoke English well,

and was making a special study of electricity in Schenectady. Coming from Calcutta where tropical heat prevails night and day, it was hard on him to reach the Upper Hudson at the beginning of a long and very cold winter. He broached the matter of his death, and I gladly promised to burn his body. He asked me if there was communication between the Hudson and the Ganges. Of course I set his moribund mind at rest—that the Hudson was a tidal stream and therefore was part of the Altantic Ocean which reached into the Pacific by way of Cape Horn and thus to the Bay of Bengal, the Hooghly, Calcutta and the Holy Stream of India. He was immensely relieved, because he wished me to scatter his ashes where they might ultimately mingle with other such somewhere in the seven seas.

But my Hindoo friend cheated the Yankee undertaker, and is now the head of a happy family in India. He has my good wishes. But if his eyes rest some day upon this page let him learn his true value—as a corpse. For in that cold winter an enterprising impresario offered me a fabulous number of dollars if I would let him take the gate-money at the funeral. He assured me that after a prize-fight nothing would so stir the jaded curiosity of New York as a high-caste Hindoo incineration. He would run excursion trains from New York, Boston and Philadelphia with dining-cars and cocktails included—(this was before the Dry law). He would not stop at the mere man corpse—he had arranged for a frantic widow who should throw herself into the flames in order to make a synchronous entry into Paradise. I objected that his widow would be under the shadows of the Himalayas ; but he brushed aside my objections ; he would arrange every such minor detail ; all he asked was my consent for using the river-side pasture beneath my windows. He would erect a fence, and see that the Suttee be suitably carried out. Indeed, his plan was to charge so many dollars for a mere man

burning and a large bonus in case the Suttee succeeded.

My impresario reasoned well—he knew that our great Christian masses delighted in spectacles where men bruised one another; where great risks were taken as in bull-fights; where a slip might mean death as in many acrobatic performances. The Suttee matter needed special treatment—a dummy and much smoke. My impresario friend said he could fix that matter with one of his medium-dark-room-table-rapping friends—assisted by two or three confederates dressed as Hindoo mourners who would rush towards the burning corpse when the smoke was thickest and create a violent commotion. Then would be the psychological moment—the screams of distracted women—a cloud of smoke artfully pre-arranged—the dummy widow skilfully cast upon the blaze by those who pretended to hold her back—a band of tom-toms and horribly sounding trombones—a dim light favourable to ghastly shadows! The impresario gave me his word of honour that my share of the gate-money could not be less than £10,000. But the Hindoo would not die!

Mr. Chakravarti converted me to a vegetable diet. Perhaps I should put it more mildly by saying that he modified my carnivorous habits. At his beautiful home he offered me a dinner at which I counted thirteen courses. He assured me that I might with impunity eat generously of each, and I did so. And my faith in Chakravarti was justified, for his food was delicious to my palate, and next morning I waked as one who has eaten wisely and slumbered soundly. Since then I have made meat a very exceptional feature in my diet, and have marvelled more and more at the beautiful skin of Orientals and the ugly texture of Christian cuticle. And this explains why nearly every woman of New York has dealings with so-called beauty parlours where skin defects are camouflaged. After this dinner Mr. Chakravarti asked me if I cared for Hindoo singing, and of

course I did. So he clapped his hands and a servant went away to call one of his daughters, a beautiful child of perhaps eleven years of age. She had the easy manner of royalty, and when her father expressed his wish that she entertain me by a song, at once they discussed the possible ones with particular reference to my tastes. The Occidental child would have wriggled and blushed and made innumerable objections, and might have yielded after wearisome coaxing and the promise of a candy. This little princely child of Benares seated herself on a stool in the middle of the room and sang as naturally and unconcernedly as any thrush or song sparrow. Her behaviour was perfectly simple—much as though her father had asked her to offer me a glass of water. Verily, thought I, what a blessing to my country could we procure ten million such maiden missionaries if only to give us an object-lesson in deportment.

Mr. Chakravarti is now Chancellor of the Lucknow University—but was at one time treasurer of Annie Besant's organization for the diffusion of theosophical interest. I asked him why he was no longer connected with her work, and he answered with perfect simplicity that he could not remain connected with a movement wherein money was regarded as important. His idea of a theosophical college was the idea of a Plato or a Jesus. Students would come to learn from wise men. They would each day bring each an offering as their means allowed, and thus would the Academic expenses be defrayed. Annie Besant wished a large money fund from which salaries might be regularly paid ; but Chakravarti held that salaries deadened religion and made men selfish. And who should know better than Chakravarti, who in 1909 was chief adviser to the Rajah of Benares. There are many temples in that holy city and each differs from the other much as the different religious houses or orders differed in mediæval Christianity. One temple of Benares has its walls decorated with

pictures of naked men and women busied with exercises of an erotic nature. There are similar pictures in the ruins of Pompeii and they are usually spoken of as illustrating the immorality of pagans.

But let us not be censorious from ignorance! The Hindoo has a religious horror of sterility in woman because a son is necessary if the family is to persist. Certain rites must be performed, and these devolve upon the children. In America we glorify sterility and subsidize missionaries who teach girls how to cohabit, yet escape motherhood. In India the married woman yearns for children and everything is done by the Church and by public sentiment in order to stimulate this laudable desire. She prays to the divinities who are gifted in this respect; she rubs herself against the sexual parts of her chosen god; she spares no pains in labouring for the object most dear to her husband, herself and her priests. The Church comes to her assistance by means of stimulating statutes; and when all minor means fail, a family council determines that she must save the family honour by seeking the aid of a lusty priest. Some husbands may be so disobliging as to propose a change of religion rather than secure a son and heir in this priestly manner, but what man has ever triumphed over petticoat rule in a matter of interior domesticity! At any rate, know, ye desiccated prudes of England and New England, that no more moral people exist than these very Hindoos. They are obeying the law of God and they call you immoral because you have no children, and above all because you do not have them in the orthodox manner—as on the Ganges.

CHAPTER LXVII

Philippe Bunau-Varilla and the Panama Canal—de Lesseps—My first Visit to Panama—Tracy Robinson—Colon in 1905—Panama City—Police Methods—My Letter to the New York *Independent*—Political Corruption—Negro Labour on the Isthmus—My Statements are investigated by the Senate

Of the many interesting figures that make of Paris an intellectual paradise none is to-day better known or more beloved than Philippe Bunau-Varilla. When I enter a *salon* and find an eager group absorbed in the words of one man, it is usually that man ; for he is one of the fortunate few capable of great things and of also explaining them to others. Ulysses was of this kind—so was Napoleon.

My life has crossed that of Bunau-Varilla many times for some forty years. My father learned to know and admire him in the early days of the Lesseps Panama Canal ; and after the financial collapse of that great French enterprise, the young engineer was a constant and welcome guest in our family. The genius of Bunau-Varilla was wholly independent of political or pecuniary time-serving. It was he who traced the line of the great waterway ; it was he who invented the machinery by which even the hardest rocks could be excavated from the bottom without interfering with navigation ; it was he who removed political obstructions by creating the Republic of Panama ; it was he who signed the first treaty between that new-born State and our country ; it was he who patiently proved to an incredulous Congress that Panama was the only suitable waterway, and finally it was he who urged that the United States

construct at the Isthmus a waterway worthy of our purse and political pretensions—a broad and deep Straits of Panama navigable day and night by the biggest ships at a minimum waste of time.

Bunau lost one leg at Verdun, but he does much with his other one—and a stick or two. He lost a French Panama, but made the American one possible. In the Great War he earned the rank of Colonel and in the great Hall of Fame he will be known as Philippe—Creator of Panama. Colonel Philippe, as his American intimates call him, is on the Colonel R. M. Thompson lines of mental architecture. Both have abundant fortune because both see further into practical possibilities than their competitors. Such brains as these are never without a dozen schemes leading to pecuniary profit—but such men care nothing for money save as a means of doing good to their generation.

The French work at Panama was admirably planned and admirably executed so long as French money held out. They had to combat against the political ill-will of Colombia no less than the indifference, not to say unfriendliness, of the United States. They had the very best machinery for the task, light Decauville engines, cars and rails; and they successfully completed the most difficult portion of the canal before the money gave out—I refer to that portion on the Atlantic side which runs through flat fever-breeding country—about sixteen miles. The French had gained vast experience during those years of engineering struggle, and it was indeed a cruel fate that overtook them just at the moment when they were about to prove to the world the justness of their diagnosis. Monsieur de Lesseps died at the age of ninety in the midst of his shattered plans, and the tropical jungle swallowed up an army of brave little Decauville trucks and the endless accessories of so great a campaign.

Ah! what an opportunity had then a Congress which

euphemistically calls itself the mouthpiece of the American people! Lives there any fragment of that people that does not honour France? Is it for nothing that the name of Lafayette gives lustre to towns and counties and patriotic societies throughout the United States? Did France drive a bargain when she helped us in our struggle for national existence; did Lafayette ask for a salary? No! France in the eighteenth century invited bankruptcy by shipping over to us every form of military supply, and above all millions of hard money. What more natural then that America in this twentieth century should open her purse to France without stint and without any bank bargain. But our Government "by the people" proved less generous than that by King Louis XVI. Roosevelt succeeded McKinley as President of the United States in 1901 and remained such until 1909. He had a splendid opportunity for showing generosity—he let it pass;—and Americans now hang their heads in shame when confronted with proofs of our official behaviour.

In 1905 my steamer to New York spent a couple of days at Colon, and I occupied my time in looking for the marvels of engineering that were constantly bruited in the Roosevelt Press. I was even more keen to note the sanitary means by which we had made yellow fever a mere bugaboo, and had set an example for all the world to admire—particularly Great Britain.

At that time I was Professor of Colonial Expansion at the Boston University, and naturally interested in this problem of creating a model community in a country formerly famed for paludial and political miasma. I was travelling at my own expense; I represented no commercial interest of any kind; I was not even connected with any great periodical or "daily"—in other words, I had no thought other than that of any other American tourist visiting an interesting outpost of Empire.

As I went ashore the skipper of our mail-boat told me that the most respected as well as the oldest of residents here was one Tracy Robinson—an American who had been manager for the first American railway across the Isthmus—who had spent half a century here in responsible positions, and who was invariably selected as the most eminent spokesman on important occasions. So I hunted up Tracy Robinson in a big old-fashioned building in a grove of cocoanut trees by the sea. He had a venerable beard and resembled Wm. Cullen Bryant in stature and appearance. We understood one another from the outset, and he cheerfully gave me two days of his time in order to let me see what the Roosevelt administration desired to hide. Tracy Robinson kept a bachelor establishment along with Stanley Gilbert, the gifted author of *Panama Patchwork*, and a sterling Scotchman, W. A. Andrews. Robinson had retired from active business, but after half a century in " the land of the cocoanut tree " he deemed it as good a place as any for his declining years. And, after all, what is home if not the place where we are known and trusted? Tracy Robinson was known and trusted on the Isthmus, and his honest nature was shocked by the crimes committed here in the name of our great Republic.

He showed me the men and women begging water to drink, because the town water was filthy. He showed me gangs of labourers laying a massive pipe line from the Atlantic to the Pacific in order that an oil company could make more money, and he showed me a splendid source of spring water fourteen miles away to which only the rich had access. It would have cost but a trifle to lay fourteen miles of water main instead of sixty miles of oil pipe; but the oil people paid well for their privilege and the railway made money by hauling water tanks and selling it by the canful to the helpless people. Colon was not drained and each tide flooded the streets. The town was built on piles, each house a little above

high water. Every facility was given to yellow fever germs, and there was plenty of that disease only it was not recognized " officially." There were no latrines—a board was displaced and nature did the rest. For this incomparable filth and stench and consequent disease the United States was alone responsible. We had forcibly annexed both Colon and Panama and had specially reserved to ourselves the right of sanitary control.

Tracy Robinson let me select any houses or huts I chose for inspection—and everywhere his presence was welcome. He took me to call on the Mayor of Colon and I turned on his water-taps. What came out was brackish and nasty. The municipal water supply was a swamp. I subsequently had samples tested by the Professor of Chemistry at Columbia University, Charles Pellew, who later became Lord Exmouth. Every sample was declared to be unfit for drinking purposes.

In Panama city I was introduced to the President and various members of his Cabinet. These were all of courtly manner, carefully dressed and cautious of speech. Tracy Robinson assured them that they could speak freely—but politicians are necessarily cautious, and on the Isthmus there is no law save the will of Uncle Sam's temporary " vice roy," governor or chief engineer. No Spanish-speaking official dared to criticize in my presence the administration of Roosevelt—but I was shown the jail. The prisoners were apparently free of the premises—the old Spanish fort. There was a powerful odour of human excrement, and I had no difficulty in finding one of the big embrasures, where men relieved themselves much as they did at Manila in 1898. Here the flies were the chief scavengers—though I presume that when the refuse became overpowering it was shovelled into hand-carts and spread upon adjacent market gardens.

This pestiferous prison was under the shadow of the United States laboratory whence issued monthly bul-

letins assuring the world that never before had Panama been so scientifically purified. General Gorgas, M.D., was landed as an American Pasteur—a great original thinker—who had expelled mosquitoes from the Isthmus, abolished yellow fever, and taught benighted natives the art of sanitary if not saintly administration. These benighted people asked for clean water to drink and latrines for the human surplus. They got neither. But they got sanitary bulletins innumerable, all printed in a language they could not understand—even had they been able to read at all. They got also a Sanitary police who patrolled the Zone and made much money. There's nothing easier than making money if you have unlimited power to enforce obscure laws amongst a terrorized and helpless people. Miss Mayo's book on American rule in the Philippines has abundant proof of this, and the Isthmus police of 1906 gave me additional information.

My particular police friend on the occasion of a second trip to Panama had served at Coney Island; and he took this tropical job in order to see the world and incidentally fill his purse. I tell the story as freely as he boasted of his crimes to me. There were many fines to be levied for petty infractions of arbitrary ordinances. For instance, if a bit of banana skin or orange peel had been carelessly dropped near a native hut my Coney Islander would fiercely call attention to a paragraph touching the evil effects of decaying vegetation—the penalty being fine or imprisonment. The native might be innocent, but the dread of being arrested and locked up for an indefinite period pending trial, the leaving of his wife and children unprotected! You see how easily our burly blackmailer in uniform could extract a big sum. Reflect also that our police knew no Spanish, and the Panamanians no English, and that in their eyes we are ill-mannered, given to drink and eager for money. Another day, he sees a water-butt whose lid has been left off—if only for a moment. At once a paragraph is

recalled fixing fine or imprisonment as the penalty of exposing what may prove the home of a deadly mosquito! Again the Zone police graciously compromises for a bribe of anywhere from $5 to $500 according to the purse or the alarm of the wretched native. In those days of Taft and Roosevelt brotherhood the Government gave a free passage, and licence as well, to as many of the good-looking negresses of Martinique as chose to embrace the opportunity. The French West Indies are notable for mulattoes of pleasing manners and accommodating virtue, and hence no wonder that on landing at Colon these tinted Venuses were promptly claimed for *night work* by canal officials—of course I refer only to bachelors. My Coney Island policeman claimed proudly to have exercised the *droit du Seigneur* upon each one of these ladies—for to such as these he was indeed clothed with powers equal to those of any petty lord prior to the French Revolution. He was a happy man, this big burly brute of a Zone policeman; he spoke to me as to a brother exploiter of Panamanian helplessness; he could conceive no other reason for coming to such a jungle. In six months, he said, he would have put aside enough money to justify an honourable retirement—which in his case meant starting life anew as the proprietor of a gambling dive, a dance hall or house of prostitution. We were on soil sacred to the memory of illustrious buccaneers who knew no crime save to pass a place without plundering it. Had I reprimanded my Coney Islander he would have been surprised at my ignorance of the great world. As well criticize His Piratical Majesty Sir Henry John Morgan for sacking the Spanish main or his banking namesake for calling his yacht the *Corsair*!

From an American point of view that Coney Island policeman was an excellent sample of his class. He can be seen to-day in every American city, commencing with New York and ending with Los Angeles. He is a product

of government by the masses, and he explains why such government can prove cruelly unjust when applied to such helpless victims as the Red Indians, the Seminoles, the Kanakas, and, above all, a lately acquired people who for many centuries have been reared under the rule of Spanish courtesy and native indolence.

I walked the line of the Panama Canal with a knapsack on my back and I slept at night in Spanish-American homes. This took me a week, for I wished to learn, and it is fatal for a traveller to seem hurried. Never did I meet with discourtesy; on the contrary, it was with great difficulty that I was permitted to pay for my entertainment—even in the shape of a present to the children. I have never carried a revolver—nor ever felt the need of one save on the fringes of my native city.

Of course I avoided the salaried officials of my own Government, because it was their duty to sustain their superiors unless they wished to be expelled.

I wrote a letter to the New York *Independent* for which they paid me about the price of a good supper. In that letter I embodied the much that I had learned from Tracy Robinson and what I had seen with my own eyes. The Taft-Roosevelt administration was annoyed, and the loyal partisan Press overwhelmed me with malediction. My charges were, however, specific. I had seen our contractors at work hauling at great expense the wheels and axles of the admirable French rolling stock, and dumping all this into the sea near Colon. The engineer-in-charge told me it was an outrage, for this was all valuable machinery—better for our purposes than that sent down from Ohio and Michigan—but what could he do?—he was acting under orders! It was obviously to some one's advantage that French machinery be destroyed and replaced by clumsy American production at the expense of the American taxpayer. Such political jobbery met me at every turn, and I merely recorded what every passer-by could see for himself or learn from

an official in charge. These officials did not know me—but whenever they answered any of my questions they never failed to say that they would lose their job if it was known that they had given information of this nature.

The Taft-Roosevelt Canal was a vast opportunity for political plundering and mismanagement. It may be opposed that Napoleon I robbed the treasury, and that Napoleon III also treated himself handsomely. This may be true; but Napoleon's rule in France was business-like and scientific. The Napoleons allowed themselves a good salary; and they provided adequately for their families and for old age. No one in France begrudges them this because they gave the people at large an excellent administration, made immense improvements of a public nature, maintained a strong and honest police, and on the whole kept the taxes low. William II built his Kiel Canal for eighty miles without any wastage or political scandal—but every mile of our Panama makes an American blush at the dishonesty of ditch-digging democracy.

I watched a schooner unloading piles for a dock at Ancon. The engineer-in-charge was disgusted at the unfitness of this lumber—hardly a satisfactory straight piece amongst them. I asked him why he accepted them—why he did not complain to Washington.

"What's the use?" said he. "It never works. The man who ships that bad stuff has a 'political pull'—some friend of Teddy's."

Then I gazed in amazement at the dock itself—a semicircle that had been dredged for big steamers. Now every skipper knows that he needs a dock at which his craft can lie snug up against it! What can he do at a semicircular basin where the stem is ashore and the stern also, whilst his midship section is far out in the basin? Where find the derricks to reach so far or the gang-planks long enough?

It is enough to make the angels weep! Political machinery in Washington grinding out protégés who land at the Isthmus with no knowledge of Spanish, no knowledge of tropical conditions, and no experience that can help them solve the many problems connected with so big an undertaking.

Roosevelt knew nothing of engineering, least of all hydraulics. But he thought he did, and hence the harm that followed. He called an international conference of experts, and they disagreed with him—consequently he dismissed them and selected as chief engineer an American who had in the past been a respectable builder of railways in very dry sections of the United States. Mr. Stephens may have seen a canal, but on that point I have no certainty. At any rate, he soon quarrelled with politicians in Washington, and another chief engineer was appointed—who in his turn could not accomplish anything whilst hampered by a horde of subordinates pushed upon his pay-roll through political influence—to say nothing of material purchased for similar reasons. Wallace and Stephens both left the Zone in disgust, for they were men with each a professional reputation to sustain. It was clear now to even the Taft-Rooseveltians that no first-class engineer would touch this job unless given a free hand; and so, as has often happened before in our history, the United States Army in the person of a well-disciplined West Pointer was made the scapegoat for Presidential stupidity and political rapacity.

The Canal was finally built after a fashion, and at fabulous expense. It is now too small for the traffic; and, even whilst nominally open, it was constantly subject to interruption through slides of land in the so-called Culebra cut. The character of the soil at Panama has been well known for many centuries because innumerable pack trains have crossed it with precious loads originating in China, Japan and the Philippines.

Any native Panamanian could tell the American chief engineer precious things about his climate, his mosquitoes, and his peculiar soil. But American engineers know no Spanish, and moreover are convinced that they have nothing to learn from natives of Panama or—any other country.

In this they make a mistake. It is the mistake of Democracy—the mistake of the untravelled and inexperienced. This Democracy knows the massive steam shovels of America, and ignores all other methods of displacing material. If this Democracy would come with me to Nagasaki I would let it marvel at monster steamers being coaled by a chain of small baskets, each link of the chain being a slim and graceful Japanese man, woman or child. Hundreds of hands manipulate these baskets between the barge at the steamer's side, and the final trimming in the bunkers. There is no interruption in this flow of coal, and American skippers marvel when they discover that with all our so-called mechanical progress, we depend upon human hands much as when the Pyramids were built. In the West Indies I have seen the same wonder—negro women in unbroken line tramping up long board slopes from the shore to the steamer deck with baskets of coal on their heads. In Japan the baskets are passed from hand to hand—in the West Indies they are carried on the same head from coal pile to bunker; but the principle is the same—there is no interruption in the chain of baskets. The highest point of the Isthmus is only 300 feet, and any native would gladly have told the Taft-Roosevelt contractors that this work needed only shovels and baskets, and an endless procession of black, yellow, or ginger-coloured humans carrying away the slippery soil of the great Culebra cut. In this way was the Suez Canal made possible and hundreds of others many years before our era.

But Democracy sneered at the little baskets of Nagasaki and the West Indies—sneered at past experi-

ence and paid heavily the price of ignorance. For we shipped the heaviest steam shovels where the French Decauville were none too light. These monster shovels were mounted on correspondingly broad and heavy rails, and necessarily broke down and slipped away down the embankment after a heavy rain. Now in Panama rain is abundant and frequent and forceful. We don't know what rain means in New York—comparatively speaking. And so our time and money was largely spent in keeping our huge steam shovels upright or pulling them out from the pit below. Meanwhile the vastly better French material was rusting in the jungle or being wilfully destroyed. Meanwhile also the salaries continued, and white men stood about in idleness.

Our Democracy demanded that only American-made machines be used—or at least such as had been bought in the States. The physician of a hospital on the Zone found that he could secure a set of surgical tools from a Hamburg firm cheaper and better than elsewhere—so he ordered them. But he was reprimanded, and the order was cancelled. He had to buy them at much greater cost from a New York dealer. And, when they arrived, he discovered on each piece the name of the Hamburg house whose bid he had been ordered to cancel. Doubtless Taft-Roosevelt and Co. were honest in their ignorance ; but ignorance costs much money when canals are to be cut by engineers who know nothing of hydraulics.

No American negroes would work on the canal, and so the United States did an unfriendly act by sending throughout the British West Indies recruiting agents authorized to offer their negroes a free passage to Colon, and wages much higher than those to which they had been accustomed. These recruiters were paid so much per head—one dollar gold—for each negro shipped, and naturally they shipped as many as possible and without worrying much regarding the promises they made.

Negroes are big children and they like a change. The recruiters promised them every variety of a good time on the Isthmus plus big wages. The negroes knew that an American dollar meant four shillings English money. But on the Isthmus they were paid in Mexican dollars, worth only half so much. This was hard on the credulous blacks ; harder yet was it for them to fall sick, to be thrown out of work, to have no home, and no means of reaching home. The recruiters landed them on the beach at Colon, pocketed their commission and washed their hands of them.

And in the meantime the planters were in great straits over sugar, coffee, oranges, bananas, and such-like—for their labour market was demoralized by this rush for the unreal dollar. Finally the pressure of negroes clamouring to reach their Island homes became so heavy at the British Consulate on the Isthmus, that the rule was made compelling prospective emigrants to leave a deposit equal to the return passage.

Democracy did much mischief at Panama and throughout the West Indies during my days there in 1905 and 1906. Had I been Kaiser of the U.S. I would have left my steam shovels at home, have employed only such as knew the language and the climate of Central America, have made Philippe Bunau-Varilla chief engineer, and given him a free hand to bring from China an army of the best workers in the world. He would have given us the Straits of Panama ; the work would have been done well ; the cost would have been vastly less—but then, we are a Democracy and our strenuous Teddy wanted a " Roosevelt Canal " !

Of course the rule of Uncle Sam on the Isthmus had to be that of a dictator. There was no trial by jury ; no *habeas corpus*. If clergymen protested against the shipping of prostitutes at Government expense, they might have their churches or parsonages commandeered for canal purposes ; an editor would be promptly im-

prisoned and deported if he printed anything that was not in harmony with official utterances. This dictatorship would have been excellent had it been military —in the spirit of West Point; for I know no human justice more satisfactory than a court-martial at the hands of competent Army and Navy officers. But Panama dictatorship was political and aimed at protecting jobbery and oppression under the American flag.

Let me close this Panama chapter by adding that the Senate of the United States deemed it worth while to hold a formal investigation regarding the little that I had written in the New York *Independent*. The Senate of the United States meets in an artificially created town on the banks of the Potomac. There is here no commerce nor manufacture nor banking nor art nor social interest such as the British M.P. finds in London or the French *député* in Paris. Senators here meet one another much as European crowned heads and great statesmen come together at a comfortable Spa in order to play golf and have a private understanding beyond the reach of disturbing partisans. Washington is a pleasant city in winter; the Senate is the most luxuriously equipped club on the Western Continent and has the unique merit of costing nothing to its members. Washington is ostensibly a city of salaried office-holders, but in reality its most important element is a varied assortment of retired millionaires whose chief occupation is giving dinners whose culinary cost is exceeded only by that of their bill at the " bootleggers."

But Senators cannot dine all day; and so they " investigate." This means that they hale before them, in a delightfully social manner, preferably in a well upholstered committee-room, any citizen who has been a target for political or newspaper attack. In the Taft-Roosevelt days demagogues made much capital by denouncing rich people and the trusts. Roosevelt joined in this popular chorus and brandished his " big stick " at

the great Captains of Industry such as the elder Pierpont Morgan, E. H. Harriman, and other admirable pioneers of the industrial world. As Roosevelt's family was one of commercial and banking habits, he should have known that the people at large are the gainers when industries combine for more economic administration. Hotels combine, shops have branches, railways and steamships unite for the sake of greater efficiency—indeed co-operation is the ideal of Christian teaching. But in Taft-Rooseveltian days there was a fanatical wave of hostility to every form of commercial co-operation, because the great Democracy had got into its head that the great industrial corporations should be forbidden to make agreements one with the other.

And so the Senate educated itself—or at least passed many otherwise heavy hours by conversing with well-informed victims from the outside world. In these conversations (or investigations) they learned that there were other arts than manipulating votes ; they met face to face real men who had created real things ; who told the truth ; who ruled thousands of operatives ; who were doing patriotic service by lifting their country into the front rank of the great nations. It costs millions of dollars to educate a Senator in political economy—but this is a digression.

The Senate investigated me because they wished to know :

(1) If I was the paid instrument of some corporation hostile to the canal.

(2) They wanted the names of those who had given me information on the Isthmus.

The first session was very pleasant. I was presented to a dozen very agreeable members of the Upper House who met in a large sunny room somewhere in the Capitol. The Chairman thanked me for coming so far and begged me to tell his colleagues what I had observed at Panama —to take my own time and tell it in my own way.

But now it is time to stop and rest the reader—if not myself. Moreover, I promised my patient publisher that he need fear only two volumes—at least now—the close of my Seventy Summers.

And that is twenty years ago.

END.

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